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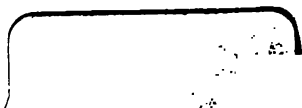
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RT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON

THE  
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH  
PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

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VOL. V.

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LONDON:



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# **SPECTATOR.**



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# HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

## PREFACE

TO

## THE SPECTATOR.

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**IF** we are allowed to consider the popular Essay as a new species of composition, we may without hesitation affirm, that it arrived nearly at perfection in the hands of the first inventors. In real value as well as in estimation with the public, no work has ever exceeded that of which we are now to trace the history. The irregularities, whether of plan or execution, which may be discovered in the Tatler, are excluded from its immediate successor, which, although not altogether faultless, is more uniform in all the valuable purposes of instruction, and all the excellencies of style and invention. Steele and Addison appear to have used the Tatler as a kind of exercise, a trial of skill, to determine what they could produce, and what the public

expected, "*quid ferreant humeri, quid recusant,*" and having made suitable preparations, they entered conjointly on that structure which "should bear the name of The Monument\*," a work on which praise has been exhausted, and which we shall find it difficult to characterise without the repetition of acknowledged truths. Succeeding Essayists have presented to the world labours of a similar kind both in purpose and accomplishment, which have justly entitled them to distinguished fame, but none of them have provoked or wished to provoke, any comparison with the general merit of the Spectator. It has subsisted in the plenitude of its original popularity for above a century, and no composition merely human, has been so frequently printed and read. It has been so universally the delight of every youth of taste or curiosity, that perhaps our fondness for this work might be ranked among the prejudices of education, had it not stood the test of maturer years and fastidious criticism.

When Steele had once secured the services of Addison, when he saw not only what they had produced, but what they might produce, he could not but review the imperfections and inequalities of the Tatler with a wish that his potent auxiliary had been called in sooner, and that instead of improving an indigested plan, he had been invited to take a share in one concerted with more regularity. It cannot be rash to conjecture that such reflections might pass in Steele's mind,

\* Preface to the Tatler, Life of Steele.



when he determined to conclude the *Tatler*, a measure which Swift ignorantly attributes to scantiness of materials, or want of public encouragement. It appears from many parts of Swift's private correspondence, that he looked with a jaundiced eye on the labours of Steele and Addison, and most probably envied a popularity gained by writings so remote from the genius of his own, and which, instead of promoting or opposing the turbulence of faction, instead of pulling down one ministry and setting up another, were calculated to lead the public mind to the cultivation of common duties and social manners\*.

It is stated on the same authority, as well as on that of Tickell, that Addison was ignorant of the conclusion of the *Tatler*, which, if we allow, it appears to have been a circumstance of little importance; nor did the work "suffer much," says Johnson, "by his unconsciousness of its commencement, or his absence at its cessation, for he continued his assistance to Dec. 23, and the paper stopped on January 2." If Swift or others, therefore, affected to be surprised that Steele should conclude without giving Addison notice, it was a surprise that could not last long. It is indeed highly probable that Steele immediately communicated with Addison on the subject, unless we were to suppose, contrary to all evidence, and all sense of interest and propriety, that he disregarded Addison's services when chiefly he experienced the benefit arising from

\* "I will not meddle with the *Spectator*, let him *fair sex it* to the world's end." Swift's Works, crown 8vo. vol. xxiii. p. 159.

them, and discontinued the Tatler that he might begin another work without his aid.

We have already seen \* that Steele assigns as a reason for giving up the Tatler, that he became known as the author : this, however, savours a little of the cant of authorship. He was known long before the Tatler had reached half its progress, as appears from the personal attacks made upon him by his contemporaries ; but the length of the work affords one reason why it should not be protracted until it became too bulky, and a still better reason was, the design evidently formed of beginning a new paper. The event proves that Steele and Addison immediately formed the plan of the Spectator, probably communicated to each other the first sketch of the club, and determined that the work should be free from political intelligence at least, if not from political discussion ; and that each paper should consist of one entire Essay, unless when the subject required to be treated in the form of correspondence by themselves, or when real correspondence should be thought worthy of insertion.

Addison was prepared with ample resources, which Steele must have known before he could consent to adventure on a *daily* paper, a task far beyond the abilities of any one man who had not secured the most copious supplies, or such assistants as might enable him to answer a demand to which temporary leisure and casual opportunity or aid never could have been adequate.

\* Pref. Hist. and Biog. to the Tatler.

Dr. Beattie \* was once informed, but had forgot on what authority, that Addison had collected three manuscript volumes of materials. Tickell says, perhaps with truth, "that it would have been impossible for Mr. Addison, who made little or no use of letters sent in by the numerous correspondents of the Spectator, to have executed his large share of this task in so exquisite a manner, if he had not ingrafted into it many pieces that had lain by him in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time collected, and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the *Essays upon Wit*, the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, and the *Critique upon Milton*†."

The first paper appeared on Thursday, March 1, 1710-11; in it Addison gives an account of the birth, education, &c. of the Spectator, and sketches the silent character he was to preserve, with great felicity of humour. The second, by Steele, delineates the characters of the Club, or the *dramatis personæ* of the work, the principal of whom is Sir Roger de Coverley. Dr. Johnson's remarks on this character demand our attention on many accounts.

"It is recorded by Budgell, that of the characters feigned or exhibited in the Spectator, the favourite of Addison was Sir Roger de Coverley, of whom he had formed a very delicate and discriminated idea, which he would not suffer to be violated; and therefore when Steele had shown

\* Notes on the Life of Addison, prefixed to an edition of his works, by Dr. Beattie, 4 vols. 8vo. 1790, Edinburgh.

† Tickell's Life of Addison.

him innocently picking up a girl in the Temple, and taking her to a tavern, he drew upon himself so much of his friend's indignation, that he was forced to appease him by a promise of forbearing Sir Roger for the time to come.

"The reason which induced Cervantes to bring his hero to the grave, *para mi sola naceo Don Quixote, y yo para el*, made Addison declare, with an undue vehemence of expression, that he would kill Sir Roger, being of opinion that they were born for one another, and that *any other hand* would do him wrong.

"It may be doubted whether Addison ever filled up *his original* delineation. He describes the knight as having his imagination somewhat warped, but of this perversion he has made very little use. The irregularities in Sir Roger's conduct seem not so much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life, by the perpetual pressure of some overwhelming idea, as of habitual rusticity, and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates.

"The variable weather of the mind, the flying vapours of incipient madness, which from time to time cloud reason without eclipsing it, it requires so much nicety to exhibit, that Addison seems to have been deterred from prosecuting his own design."\*

To this opinion the following judicious remarks may be opposed.

"With Johnson's masterly delineation of the peculiarity of Addison's humour," says Dr. Beat-

\* Johnson's *Life of Addison*.

tie, "I know not how to reconcile some remarks he has made on the character of Sir Roger de Coverley; I am inclined to suppose, that the learned biographer had forgotten some things relating to that gentleman.

"He seems to think that Addison had formed an idea of Sir Roger which he never exhibited complete; that he has given a small degree of discomposure to the knight's mind, but made very little use of it; that Sir Roger's irregularities are the effects of habitual rusticity, and of negligence created by solitary grandeur; and, in short, that Addison was deterred from prosecuting his own design with respect to Sir Roger.

"Now I beg leave to observe, in the first place, that it never was, or could be, Addison's purpose to represent Sir Roger as a person of disordered understanding. This would have made his story either not humorous at all, or humorous in that degree of extravagance which Addison always avoided, and for avoiding which Dr. Johnson justly commends him. Sir Roger has peculiarities; that was necessary to make him a comic character; but they are all amiable, and tend to good: and there is not one of them that would give offence, or raise contempt or concern, in any rational society. At Sir Roger we never laugh, though we generally smile: but it is a smile, always of affection, and frequently of esteem.

"Secondly, I cannot admit that there is in this character any thing of *rusticity* (as that word is generally understood), or any of those habits or ways of thinking that solitary grandeur creates.

No man on earth affects grandeur less, or thinks less of it, than Sir Roger ; and no man is less solitary. His affability, good humour, benevolence, and love of society, his affection to his friends, respect to his superiors, and gentleness and attention to his dependents, make him a very different being from a rustic, as well as from an imperious landlord, who lives retired among flatterers and vassals. Solitary grandeur is apt to engender pride, a passion from which our worthy Baronet is entirely free ; and rusticity, as far as it is connected with the mind, implies awkwardness and ignorance, which, if one does not despise, one may pity and pardon, but cannot love with that fondness with which every heart is attached to Sir Roger.

“ How could our author be deterred from prosecuting his design with respect to this personage ? What could deter him ? It could only be the consciousness of his own inability ; and that this was not the case he had given sufficient proof, by exemplifying the character so fully, that every reader finds himself intimately acquainted with it. Considering what is done, one cannot doubt the author’s ability to have supported the character through a much greater variety of conversations and adventures. But the Spectator, according to the first plan of it, was now drawing to a conclusion ; the seventh volume being finished about six weeks after the knight’s death ; and perhaps the tradition may be true, that Addison, dissatisfied with Steele’s idle story of Sir Roger at a tavern (Spect. No. 410), swore, which he is said never to have

done but on this one occasion, that he would himself kill Sir Roger, lest somebody else should murder him \*."

No addition is necessary to this vindication of the character of Sir Roger de Coverley in the general; but it has not been attended to by either of these critics, that Sir Roger was not the creature of Addison's, but of Steele's fancy; and it is not easy to discover why all writers on this subject should appear ignorant of a fact so necessary to be known, and so easily ascertained †. In Tickell's edition of Addison's works, and in every subsequent edition, Dr. Beattie's not excepted, No. 2. is reprinted, but ascribed to Steele, with an apology for joining it with Addison's papers, on account of its connexion with what follows. Steele, in truth, sketched the character of every member of the club, except that of the Spectator. The merit, therefore, of what Dr. Johnson calls "the delicate and discriminated idea," or "the original delineation" of Sir Roger, beyond all controversy belongs to him, and the character of the baronet, it must be observed, is in that paper very different from what Dr. Johnson represents. His "singularities proceed from his good sense," not, I allow, a very common source of singularities, in the usual acceptation of that word; and before he

\* Beattie's Notes, *ubi suprad.* Budgell relates this last story in one of the numbers of the Bee, at a time when the public was very little disposed to give him credit.

† "Natural humour was the primary talent of Addison. His character of Sir Roger de Coverley, though far inferior, is only inferior to Shakspeare's Falstaff." Royal and Noble Authors. Lord Orford's Works, vol. i. p. 530, art. Nugent, *Notes*.

was "crossed in love by the perverse widow, he was a gay man of the town." And with respect to the care Addison took of the knight's chastity, and of his resentment of the story told in No. 410, which is certainly a deviation from the character as he *completed* it, we may observe, that the original limner represents him as "humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended, in point of chastity, with beggars and gipsies," though he qualifies this by adding, that "this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as matter of raillery than truth." He is represented as now in his fifty-sixth year, and the story therefore of his endeavouring to persuade a strumpet to retire with him into the country, as related in No. 410,—some think by Tickell—was certainly not very probable.

The truth appears to have been, that Addison was charmed with his colleague's outline of Sir Roger, thought it capable of extension and improvement, and might probably determine to make it in some measure his own, by guarding, with a father's fondness, against any violation that might be offered. How well he has accomplished this needs not to be told. Yet he neither immediately laid hold on what he considered as Steele's property, nor did he wish to monopolize the worthy knight. Sir Roger's notion, "that none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged," and his illustration of this curious position in No. 6, were written by Steele. The first paper, relating to the visit to Sir Roger's country seat, is Addison's, the second



Steele's, the third Addison's, and the fourth Steele's; and this last has so much of the Addisonian humour, that nothing but positive evidence could have deprived him of the honour of being supposed the author of it: the same praise may be given to No. 113, also by Steele. The sum of the account, however, is this: Sir Roger's adventures, opinions, and conversation, occur in twenty-six papers: of these Addison wrote fifteen, Steele seven, Budgell three, and Tickell one; if, as is supposed, he was the author of the obnoxious No. 410. It must be observed too, that the widow part of Sir Roger's history was of Steele's providing, in No. 113, and No. 118. Addison, no doubt, attended to the *keep* of Sir Roger's character, and Steele, with his usual candour, might follow a plan which he reckoned superior to his own; but it cannot be just to attribute the totality of the character either to the one or the other.

The "killing of Sir Roger" has been sufficiently accounted for, without supposing that Addison dispatched him in a fit of anger, for the work was about to close, and it appeared necessary to disperse the club; but whatever difference of opinion there may be concerning this circumstance, it is universally agreed that it produced a paper of transcendent excellence in all the graces of simplicity and pathos. There is not in our language any assumption of character more faithful than that of the honest butler, nor a more irresistible stroke of nature than the circumstance of the book received by Sir Andrew Freeport.

“To Sir Roger,” continues Dr. Johnson, “who, as a country gentleman, appears to be a Tory, or, as it is gently expressed, an adherent to the landed interest, is opposed Sir Andrew Freeport, a new man, a wealthy merchant, zealous for the monied interest, and a Whig. Of this contrariety of opinions it is probable more consequences were at first intended than could be produced when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper. Sir Andrew does but little, and that little seems not to have pleased Addison, who, when he dismissed him from his club, changed his opinions. Steele had made him, in the true spirit of unfeeling commerce, declare that he would not *build an hospital for idle people*; but at last he buys land, settles in the country, and builds, not a manufactory, but an hospital for twelve old husbandmen, for men with whom a merchant has little acquaintance, and whom he commonly considers with little kindness\*.”

Sir Andrew's opinion of idle people and beggars occurs in No. 232, a paper attributed not to Steele, but to Budgell, or perhaps Martin, and does not seem to merit the censure of our learned biographer. There can surely be no difference of sentiment on the question, whether idleness is to be supported at the public expense; and if the reader will refer to Sir An-

\* This opinion is given in a different manner in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. “Addison has made his Sir Andrew Freeport a true Whig, arguing against giving charity to beggars, and throwing out other such ungracious sentiments; but that he had thought better, and made amends, by making him found an hospital for decayed farmers.” Vol. ii. p. 70. edit. 2d.

drew's letter, in No. 549, in which he announces his plan of retirement, he will find in it nothing of the unfeeling spirit of commerce, a spirit which, if not extinct in our days, must be very industriously concealed. Every charitable institution in the metropolis bears testimony to the liberal and generous spirit of men in commercial life, and there is nothing upon record which can induce an impartial inquirer to think that the case was otherwise, when commercial men were a more distinct class.

It is, however, true, that little use is made of Sir Andrew's character, and the same remark may be applied to Capt. Sentry and the Clergyman. Will Honeycomb occurs more frequently, and affords more amusement, although not altogether of the unmixed kind. This character, as well as the others, was sketched by Steele, but is not preserved with much care, or attention to moral effect. Will is at best a sorry rake, and at the age of sixty marries a country girl, complains of his infirmities, yet talks of leaving his children "strong bodies and healthy constitutions." All this is consistent, if we consider his letter in No. 530, as a satire on old rakes, who neglect to enlist in social life till they are past service, and can only perform the ludicrous character of "the marriage-hater matched."

Conjecture has been busily employed to discover the persons meant by these characters. Sir Roger de Coverley was supposed, by the late Mr. Tyers, to be a Sir John Packington, of Worcestershire, "a Tory, not without good sense, but abounding in absurdities." Captain

Sentry is said to have been C. Kempenfelt, father of Admiral Kempenfelt, who deplorably lost his life when the Royal George, of 100 guns, sunk at Spithead, August 29, 1782; and Will Honeycomb has been traced to a Colonel Cleland. There appears, however, very little ground for any of these conjectures. The account of the Spectator and his Club seems to be altogether fictitious, and the character of the Spectator and of Sir Roger de Coverley are certainly among the happiest fictions that could have been contrived for the purpose they were to answer. In the other characters, although there is neither so much novelty or vigour of imagination displayed, they are occasionally admirably grouped, as in No. 34; and the whole produces a dramatic effect, adding to the other charms of that variety which has rendered the Spectator one of the most popular books in any language.

Of Addison's humour so much has been said, that it would not be easy to vary the praises that have been lavished for near a century. "As a describer of life and manners he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humour, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never *outsteps the modesty of nature*, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions

have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination \*."

Dr. Johnson here characterizes the humour of Addison with singular acuteness of thought and felicity of expression. Many writers seem to think that humour consists in violent and preternatural exaggeration; as there are, no doubt, many frequenters of the theatre, who find no want of comic power in the actor who has a sufficient variety of wry faces and antic gestures; and many admirers of farce and fun, with whom bombast and big words would pass for exquisite ridicule. But wry faces are made with little effort, caricatures may be sketched by a very unskilful hand, and he who has no command of natural expression, may easily put together gigantic figures and rumbling syllables. It is only a Garrick who can do justice to Benedict and Ranger; but any candle-snuffer might personate Pistol and Bombardinian. Addison's humour resembles his style. Every phrase in the one, and circumstance in the other, appears so artless and so obvious, that a person who had never made the trial would be apt to think nothing more easy than to feign a story of Sir Roger de Coverley, or compose a vision like that of Mirza. But the art and the difficulty of both are such as Horace had in his mind when he said—

— " Ut sibi quivis

Speret idem : sudet multum, frustra que laboret  
Ausus idem. Tantum series juncturaque pollet,  
Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris†."

\* Johnson's Life of Addison.

† Beattie, *ubi suprad.*

But although Addison's humour was original, it was not absolutely incommunicable. It has been already hinted\*, that Steele imbibed a considerable portion of it. Of this there are some few instances in the *Tatler*, but many in the *Spectator*. Indeed no two men, even allowing the superiority of Addison, were ever better qualified, by correspondence or disposition of mind, to act as auxiliaries in a work of this nature. In most cases, what the one sketched the other could fill up: what the one began the other with little difficulty could continue. We have an early example in Steele's outline of Sir Roger de Coverley, and the use Addison made of it: in Addison's account of his taciturnity, and Steele's happy illustration of it in No. 4. No. 64, by Steele, must, I think, be allowed the most exact imitation of Addison's style and humour ever attempted, yet it carries every proof, that such a case can admit, of having been written with ease. Another instance of their mutual exchange of subjects appears in the proposal for an infirmary to cure ill-humour, by Steele, in Nos. 424, and 429, which was adopted by Addison in No. 440. Other examples may be traced in these volumes†; and a few other contributors, as well as many of the unknown correspondents‡, aimed at a kind of uniformity, in which they were not unsuccessful,

\* Pref. Hist. and Biog. to the *Tatler*.

† No. 14. is pointed out by the annotators on the *Spectator*, as "meriting the attention of such as pretend to distinguish with wonderful facility between Addison's and Steele's papers."


‡ See No. 599. 608. 612. 615. and 619., the authors of which are unknown.

presenting occasionally some of those delicate strokes of humour, which in Addison were habitual and distinctive. He everywhere discovers the *ingenium par materiæ*, everywhere preserves the equability of his mind, the kindness of his disposition, and the pleasure he took *ju-cunda et idonea dicere vitæ*. No. 69. is an instructive example of the benevolent views he delighted to take of mankind and of Providence. There is a perpetual smile on his countenance; he rarely exhibits the sneer of the satirist, and perhaps never the frown of the rigid moralist.

A higher praise than what belongs to human wit yet remains, and cannot be bestowed in language more appropriate than that of Johnson. "It is justly observed by Tickell, that Addison employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character *above all Greek, above all Roman fame*. No greater felicity can genius attain, than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having "*turned many to righteousness*."—"As a

teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy and all the cogency of argument are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being."

Many of the subjects discussed in these volumes may now appear trite, because frequent repetition and successive illustration have rendered them familiar; but in estimating the value and utility of such instructions, we must take into the account the wants and necessities of the public at the time they were given. Literature did not then pass through so many channels as in our days, nor were the facilities of communication so many: the number of readers was not great, and the books calculated by allurements to increase that number were very few. The demand for instruction, however, increased with the opportunities of supply, and they whom the Essayists taught to know a little, were soon incited by curiosity to know more. The duties of life had never been discussed in a popular manner, nor in portions adapted to the idle or the casual reader. Above all, the niceties of literature were not generally understood, and it is not the smallest merit of Addison, that "he superadded criticism," prescribed the rules of taste, and introduced a relish for genius that had been depressed or overlooked. His criticisms on *Paradise Lost* directed the public ad-





miration to a work which is now justly the boast of the nation ; and although his successors in critical labours have been able not only to improve them, but to point out their defects, it ought to be remembered that he wrote without those helps from combined taste and skill which they now enjoy. " It is not uncommon for those who have grown wise by the labour of others, to add a little of their own, and overlook their masters. Addison is now despised by some who, perhaps, would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them \*."

Of Addison's style, the commendation of all judges has been uniform, and since the publication of Dr. Johnson's " Lives of the Poets," it has become almost proverbial to repeat, that " whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." That few, however, are willing to bestow this labour, or anxious to obtain the reward, is sufficiently attested by the present state of literary composition. Yet perhaps it would be wrong to blame writers who, as candidates for public favour, aim at excellences more in demand than familiarity or simple elegance, and who seem to be goaded sometimes by criticism, and sometimes by popular opinion, to produce " ambitious ornaments," and to try " hazardous innovations." Since writers of commanding reputation have been

\* Johnson. Addison's merit as a critic is ably and impartially considered in the notes to his *Life* in the *Biog. Britannica*, 2d edit.

multiplied, and the structure of the language better understood, style has been regulated by a fashion to which we know not how to place limits. Of late the demand has been considerable for lofty periods and splendid imagery, verging sometimes on the excellence of poetry, and sometimes on the ostentation of bombast. The writers of Queen Anne's reign are oftener, therefore, approved than imitated; we are unwilling to avail ourselves of the services they have rendered to our language; we force luminous periods and splendid passages by the heat of imagination, and are consequently more ambitious to be admired than understood, to be quoted for manner rather than to be useful for matter.

It would be unjust, however, to aver that such a taste is universal, although it be gaining more ground than it ought to occupy: we are not without authors who rest their fame on the elegancies of simplicity, "on a style always agreeable, always easy; and perhaps we should acknowledge the number of those who have formed themselves on the model of Addison to be greater, if, unfortunately, when we look for his style, we did not at the same time look for his wit; and where is that to be found\*? If his

\* Moliere has been frequently named in the same rank with Addison. Lord Chesterfield thinks "no man ever had so much humour as Moliere, of which his *Miser*, his *Jealous Man*, and his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* are convincing proofs: and French comedy," he adds, "furnishes a multiplicity of instances besides these." Letter 98. *Miscellaneous Works*, Vol. II. 4to. p. 284. But there appears an essential difference between the humour of a dramatic writer and that of an essayist. The former enjoys ad-

style be separated from his wit, he is not perhaps without equals among his contemporaries, and among his successors; but his humour in all its qualities, is the distinctive characteristic of his genius. A few *facetiae* may occasionally be found among his successors, but such a perpetual flow, such a command of temper in ridicule, have never been given to any man in this country, and to any other it would be in vain to look; for in no foreign language can we find a word to express the talent of which we are now speaking.

As the Spectator, very soon after its being collected into volumes, became one of the "first books by which both sexes are initiated in the elegancies of knowledge," its increasing influence on the taste as well as the manners of the age, rendered it a proper object for the calm examination of criticism, and there are accordingly few critics of eminence placed in the schools of public instruction, who have not judged it requisite to point out its beauties and detect its blemishes.

Of these critics, Dr. Blair appears to have been most anxious that, while Addison is presented as a model to young writers, they should be guarded against an implicit deference to his authority. He has therefore investigated the merits of his style with great minuteness, and a most scrupulous regard to purity and precision, in four very long lectures on Nos. 411, 412, 413, and 414, of the Spectator. For this he offers

advantages from the construction of dramatic composition, and the latitude it permits, of which the essayist cannot avail himself.

a modest apology, which his high opinion of Addison, as well as the duties of his office, rendered quite unnecessary ; the fair and impartial labours of criticism are direct testimonies in favour of the object. And how well Addison has stood the test of this fastidious scrutiny may appear on this simple calculation, that out of eighty-seven remarks, of which these lectures consist, thirty-seven are in strong recommendation of his style, and of the remainder, some are so evidently of a trifling nature, that we may adopt as a conclusion what this eminent critic has given as a prefatory apology : " The beauties of Addison are so many, and the general character of his style is so elegant and estimable, that the minute imperfections *pointed out*, are but like those spots in the sun, which may be discovered by the assistance of art, but which have no effect in obscuring its lustre\*."

However useful verbal and grammatical criticism may be, there seems to be this fatality attending all composition, that its errors are more easily discoverable by the critic than by the author. After all the light thrown upon the beauties and defects of style by the most eminent critics of the last century, by Lowth and Priestley, by Kaimes and Campbell, by Beattie and Blair, few if any writers have attained an unex-

\* From inattention to the marks which distinguish the different productions of the Essayists, some critics have censured Addison for that of which he was not guilty. Dr. Blair, for example, enters into the defence of Tasso's *Sylvia*, against Addison, in the *Guardian*, No. 38. Here are two mistakes in all the editions I have seen of Dr. Blair's *Lectures*. The passage in question occurs in No. 28 ; and No. 28 was not written by Addison.

ceptionable style, or have even been able to follow their own canons. Of this Dr. Blair himself affords a remarkable instance. Notwithstanding the long labour he had bestowed on his "Lectures on Rhetoric," the perpetual revision to which they were subjected, and all the changes and improvements which could be derived from the author's sagacity, or the assistance of contemporary writers, they were, on publication to the world at large, convicted of numerous errors, ranged on his own plan, and proved by his own rules. These consisted principally of terms and phrases bordering on vulgar or colloquial language; awkward phrases; redundancies; superlatives for comparatives; double comparatives; adjectives for adverbs; *any* for *either*; *either* for *each*; &c. &c. the relative not agreeing with its antecedent; verbs in the plural number instead of the singular; the subjunctive mood instead of the indicative; verbs which ought to be in the active or passive voice employed as neuters; *had* instead of *would*; *will* for *shall*; the past time for the present; *of* instead of *from*; *on* for *in*; *among* for *in*; *never* for *ever*; *that* for *as*; inverted sentences; and mixed metaphors.\*

Yet with all these blemishes, the general merit of Dr. Blair's Lectures is incontestable, and it will probably be long before they can be laid aside for a work of more indispensable neces-

\* See the whole list with proofs, in the Critical Review for October, 1783. The article was the production of the late Rev. Joseph Robertson, of Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

sity to the student, or more unquestionable authority in matters of taste.

Style, notwithstanding the many discussions with which it has been honoured by some of the first writers of our nation, is a subject still involved in obscurity. Blair acknowledges, that "the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of language," is the best definition he can give. Johnson says it is "the manner of writing with regard to language." Swift, long before, had laid down that "proper words in proper places made the true definition of a style," which is not, however, a definition, but the character of a good style.

The divisions of style are numerous, and have been multiplied by the critics as fast as they could multiply epithets to distinguish them; but in every nation, and at every period of its literary history, it has been the custom to bestow the honours of style on a few authors, in whom collectively all its excellences are supposed to be found. These in our country, in the prose style, are Hooker, Clarendon, Tillotson, Clarke, Barrow, Atterbury, Shaftesbury, Temple, Swift, Addison, Bolingbroke, Fielding, and Johnson: to whom of late have been added Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Blair, and Burke\*. But

\* "Such authors," says Lord Orford, speaking of Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, and Dr. Middleton, "fix a standard by their writings. Grammarians regulate niceties, and try careless beauties in works, where carelessness often is a beauty, by the same rigorous laws that they have enacted against graver offenders. Such jurymen, no doubt, write their own letters with as much circumstance as their wills, and are ignorant that it is easier to observe

when we inquire how many of these are to be held up as models, the list becomes smaller as we approach nearer to the severe criticism of our own times. Hooker is now recommended principally for the importance of his matter. Clarendon is considered as an historian of unquestionable authority; but his lengthened periods and general prolixity are prohibited to the young writer. Tillotson, whom Birch characterized as the reformer of pulpit eloquence, is now said to be chiefly valuable for the religious instruction and biblical criticisms to be found in his works. Clarke, with more perspicuity, is cold and inanimate. The readers of Barrow are cautioned against his redundancy, and most of them with great safety, for it is the redundancy of an original and fertile genius. To Atterbury's style few objections have been offered on the score of purity and elegance; and his want of depth, or original thinking, will not be readily discovered by those who are forming a *style* only. Shaftesbury is generally and very justly pointed out as a dangerous precedent. Temple is allowed to excel Tillotson in all the estimable qualities of style, and, although he partakes of the common incorrectness attributed to writers of simplicity, familiarity, and ease, he is still recommended as an useful model. Bolingbroke is a declaimer, with many of those beauties of declamation which are too frequently contrived to conceal poverty of argument. Bo-

some laws than to violate them with grace." Royal and Noble Authors, art. Roscommon.

lingbroke was an enemy to religion, probably because it did not flatter his practice. He is now, however, little read, and it is to the honour of our nation, that few infidel writers have enjoyed a long popularity. Fielding's style is original, and his humour, different from that of Addison, yet excellent in its kind, is so copious as to extend over his voluminous writings with undiminished force. He has had no successful imitators. Of the other names mentioned, it is not necessary to add more, than that they are the founders of different schools of style, which have as yet produced few scholars of great eminence.

From the whole list, therefore, we can only collect two or three who are universally acknowledged to deserve the attention of those who are ambitious to form a correct style. Yet when the beauties and defects of all are fully displayed before us, as they have been by modern critics of acknowledged taste, are we not induced to suspect that much of the improvement to be derived from such critical labour is impracticable? that between the style and the mind of every author the connexion is indissoluble? and that he who would write like another, must always have his genius, and sometimes even his subject\*?

\* Far be it from the writer of this, perhaps, impertinent digression, to decry the industry of criticism, to arraign its jealousy, or to undervalue the sagacity by which we are taught the right and wrong of language. All he would venture, and venture with submission, against the common opinion is, that critical rules, however useful in affairs of grammar, will not form a style; that style is as much an attribute of genius as invention; and that the varie-



The Life of Addison was first written by Tickell, but his account is meagre and unsatisfactory. It was considerably enlarged in the first edition of the *Biographia*, and still more in the second; but the life prefixed to his poems, in Dr. Johnson's edition, is, with few exceptions, the most faithful and the most candid. This biographer had long revered Addison's character, and in one of the *Ramblers*, in which he is about to offer some criticisms on Milton, he modestly admits that "he may fall below the illustrious writer that has so long dictated to the commonwealth of learning." Nor was this the compliment of a junior, willing to recommend himself by deference to those who were already in possession of the public opinion. Thirty years afterwards, when his praise had its weight and value, he vindicated the originality and utility of Addison's criticisms with equal spirit and justice.

The limits of this preface will not admit us to dwell so long as would be agreeable on a character which every man loves to contemplate. "Of Addison's virtue, it is a sufficient testimony, that the resentment of party has transmitted no charge of any crime." From the charge brought against him by the friends of Pope, he has been amply vindicated in the second edition of the *Biographia*, by Mr. Justice Blackstone: but for the publication of Pope's abusive cha-

ties of manner to be found in English literature arise from the varieties of mind and of matter. Excellence in writing, as in painting, can be attained only by labour: rules and examples may improve, but nature only can initiate.

racter of him, after his death, no apology has yet been offered. That Addison had the jealousy of an author is an accusation which he shares in common with, perhaps, every author of celebrity\*, and that he was conscious of his superiority is only saying that he was conscious of what his opponents have never denied. In that species of composition which gained him popularity, he had then no rival, and has had no rival since, whose pretensions it would not be absurd to admit. Amidst many revolutions of taste, the judgment of all readers, learned and illiterate, has selected his papers as excelling in the milder graces of composition, and the fascinations of wit.

It may not, however, be improper to advert to one circumstance in his private history, which has of late been brought before the public, it is hoped with some exaggeration :

*“ Narratur et prisce Catonis  
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.”*

Dr. Johnson has mentioned this failing with moderation and delicacy. “He” (Addison) “often sat late, and drank too much wine. In the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to ex-

\* “How noble does the character of Addison appear, who though equally (with Pope) attacked by Dennis as a critic, yet never mentioned his name with asperity, and refused to give the least countenance to a pamphlet which Pope had written upon the occasion of Dennis’s strictures on Cato?” Bowles’s edition of Pope, vol. iv. p. 28. Addison’s conduct to Pope is also ably vindicated in pp. 39—44, and vol. vii. p. 292.

ness by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to set loose the powers of conversation: and who, that ever asked succour from Bacchus, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?"

The same fact has been related by others in coarser language, and with an apparent design to depreciate a character not easily assailable in other points. That Addison did, however, indulge too much in the pleasures of the tavern is reported with great confidence, and an excuse has been attempted, by attributing the vexations he thus endeavoured to alleviate, to the capricious conduct of his wife. An excuse for what is in itself wrong, is generally, what it ought to be, very unsatisfactory. It were to be wished, therefore, that some cause could be discovered more adequate to the effect, than what has been commonly alleged. Johnson seems to consider Addison's propensity as an original habit, and this appears to me most consistent with probability. It was the vice of the day among the wits, and wits have seldom discovered that it is a vice.

As to Addison's domestic vexations, the case stands thus. After a tedious courtship he obtained the hand of the Dowager Countess of Warwick, with whom he is said to have lived unhappily\*, but of the nature of this unhappi-

\* Mr. Tyers, in his unpublished Essay on Addison's Life and Writings, says, "Holland House is a large mansion; but could

ness we have no information in any of the memoirs of his life, except hints that she presumed on the superiority of her rank. But to suppose that she despised or vexed Addison on that account, will not supply the place of fact, and will obscure the few facts we possess. We cannot easily imagine that any woman would think herself superior to Addison by a rank which in her was merely adventitious, for she was not of a noble family, and of which she had lost all but the bare title; and if we do form this theory, how can we reconcile the long admiration and incessant pursuit of such a woman with his knowledge of the world, and acute discernment of character? "If," says an author to whom I have often referred, "she was a woman of such a despicable understanding; that such a woman should have engaged, for years, the attention of so consummate a judge of human nature as Addison, is not to be imagined. Considering his character and accomplishments, and that at the time of his marriage he was a member of parliament, and soon after secretary of state, the inequality of condition was not very great\*."

It is generally agreed, however, that in one way or other, she made his life uncomfortable; that he had frequent recourse to the society of his friends at a tavern; and that here he indulged to excess: and we may conjecture that in the character of such a man, this failing would soon

not contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest, Peace." Addison became possessed of this house by his marriage, and died in it.

\* Beattie.

be observed, and that they who reported it would probably not be anxious to lessen the extent or frequency of an indulgence which brought Addison for a time on a level with his inferiors. It is far more probable that he had always been fond of society, a fondness which cannot often be indulged with impunity, than that he had first recourse to the bottle as a cure for domestic vexations. The latter supposition seems inconsistent with his general character. It is indeed a frequent remedy, but principally with men of weak minds and of low manners.

But whatever deviations of this kind might have been observed in Addison's conduct, there is reason to think they have been exaggerated, because they certainly were not accompanied by their usual effects, debasement of manners or morals. His religious principles remained unshaken: those principles had influenced his whole life: they appear predominant in all his writings, and they gladdened his latter days with serenity. Of this happy effect his biographers have recorded an instance so affecting and so salutary, that no plea of brevity can excuse the omission of it wherever his character is the object of contemplation. It was first related by Dr. Young, in "Conjectures on original Composition," from which it is here copied.

"After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, Addison dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life, he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related" (the Earl of Warwick, who did not

restrictions mentioned before\*. The unknown correspondents were certainly numerous, and Steele made a free use of such letters as contained hints, or were thought worthy of insertion in their original state. From negligence, or want of matter, or want of leisure, for he was a man of many projects, he was frequently unprepared, and on this account it is on record, that the press has been sometimes stopped; but when he determined to exert himself, he could do it to advantage. The series of papers from No. 151 to 157 inclusive, which are his composition, rank among the best of the grave kind†.

Of the value of his and of Addison's papers, we become the more sensible as we descend to examine the contributions of contemporary wits, who from interest or inclination were induced to lend their aid to the general purpose of the work.

The first of these, if we respect the quantity merely of his assistance, was Eustace Budgell, a writer of some note in the days of the *Spectator*. He was born about the year 1685. His father, Gilbert Budgell, D.D., of St. Thomas, near Exeter, appears to have been a man of property, as he sent his son as a gentleman-commoner to Christ-church, Oxford, and thence to the Inner Temple, to study law, with a provision suitable to his rank and necessities. In the study of the

\* Pref. Hist. and Biog. to the *Tatler*.

† Steele's signature was R. and T.; the former, it has been supposed, when he wrote the whole of the paper, the latter when he composed or compiled from the letter-box; but this does not appear to be the universal rule, and the annotators imagine that T. sometimes means Tickell.

law, however, Eustace made little progress, being diverted from it by a taste for polite literature, and the company of such men as that taste easily procures. In 1710, Addison, to whom he was nearly related, took him to Ireland as one of his clerks, when himself secretary to Lord Wharton. In this employment, such was Budgell's attention to business, that in 1714, he was promoted to the office of chief secretary to the lords justices of Ireland, and deputy clerk of the council, and his talents were already so distinguished as to procure him a seat in the Irish parliament, where he was considered as an able speaker.

During the rebellion, in 1715, he discharged the service hitherto entrusted to a field-officer, of transporting the troops from Ireland to Scotland, with great ability and integrity. In 1717, he was promoted by Addison, then secretary of state, to the place of accountant and comptroller general; and as he had sometime before succeeded to the family estate, valued at 950*l. per annum*, though somewhat encumbered by his father's prodigality, he was exempted from the cares of wealth, if not wholly from those of ambition. He had now commenced a prosperous career as a statesman, and was ill prepared for the fatal reverse which was at hand, and which, although there were other precipitating circumstances, may be dated from the time the Duke of Bolton was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, in the year last mentioned. The Duke insisted on quartering upon him a friend of one Webster, whom he had made his secretary and a

privy counsellor. This was either an insult or an injury, and with lofty spirits the distinction is rarely admitted, which Budgell resented with asperity, and was therefore deprived of his place of accountant. He then came to England, contrary to the advice of Addison, and probably of every other friend, and further irritated his powerful enemies by publishing his case. This irritation was the more keen, as they were unprepared to defend their treatment of a man who had been a very faithful and useful servant to the public. In 1719, he made another enemy in the Earl of Sunderland, by publishing a very popular pamphlet against the famous Peerage Bill: but his declension was chiefly hastened by the loss of twenty thousand pounds, which he had embarked in the South-Sea scheme, and by his subsequent disappointment in not being able to accompany the Duke of Portland, who was appointed governor of Jamaica, as his grace's secretary. He had made arrangements for this new office, and was about to sail, when a secretary of state was sent to the duke, to acquaint him, "that he might take any man in England for his secretary, excepting Mr. Budgell, but that he must not take *him* \*."

After this event, his life appears to have been wasted in a fruitless struggle to regain consequence, and recruit his finances. Among other expedients, the Duchess of Marlborough endeavoured to procure him a seat in parliament, where she hoped his disappointments would render him an useful opposition member, but this

\* Biog. Brit. new edit. vol. ii. 1780.



did not succeed. About the year 1732, on the death of Dr. Matthew Tindall, a bequest to Budgell appeared in his will, accompanied by circumstances so suspicious, that in consequence of a legal inquiry the will was set aside. His supposed share in this transaction is alluded to by Pope.

*Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on my quill,  
And write whate'er he please, except my will.*

Yet Budgell's situation at this time must have been low, for the sum to which he thus sacrificed his peace and his character did not much exceed two thousand pounds.

From this unhappy period his mind appears to have been absorbed in gloomy reflections on the loss of reputation, friends, and fortune, until it at last contracted that inexplicable delirium which presents to a disordered imagination the advantages of suicide. On May 4, 1737, he drowned himself in the Thames, by jumping out of a boat at London Bridge, and had evidently made deliberate preparations for this catastrophe: besides intimating to his servant, when he went out, that he should return no more, his pocket was filled with stones, and in his escrutoire was a short scrap of a will, written a day or two before, importing that he left all his personal estate to his natural daughter, Anne Budgell, then about eleven years of age. This last circumstance is not very consistent with the report that he had previously endeavoured to persuade his daughter to accompany him\*. He

\* This daughter afterwards became an actress: in 1743 we find her on the stage with Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, in the tragedy of

left also on his bureau a slip of paper, on which was written,

What Cato did, and Addison approved,  
Cannot be wrong.—

A conclusion which it would be unfair to draw from the circumstances of Cato's scenic death. Why this unhappy man, who, according to his biographers, had shown many symptoms of mental derangement, should not have been more carefully watched it is needless to inquire, since, in many similar cases, it is a question to which even the courts of justice cannot extort an answer.

Budgell's character appears to have been a compound of great vanity and ungovernable passions; failings which in prosperity are not always hurtful, because they may be gratified by applause and submission, but which, on a reverse of fortune, generally undermine all moral principle, and bring the strongest minds to a level with the weakest. In his civil employments, he was not only indefatigable, but conscientious in a very high degree\*, and a sense of the ser-

Tancred and Sigismunda. Davies, the Biographer of Garrick, adds, that she was an actress of considerable powers, and died at Bath about the year 1755.

\* His conduct in the embarkation of the troops, &c. to be sent from Ireland to Scotland, during the rebellion in 1715, was "singularly disinterested; for he took no extraordinary service-money, and would not receive any gratuity or fees for the commissions which passed through his office for the colonels and officers of militia then raising in Ireland. The lords justices were desirous that a handsome present should be made him for his distinguished zeal and labour in this affair, but he generously and firmly refused to draw up a warrant for that purpose." Biog. Brit. new edit.

vices he had rendered to the public may have, no doubt, aggravated the insult which he received from the ministry, and which certainly cannot be palliated.

His first appearance as an author is said by Cibber, or rather Shiells, to have been in the *Tatler*, but no inquiry has been able to trace his pen in that work. In the *Spectator*, he wrote twenty-eight papers, with the signature letter X\*, which he used, it is said, instead of the initials of his name to mark upon his linen. Of these papers, few rise above mediocrity; he had talents that enabled him to assist in a work of this kind, but there is no reason to believe that he could have acted as a principal. His best papers are Nos. 307, 313, 337, and 353, on education: they contain many useful remarks, illustrated by apposite examples and authorities. The only papers distinguishable for wit, are Nos. 365 and 395, on the effects of the month of May on the female constitution; in these the style of Addison is imitated with great felicity; but I know not what praise we can assign to them, if what Dr. Johnson reports, from traditional authority, be true, that "Addison wrote Budgell's papers, at least mended them so much that he made them almost his own†."

Besides these twenty-eight papers attributed to him in consequence of the signature, he is, in

\* No. 232. was marked X in the folio edit. but Z in the first 8vo.; the annotators think it was the composition of Mr. H. Martyn, but more probably the alteration of the signature was a typographical error. The signature is omitted in the first 12mo., a very correct edition, and in all the subsequent ones.

† Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

the opinion of the annotators on the *Spectator*, the presumptive author of a short letter, signed *Eustace*, in No. 539, and of Nos. 591, 602, 605, and 628, the last of which contains a Latin translation of Cato's soliloquy, formerly said to be the production of Atterbury, but which Mr. Nichols has discovered to have been written by Dr. Henry Bland, head-master of Eton school. These last-mentioned papers occur in the eighth volume of the common editions of the *Spectator*, which is said to have been conducted by Addison and Budgell.

The annotators on the *Guardian* have assigned to him Nos. 25 and 31 ; but if their authority was the notice in the Preface, that "those which are marked with a star were composed by Mr. Budgell," they seem to have committed an error. The 24th is marked with a star in the folio and first octavo editions, but not the 25th.

No. 31, his last contribution, cannot be read without regret that the author should have departed from his own principles in all the critical periods of his life. A similar reflection will occur in reading his *Spectator*, No. 389, on Infidelity, to which he certainly verged in the latter part of his life, and which, there is every reason to think, was occasioned by his connexion with Tindall\*.

\* Budgell published a translation of the characters of Theophrastus, a history of the family of the Boyles, and some political pamphlets. He also compiled a periodical work, called the *Bee*, chiefly from the newspapers, in the form of a magazine, but in consequence of quarrelling with the booksellers, and filling the pamphlet with his own disputes and concerns, he was obliged to drop the undertaking. Seven volumes of this work are now before me.

The next contributor, of perhaps more value, was Mr. John Hughes. He was the son of a citizen of London, and was born at Marlborough, July 29, 1677. He received his education at a dissenting academy, under the care of Mr. Thomas Rowe, where, at the same time, the afterwards celebrated Dr. Isaac Watts was a student, whose piety, and friendship for Mr. Hughes, induced him to regret that he had employed any part of his talents in writing for the stage.

It does not appear for what profession he was originally intended. He was early distinguished for his poetical and musical abilities, when they could be exerted only in his leisure hours, as he held a place in the office of ordnance, and was secretary to several commissions for purchasing lands necessary to secure the royal docks at Chatham and Portsmouth.

His poetical pieces were written, partly on temporary subjects, and partly for musical entertainments. Some of the latter were set by Pepusch, and some by Handel. The general character of his poetry is not high. Swift and Pope ranked him among the *mediocrists*, and this opinion, which they gave when his works were published in 1735, and long after he was beyond the reach of praise or blame, has been adopted by Dr. Johnson. The performance

It exhibits little more than the ruins of a mind. He was attacked on all sides by contemporary writers respecting the affair of Tindall's will, and he endeavours by long, wild, and incoherent rhapsodies, to regain the good opinion of the public, which, however, he had for ever forfeited by that transaction.

for which he is now chiefly remembered, is his tragedy of the *Siege of Damascus*, which still holds its rank on the stage, though "it is neither acted nor printed according to the author's original draught, or his settled intention. He had made Phocyas apostatize from his religion; after which, the abhorrence of Eudocia would have been reasonable, his misery would have been just, and the horrors of his repentance exemplary. The players, however, required that the guilt of Phocyas should terminate in desertion to the enemy: and Hughes, unwilling that his relations should lose the benefit of his work, complied with the alteration"\*.

He died Feb. 17, 1719-20, the same day on which this play was first represented. Steele, who has drawn a very favourable character of him in *The Theatre*, No. 15, says, "I cannot, in the first place, but felicitate a death on the same evening in which he received, and merited, the applause of his country, for a great and good action; his work is full of such sentiments as only can give comfort in the last hour; and, I am told, he showed a pleasure in hearing that the labours, which he so honestly and virtuously intended, had met with a suitable success."

In this, however, Steele was deceived; and it is singular that he did not perceive he was placing his friend in the novel and ridiculous situation of an author preparing for eternity by the recollection of a well-written play, and the applause of a crowded theatre. The truth is,

\* Johnson's *Life of Hughes*. His *Life* is also written by Dancombe, by Cibber, and by Dr. Campbell, in the *Biog. Brit.*

however, the annotators on the *Spectator* assign to him Nos. 224 and 467\*.

In the *Guardian*, only one paper, No. 37, has been discovered to be his, and in his correspondence, published in 1772, are three short letters, intended for the *Guardian*, which are added to the present edition. The general character of all his essays is favourable; he appears to have possessed a mild and agreeable humour, some of the strokes of which are truly Addisonian; and his serious papers are excellent both for matter and manner. Such was his regard for decency, that he withdrew his contributions to a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems*, published by Steele, because Pope's imitation of Chaucer's *Wife of Bath* was to be inserted in it.

The name of Pope has been currently repeated among those of the authors of the *Spectator*, yet one article only, and that a very trifling one, in No. 527, a short letter with a few verses, is all that can with certainty be ascribed to him. His "Messiah" was published in No. 378, and the annotators deduce that he wrote No. 408, from its train of thought, which is the same that occurs frequently in his works, and especially in his "Essay on Man." His contributions to the

\* In "Duncombe's Letters by several eminent Persons deceased, including the Correspondence of John Hughes, Esq." is printed a letter by Mr. Hughes, intended for the *Spectator*, on *English Operas*, vol. i. p. 61, edit. 1772. The letter signed *Parthenissa*, in No. 306, is claimed for Hughes, by Mr. Duncombe, who adds, that the real person alluded to was a Miss Rotherham, sister to the second lady of the sixth Lord Effingham, and afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, master of Felstead School, in Essex.—*Gent. Mag.* 1780.

Guardian are more important, and will be noticed in the Preface to that paper.

Two excellent papers on dreaming, Nos. 586 and 593, and which have been the foundation of many succeeding essays on the same subject, considered in the same point of view, were written by Mr. John Byrom, whose facetious talents were well suited to this species of composition, and whose delicate and simple humour appears so favourably in the well-known verses in No. 603, beginning "My time, O ye muses," &c. His Phebe, was the youngest of the celebrated Dr. Bentley's daughters, and the mother of Richard Cumberland, Esq. the late well-known dramatic and miscellaneous writer. The annotators ascribe to Mr. Byrom also No. 587. a paper to which he was certainly equal, but in this assignment they have overlooked a passage in No. 593, in which his being the author is positively denied. They are perhaps more correct in giving him credit for No. 597, although even that appears doubtful.

This ingenious writer, a younger son of Edward Byrom, of Kersal, in Lancashire, was born at Manchester, 1691. He was educated first in his native town, and afterwards at Merchant-Taylor's School in London, whence he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the celebrated Mr. Baker, July 6, 1708. His first productions were the papers in the Spectator we have enumerated. In the same year in which they appeared, 1714, he was elected fellow of his college, but not choosing to enter into orders, he was obliged to vacate his fellow-



ship in 1716, and went to Montpelier, where, applying himself closely to the study of physic, he acquired the appellation of Dr. Byrom\*. On his return to London, he married his cousin, Miss Elizabeth Byrom, against the consent of her father, who consequently gave her no fortune, and our author's little property having been exhausted in his travels, he engaged in teaching short-hand writing, and for some years obtained a competent subsistence by that ingenious and useful art, and taught, amongst many others, the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield. His talents, however, must have been otherwise conspicuous, as, in 1724, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society. Some time after the family estate at Kersal devolved to him by the death of his elder brother, and relieved him from the business of teaching short-hand.

He now retired to enjoy, what it appears he was eminently qualified for, the pleasures of domestic life, and indulged his pen in a variety of poetical attempts, chiefly on religious subjects; but his lighter verses, which in mature years he despised, have generally been allowed the preference. His religion, which was strongly tinctured with Behmenism, led him to discuss subjects in verse, which perhaps no man but himself would have clothed in that dress. His humour was, however, generally predominant, and inclines us to wish that he had been less attached to rhyme, a propensity which betrayed him into more than poetical freedoms with subjects be-

\* Nichols's Select Collection of Poems, vol. vii.

yond his province. In one of his critical dissertations in verse, he denied the existence of St. George, the patron of England, and challenged the antiquaries to consider the question. The contest between a poet and an antiquary seems very unequal, yet the late venerable Dr. Pegge accepted the challenge, and confuted the poet's hypothesis in a paper in the *Archæologia*.

Mr. Byrom died on the 28th of September, 1763, leaving behind him the character of a man of piety, wit, and learning. The general tenour of his life was innocent and inoffensive, and it appears that the great truths of Christianity had, from his earliest years, made a deep impression on his mind\*. It is some deduction from his character, however, that he not only spent much of his time in reading the mystic writers, but even professed to understand the works of Jacob Behmen.

Four papers in the eighth volume of the *Spectator*, were the production of Mr. Henry Grove, of Taunton, a very learned and pious divine of the dissenting persuasion, who died in 1737, and of whom a very copious account is given in the *Biographia*. His papers are of the serious kind. Nos. 588 and 601, on self-love and benevolence; No. 626, on the force of novelty; and No. 635, on the enlargement of the powers of the mind in a future state. Of these essays the praise has been uniform. Dr. Johnson declared No. 588 to be "one of the finest pieces in the English

\* *Biog. Brit.* new edit.

language\* ;” and No. 635, was re-published by the direction of Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, along with Addison’s Evidences, in a 12mo. edition, dated 1731 †.

Mr. Grove’s publications in his lifetime were very numerous, and after his death, four volumes of posthumous pieces were added to his works. His “Moral Philosophy” is a very useful book, not only on account of the manner in which he has treated the various subjects connected with morals, but as forming an index of reference to every publication that had then appeared, in which each topic had been directly or collaterally treated.

In the list of the writers of the Spectator, given by Steele in No. 555, the name of Mr. Henry Martyn occurs, but no part of his share can be ascertained, except the letter to the king of France, in No. 180. No. 200, on the same subject, is conjectured by the annotators to be his, and they have the same suspicion of No. 232. Some account of this gentleman is given in Ward’s Lives of the Gresham Professors ‡. He was an excellent scholar and an able lawyer, but his infirm state of health would not permit him to attend the courts. He had a principal concern in a paper called “The British Merchant, or Commerce Preserved,” in answer to

\* Boswell’s Life of Johnson. See also the Additions to his Life, p. 12, 2d edit. 1793.

† Biog. Brit.

‡ P. 333, after the life of his brother, Edward Martyn, professor of Rhetoric, and the immediate predecessor of Ward, the biographer.

“The Mercator, or Commerce Retrieved,” written by Defoe, in 179 numbers, from May 26th, 1713, to July 20, 1714, with a view to get the treaty of commerce made with France at the peace of Utrecht ratified by parliament. The rejection of that treaty was in a great measure promoted by Mr. Martyn’s paper, and government rewarded him for it by making him Inspector-General of the imports and exports of the customs. He died at Blackheath, March 25, 1721.

In the same list, in No. 555, are given the names of Mr. Carey, of New College, Oxford, Mr. Tickell, and Mr. Eusden\*, but no inquiry into their respective shares has been yet satisfactory. The signature T. has been frequently suspected to mean Tickell; yet nothing of his can be ascertained, except what will not rank him among Essayists, a Poem entitled “The Royal Progress,” in No. 620†.

An ingenious letter on the eye, in No. 250, is ascribed to Mr. Golding, of whom I have not been able to procure any information.

A very short letter, written with a tradesman-like simplicity, in No. 268, and signed James Easy, was the production of Mr. James Heywood, many years a wholesale linen-draper on Fish-Street-Hill, who died at his house in Aus-

\* A short letter in No. 84, on idols, is ascribed by the annotators to Mr. Eusden, afterwards the poet-laureat, but this cannot deserve the acknowledgment in No. 555.

† The annotators give him the first part of No. 410, as has been already mentioned.

tin-friars, in the 90th year of his age, July 23, 1776.

The excellent character of *Emilia*, in No. 302, was claimed by Mr. Duncombe for Mr. Hughes, but it has since been ascertained that it was written by Dr. Broome; but whether Dr. Broome, the poet, and partner with Pope in translating the *Odyssey*, is not so clearly determined. Bromius mentioned in this paper, will not agree with his character, who, when rector of Sturston, in Suffolk, "married a wealthy widow\*." The lady named here *Emilia*, was the "mother of Mrs. Ascham, of Connington, in Cambridgeshire, and grandmother of the present Lady Hatton."

The letter on foreign travel, in No. 364, signed *Philip Homebred*, was written by Mr. Philip Yorke, afterwards the celebrated Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. Mr. Boswell informs us, probably in too decisive language, that Dr. Johnson would not allow merit to this letter, and said that "it was quite vulgar, and had nothing luminous." It is certainly not the paper we might expect from a Lord Chancellor, but it was written by a young man, just admitted to the bar, and who had sense enough to censure a prevailing folly with some degree of humour, and great justice. The same subject has been since illustrated in the *World* by another nobleman, Philip Earl of Chesterfield†.

The Earl of Hardwicke, who is supposed to have been the author of another paper, which cannot now be ascertained, was one of those

\* Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, art. Brome, or Broome.

† See an article on the same subject by Addison, in *Tatler*, No. 93.

illustrious characters who have ennobled their families by merit in a profession, in which, with very few exceptions, merit only has been found to succeed. In very early life he appears to have been noted for learning and industry, and for qualities which were fitted to shine in public life. When only twenty-eight years of age, he had a seat in parliament, and the following year was promoted to the office of solicitor-general, on the recommendation of the Lord Chancellor Parker. In Feb. 1723-4, he was appointed attorney-general, and in October, 1733, lord chief justice of the King's Bench. On the decease of Lord Talbot. in 1736-7, he was called to the high office of Lord Chancellor, when only in his forty-seventh year. Yet this rapid succession of honours was followed by a correspondent share of popularity. In each office he discharged his duty in a manner both honourable and dignified: his station derived lustre from his piety, his learning, and his justice, and he at once enjoyed and deserved the esteem of the public. Of his abilities the following character is said to be strictly just: "The style of his eloquence was more adapted to the House of Lords than to the House of Commons. The tone of his voice was pleasing and melodious; his manner was placid and dignified. Precision of arrangement, closeness of argument, fluency of expression, elegance of diction, great knowledge of the subject on which he spoke, were his particular characteristics. He seldom rose into great animation: his chief aim was more to convince than amuse; to appeal to the judgement rather than to the feelings of his

auditors. He possessed a perfect command over himself, and his even temper was never ruffled by petulant opposition, or malignant invective\*." He died March 6, 1764, and it is by general consent that the epithets *great* and *good* have been ever since connected with his name.

Two visions, in Nos. 460 and 501, were written by Dr. Thomas Parnell. This allegorical mode of conveying instruction was much encouraged and practised by Addison and his contemporaries; and we are informed by Steele, there was always a particular demand for such papers. Dr. Parnell's *Visions* have considerable merit, but from a member of the *Scriblerus Club*, and a man of acknowledged wit, we might have surely expected contributions of a more humorous cast. Dr. Goldsmith's *Life of Parnell*, prefixed to his works, was the first attempt to collect memorials of him; although enrolled among the English poets in Dr. Johnson's edition, his name had not appeared in the *General Dictionary*, or in the *Biographia Britannica*. Goldsmith's materials are very scanty, and Johnson, while he compliments Goldsmith on what he had done, seems averse to the subject.

Thomas Parnell, D.D., descended from an ancient family, of Congleton, in Cheshire, was born in Dublin, in the year 1679, and was admitted a member of Dublin College, at the early age of thirteen. He took his degree of M.A. July 9, 1700, and in the same year was ordained a deacon, by Dr. William King, then bishop of

\* Coxe's *Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole*, vol. i. p. 43, 4to.

As there was no admittance to his oratory, without paying a sum at the door, generally a shilling, such expedients served occasionally to recruit his finances. He was also the author of a weekly paper, of unintelligible declamation, called *The Hyp-Doctor*, for which "secret service\*" he had 100*l.* a year. The origin of *The Hyp-Doctor*, as it has been related to the writer of this article, will show the peculiar turn of Henley's humour. He went to Sir Robert Walpole, represented himself as a man who could do great service to the state, and hinted that it would be wise to employ him. Sir Robert declined the offer in very polite terms, and Henley left the room with a threat, that "he could wield a pen!" On recollection, the minister thought it might be proper to stop this writer's opposition by a small salary, and called after him from the top of the stair-case, "*Hyp ! Doctor !*" promised him his support, and immediately the *Hyp-Doctor*, No. 1, made its appearance. Its purpose was to ridicule the arguments of the Craftsman.

In No. 288, is a letter from a tradesman, recommending his wares, signed Peter Motteux, the real name of a man of some talents, but, if the manner of his death has not been misrepresented, of immoral character. He was a native of France, and came to England on the revocation of the edict of Nantz. Such was the skill

\* Biog. Dict. In Cooke's *Preacher's Assistant* is a list of fifteen sermons preached on public occasions, and printed, by our orator. One is entitled, "*The Butcher's Lecture.*" Mr. Cooke calls him "*Rector of Chelmondiston, Suffolk.*"



he acquired in the English language, that he translated with success Rabelais and Don Quixote, and wrote some very popular plays. He had a large East-India warehouse in Leadenhall-street, and held a place in the Foreign Post-office. Although advanced in life, and married to a very beautiful woman, he indulged in the licentiousness of brothels, in one of which he was found dead, Feb. 19, 1717-18\*.

The affectionate letter on the death of a wife, in No. 520, is attributed to a Mr. Francham, of Norwich, of whom nothing else is now remembered: and an excellent dream, in No. 524, is said to have been the joint production of Mr. Dunlop, then Greek professor of Glasgow University, and of Mr. Montgomery, a merchant. Of the latter gentleman, we are told, that he traded to Sweden, and his business carrying him there, he was obliged to leave that kingdom abruptly, in consequence of "something between" him and Queen Christina. This event is supposed to have affected his intellects, much in the manner as Sir Roger de Coverley is represented to have been injured by his passion for the widow†. Mr. Dunlop is chiefly known as the author of a Greek grammar, used in most of the schools and universities of Scotland. Upon what authority the *joint* concern of these gentlemen in this paper is asserted, does not appear. It was formerly ascribed to Professor Simpson, of Glasgow, but whether the mathematician or the divine, for there were two of the name contemporaries, we are not informed.

\* Biog. Dict. and Dram. † Spect. 8vo. vol. vii. p. 284, note.

A letter in No. 140, signed *Leonora*, and another in No. 163, with the same signature, are said to have been written by a Miss Shephard, and a letter in No. 92, by her sister. Of these ladies it is only related that they were collateral descendants of Sir Fleetwood Shephard, "of facetious memory." A very short letter in No. 480, signed M. D. was written by Mr. Robert Harper, of Lincoln's Inn, an eminent conveyancer. Steele omitted some parts of it, and made some alterations in it.

The last contributor to the *Spectator*, of whom we have any knowledge, and who was the longest survivor, is Dr. Zachary Pearce, a late Bishop of Rochester. He was the son of an opulent distiller in Holborn, and was born in 1690. He had his education at Westminster school, where he was distinguished by his merit, and elected one of the king's scholars. In 1710, he was elected to Trinity-College, Cambridge. In 1716, he published the first edition of his "*Cicero de Oratore*," and at the desire of a friend dedicated it to Lord Chief Justice Parker, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, to whom he was an entire stranger. This incident laid the foundation of his future fortune, for Lord Parker soon after recommended him to Dr. Bentley, master of Trinity, to be made one of the fellows. In 1717, being then M.A., he was ordained, and in 1718, was invited to live with the Lord Chancellor Parker, as his lordship's domestic chaplain. In 1719, he was instituted to the rectory of Stapleford Abbots, in Essex, and in 1720, to that of St. Bartholomew Exchange, London. In

1723, his noble patron presented him to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and in 1726, he preached a sermon at the consecration of that church, when rebuilt in its present splendid form. In 1724, the degree of D. D. was conferred on him by Archbishop Wake. In 1739, he was appointed to the deanery of Winchester, and in 1748 to the bishoprick of Bangor; in 1756, he was removed to the see of Rochester, and the deanery of Westminster. In 1763, when the infirmities of age began to be felt, he wished to resign both, and retire into a quiet station, but his Majesty prevailed on him to continue. Dr. Pearce's reasons for an application so unusual, do him much honour; he said, that as he never made a sinecure of his preferments, he was tired with business, and being in the 74th year of his age, he wished to resign his preferments while his faculties were entire, lest he should outlive them, and the church suffer by his infirmities\*. In 1763, however, he obtained leave to resign the deanery. In 1773, he lost his lady, with whom he had enjoyed an uninterrupted course of domestic comfort for fifty-two years, and after some months of lingering decay, he died at Little Ealing, June 29, 1774. Being asked one day how he could live with so little nutriment, "I live," said he, "upon the recollection of an innocent and well spent life, which is my only sustenance†." He supported through this long

\* MS. Letter from Dr. Pettingal to Mr. Cole, in Brit. Mus.

† Nichols's Anecdotes of Bowyer.

life the character of an able divine, and a sound critic and philologer\*.

During his early years, he amused himself with light compositions, of which it is to be regretted he did not publish more than the *Spectator*, No. 572, on quacks, which was a little retouched by Addison, and No. 633, on eloquence†. He wrote also a paper in the *Guardian*, which will be noticed in its proper place, and an exquisite little fancy in a periodical paper entitled *The Freethinker*.

At the conclusion of No. 555, Steele says, "It had not come to my knowledge, when I left off the *Spectator*, that I owe several excellent sentiments and agreeable pieces in that work to Mr. Ince, of Gray's Inn." The annotators follow this intimation with some account of Mr. Ince, but no discovery has been made of his "sentiments," or "pieces." In a conversation with Dr. Johnson, in 1777, Mr. Murphy said, he remembered when there were several people alive in London, who enjoyed a considerable reputation merely from having written a paper in the *Spectator*. He mentioned particularly Mr. Ince, who used to frequent Tom's coffee-house. Dr. Johnson, who seemed to think this kind of

\* His life was prefixed to his posthumous works by the Rev. Mr. Derby, his chaplain, 2 vols. 4to. 1777, but his papers in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, were acknowledged by Dr. Pearce, in a letter to Dr. Birch, dated June 5, 1764.

† The annotators on the *Spectator*, by some mistake, say that No. 636 was printed by Tickell, in his edition of Addison's works. Tickell published no *Spectators* in that edition, after No. 600.

mention depreciating, repeated how highly Steele speaks of Mr. Ince. He was secretary to the accounts of the army, and died October 11, 1758. That many persons wrote single papers or letters in the *Spectator*, whose names are now irrecoverable, may be easily supposed. Mr. Cole, in his MSS. in the British Museum, mentions a Mr. Western, father of Thomas Western of Rivenhall, in Essex (which last died in 1766), as the author of a few numbers; and I learn from a recent letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that the Rev. John Lloyd, M. A. who published a poem entitled "God," about the year 1724, calls himself, in the title-page, "Author of several of the *Spectators*."

The paper in which the above compliment is paid to Mr. Ince, is the concluding one of the seventh volume of the original *second* edition, to which Steele signs his name, and in which he introduces the names of the principal writers. The *Spectator* was then laid down about a year and a half, in which interval the *Guardian*, and its sequel, the *Englishman*, were published. The time when the *Spectator* was revived, Dr. Johnson thought "unfavourable to literature," as "the succession of a new family to the throne filled the nation with anxiety, discord, and confusion." The attempt, however, was made, for which a whimsical reason is assigned in No. 632, and not unsuccessfully with respect to merit, but the sale was not so extensive as that of the preceding papers. They now came out only three times a week, and Steele, it is thought, had no concern in it. Addison wrote above a fourth

part, and conducted the whole with Eustace Budgell, whose share, if he had any, has not been ascertained. There are none of the papers lettered at the close, as in the preceding volumes, and Addison's contributions are marked in this edition upon the authority of Mr. Tickell, who collected them in his works.

In Dr. Johnson's opinion, this volume is more valuable than any of those which went before it. There is certainly more variety of style and manner in it, and perhaps of subject; but in general the papers are less lively, and have been less popular. Why the Spectator was revived after the Guardian had closed, and why it ends abruptly with a paper from a stranger, are questions which cannot now be resolved. There is some reason to think this eighth volume was a bookseller's project, who perhaps employed Budgell as editor, and engaged Addison as a writer.

Of the great success of the Spectator, both in papers and in volumes, we have unequivocal evidence from Steele's declaration, in No. 555, that an edition of the reprinted volumes, of above "nine thousand each book," were then sold off, such was the laudable avidity in those days for moral instruction and elegant amusement. The tax on each half sheet brought into the stamp office, one week with another, above 20*l.* *per* week, notwithstanding it at first reduced the sale to less than half the number that was usually printed before the tax was imposed. This stamp-duty took place, Aug. 1, 1712, and every single half sheet paid a halfpenny to the Queen. "Have you seen," says Swift, "the

stamp? Methinks the stamping is worth a half-penny. The *Observer* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up and doubles its price." This increased the price of each paper to two-pence, the price, as we shall see afterwards, of periodical papers\*, consisting of three half sheets elegantly printed on fine paper, while the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*, consisted of a single half-sheet, printed on the vilest paper of which any specimens have descended to posterity.

But the exact amount of the daily sale has been, with some, the subject of much controversy. Dr. Johnson, estimating by the 20% paid to the revenue weekly, gives 1680 for the daily number†. One of the annotators thinks that this calculation is not made with the Doctor's usual accuracy; that it is probable we ought to read above "29% instead of above 20%" in Steele's concluding number; or, that admitting the other sum, it ought to be considered that the greatest number of the *Spectators* were actually published before the duty, on which the calculation rests, took place. It is added, on the express testimony of Dr. Fleetwood, in a letter to the then Bishop of Salisbury, that the daily sale amounted to *fourteen thousand*.

Whatever the precise number was, it is cer-

\* *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, &c.

† In opposition to this we have Addison's declaration, that three thousand were sold daily about the commencement of the work. See No. 10.

withheld, although it might have been placed with perhaps more propriety among the annotations. This information was lately communicated, by the Rev. Duke Yonge of Plympton, to my excellent and learned friend Mr. Archdeacon Nares, to whom I am immediately indebted for a copy.

“My attention,” says Mr. Yonge, “was first drawn to this subject by a very vague tradition in the family of Sir Thomas Crawley Boevey, of Flaxley Abbey in Gloucestershire, that Mrs. Catherine Boevey, widow of William Boevey, Esquire, and who died January 21, 1726, was the original from whence the picture was drawn. She was left a widow at the early age of twenty-two, and by her portrait (now at Flaxley Abbey, and drawn at a more advanced period of her life), appears to have been a woman of a handsome dignified figure, as she is described to have been in the 113th number of the Spectator. She was a personage well known and much distinguished in her day, and is described very respectably in the New Atalantis, under the name of Portia.

“From these facts I was induced to examine whether any internal evidence could be traced in the Spectator to justify the tradition. The result of that inquiry is as follows.

“The papers in the Spectator which give the description of the widow were certainly written by Steele, and that Mrs. Boevey was well known to Steele, and held by him in high estimation, is equally certain. He dedicates the three volumes of the “Lady’s Library” to three differ-



ent ladies, Lady Burlington, Mrs. Boevey, and Mrs. Steele : he describes each of them in terms of the highest commendation, but each of them is distinguished by very discriminating characteristics. However exalted the characters of Lady Burlington or Mrs. Steele, there is not one word in the dedication to either, which corresponds to the character of the Widow, but the characters of Mrs. Boevey and the Widow are drawn with marks of very striking coincidence. No. 113 of the Spectator, as far as it relates to the Widow, is almost a parody on the character of Mrs. Boevey, as drawn in the dedication. Sir Roger tells his friend that she is a reading lady, and that her discourse was as learned as the best philosopher could possibly make. She reads upon the nature of plants, and understands every thing. In the dedication, Steele says, "instead of assemblies and conversations, books and solitude have been your choice : you have charms of your own sex, and knowledge not inferior to the most learned of ours." In No. 118, "her superior merit is such," says Sir Roger, "that I cannot approach her without awe ; my heart is checked by too much esteem."—Dedication. "Your person and fortune equally raise the admiration and awe of our whole sex."

"She is described as having a confident, as the Knight calls her, to whom he expresses a peculiar aversion, No. 118 being chiefly on that subject. "Of all persons under the sun," says the good old Knight, "be sure to set a mark upon confidants." I know not whether the lady

was deserving of the Knight's reprobation, but Mrs. Boevey certainly had a female friend of this description, of the name of Pope, who lived with her more than forty years, whom she left executrix, and who, it is believed in the family, did not execute her office in the most liberal manner.

"The character of Mrs. Boevey was deserving of all the applause which Steele bestows upon her; and though these coinciding marks do not prove that Mrs. Boevey and the Widow were the same, yet the presumption appears reasonable that he who drew the two portraits so much alike painted from the same original, and one he tells us himself was Mrs. Boevey.

"Two objections may be started against this presumptive evidence: That the Knight first saw the Widow at the assizes at Worcester, where she appeared, according to his account, to contest a law-suit.

"That this law-suit was in consequence of a dispute with the heir-at-law of her husband.

"There is no tradition of any such dispute having arisen; and if there had, as Mrs. Boevey's residence and the property she occupied was in Gloucestershire, Gloucester would have been the place where the issue must have been tried.

"I do not consider the objections as carrying much weight. Steele, in delineating the character, might reasonably be unwilling to describe her too closely: her residence at Flaxley Abbey was not far from the borders of Worcestershire, and the Knight, in making his first

visit, speaks of his going *across* the country for that purpose.

“Mrs. Boevey was buried in the family vault at Flaxley, with an inscription on the walls of the chapel to her memory. There is also a monument in Westminster Abbey.”

On this ingenious paper I have only to remark, that it carries as much probability as deductions from such facts can be expected to carry at this distance of time. It cannot, however, be improper to suggest to the reader, who may wish to examine the evidence more closely, that Mrs. Boevey was left a widow at the age of twenty-two, in the year 1691, and consequently at the dates of the *Spectators* in which she is described, had arrived at the age of forty-two. Sir Roger is described as in his fifty-sixth year, a disproportion which seems not unsuitable to the character in which he is drawn, or to the unfortunate issue of his addresses.



# ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS.

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VOL. I.

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TO

JOHN LORD SOMERS,

BARON OF EYRESHAM.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD not act the part of an impartial Spectator, if I dedicated the following papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged merit.

None but a person of a finished character can be the proper patron of a work which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.

I know that the homage I now pay you, is offering a kind of violence to one who is as solicitous to shun applause as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my lord, this is perhaps the only particular in which your prudence will be always disappointed.

While justice, candour, equanimity, a zeal for the good of your country, and the most persuasive eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable distinctions ; you are not to expect that the public will so far comply with your inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary qualities. It

is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your share of merit in the many national services which you have effected. Do what you will, the present age will be talking of your virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice.

Other men pass through oppositions and contending interests in the ways of ambition ; but your great abilities have been invited to power, and importuned to accept of advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your lordship, who could bring into the service of your sovereign the arts and policies of ancient Greece and Rome ; as well as the most exact knowledge of our own constitution in particular, and of the interests of Europe in general ; to which I must also add, a certain dignity in yourself, that, to say the least of it, has been always equal to those great honours which have been conferred upon you.

It is very well known how much the church owed to you, in the most dangerous day it ever saw, that of the arraignment of its prelates ; and how far the civil power, in the late and present reign, has been indebted to your counsels and wisdom.

But to enumerate the great advantages which the public has received from your administration, would be a more proper work for an history, than for an address of this nature.

Your lordship appears as great in your private life, as in the most important offices which you have borne. I would, therefore, rather choose to speak of the pleasure you afford all who are admitted to your conversation, of your elegant taste in all the polite arts of learning, of your great humanity and complacency of manners, and of the surprising influence which is peculiar to you, in making every one who converses with your lordship prefer you to

himself, without thinking the less meanly of his own talents. But if I should take notice of all that might be observed in your lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other character of distinction. I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most devoted,  
Most obedient humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

## VOL. II.

TO

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

SIMILITUDE of manners and studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest motives to affection and esteem; but the passionate veneration I have for your lordship, I think flows from an admiration of qualities in you, of which in the whole course of these papers, I have acknowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a stranger upon earth, and can pretend to no other than being a looker-on, you are conspicuous in the busy and polite world, both in the world of men, and that of letters. While I am silent and unobserved in public meetings, you are admired by all that approach you, as the life and genius of the conversation. What a happy conjunction of different talents meets in him whose whole discourse is at once animated by the strength and force of reason, and adorned with all the graces

and embellishments of wit ! When learning irradiates common life, it is then in its highest use and perfection ; and it is to such as your lordship, that the sciences owe the esteem which they have with the active part of mankind. Knowledge of books in recluse men, is like that sort of lantern, which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his own ; but in the possession of a man of business, it is, as a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to show those who were bewildered, the way which leads to their prosperity and welfare. A generous concern for your country, and a passion for every thing which is truly great and noble, are what actuate all your life and actions ; and I hope you will forgive me that I have an ambition this book may be placed in the library of so good a judge of what is valuable, in that library where the choice is such, that it will not be a disparagement to be the meanest author in it. Forgive me, my lord, for taking this occasion of telling all the world how ardently I love and honour you ; and that I am, with the utmost gratitude for all your favours,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,  
most obedient, and most  
humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.



## VOL. III.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY BOYLE\*.

SIR,

1712.

As the professed design of this work is to entertain its readers in general, without giving offence to any particular person, it would be difficult to find out so proper a patron for it as yourself, there being none whose merit is more universally acknowledged by all parties, and who has made himself more friends, and fewer enemies. Your great abilities and unquestioned integrity, in those high employments which you have passed through, would not have been able to have raised you this general approbation, had they not been accompanied with that moderation in a high fortune, and that affability of manners, which are so conspicuous through all parts of your life. Your aversion to any ostentatious arts of setting to show those great services which you have done the public, has not, likewise, a little contributed to that universal acknowledgment which is paid you by your country.

The consideration of this part of your character, is that which hinders me from enlarging on those extraordinary talents, which have given you so great a figure in the British senate, as well as in that elegance and politeness which appear in your more retired conversation. I should be unpardonable if,

\* Youngest son of Charles, Lord Clifford, and afterwards Lord Carleton.

after what I have said, I should longer detain you with an address of this nature: I cannot, however, conclude it, without acknowledging those great obligations which you have laid upon,

SIR,

Your most obedient

humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

## VOL. IV.

TO

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

1712.

As it is natural to have a fondness for what has cost us much time and attention to produce, I hope your grace will forgive my endeavour to preserve this work from oblivion, by affixing to it your memorable name.

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious passages of your life, which are celebrated by the whole age, and have been the subject of the most sublime pens; but if I could convey you to posterity in your private character, and describe the stature, the behaviour, and aspect, of the Duke of Marlborough, I question not but it would fill the reader with more agreeable images, and give him a more delightful entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other book.

One cannot indeed without offence to yourself observe, that you excel the rest of mankind in the

least, as well as the greatest endowments. Nor were it a circumstance to be mentioned, if the graces and attractions of your person were not the only pre-eminence you have above others, which is left almost unobserved by greater writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising revolutions in your story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and deportment ! How pleasing would it be to hear that the same man, who carried fire and sword into the countries of all that had opposed the cause of liberty, and struck a terror into the armies of France, had, in the midst of his high station, a behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first steps towards greatness ! And if it were possible to express that easy grandeur, which did at once persuade and command ; it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his contemporaries, that all the great events which were brought to pass under the conduct of so well-governed a spirit, were the blessings of heaven upon wisdom and valour ; and all which seem adverse, fell out, by divine permission, which we are not to search into.

You have passed that year of life wherein the most able and fortunate captain, before your time, declared he had lived long enough both to nature and to glory ; and your grace may make that reflection with much more justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at empire by an usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved ; but the Prince of Mindelheim may rejoice in a sovereignty which was the gift of him whose dominions he had preserved.

Glory established upon the uninterrupted success of honourable designs and actions, is not subject to diminution ; nor can any attempts prevail against it, but in the proportion which the narrow circuit of rumour bears to the unlimited extent of fame.

We may congratulate your grace not only upon your high achievements, but likewise upon the happy expiration of your command, by which your glory is put out of the power of fortune: and when your person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place you in that higher mansion of bliss and immortality which is prepared for good princes, law-givers, and heroes, when He, in His due time, removes them from the envy of mankind, is the hearty prayer of,

MY LORD,  
Your Grace's most obedient,  
Most devoted,  
humble Servant,  
THE SPECTATOR.

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VOL. V.

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TO  
THE EARL OF WHARTON.

MY LORD, 1712-13.  
THE author of the Spectator, having prefixed before each of his volumes the name of some great persons to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim to your lordship's patronage upon the same account. I must confess, my lord, had not I already received great instances of your favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a work of this nature to your perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human life, that it is impossible for the least misrepresentation of them to escape your notice. It is your lord-

ship's particular distinction that you are master of the whole compass of business, and have signalized yourself in all the different scenes of it. We admire some for their dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; some for their clearness of judgment, others for their happiness of expression; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the putting of them in execution. It is your lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others possess them singly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your lordship's character, at the same time that they use their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour, that those who are now your enemies were always so. You have acted in so much consistency with yourself, and promoted the interests of your country in so uniform a manner, that even those who would misrepresent your generous designs for the public good, cannot but approve the steadiness and intrepidity with which you pursue them. It is a most sensible pleasure to me that I have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,  
and most obedient,  
humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

## VOL. VI.

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TO

THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

MY LORD,

1712-13.

VERY many favours and civilities, received from you in a private capacity, which I have no other way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this presumption ; but the justice I, as a Spectator, owe your character, places me above the want of an excuse. Candour and openness of heart, which shine in all your words and actions, exact the highest esteem from all who have the honour to know you ; and a winning condescension to all subordinate to you, made business a pleasure to those who executed it under you, at the same time that it heightened her majesty's favour to all who had the happiness of having it conveyed through your hands. A secretary of state, in the interest of mankind, joined with that of his fellow-subjects, accomplished with a great facility and elegance in all the modern as well as ancient languages, was a happy and proper member of a ministry, by whose services your sovereign and country are in so high and flourishing a condition, as makes all other princes and potentates powerful or inconsiderable in Europe, as they are friends or enemies to Great Britain. The importance of those great events which happened during that administration in which your lordship bore so important a charge, will be acknowledged as long as time shall endure. I shall not therefore attempt to rehearse those illustrious

passages, but give this application a more private and particular turn, in desiring your lordship would continue your favour and patronage to me, as you are a gentleman of the most polite literature, and perfectly accomplished in the knowledge of books \* and men, which makes it necessary to beseech your indulgence to the following leaves, and the author of them; who is, with the greatest truth and respect,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

obliged, obedient,

and humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

## VOL. VII.

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TO

MR. METHUEN †.

SIR,

1712.

It is with great pleasure I take an opportunity of publishing the gratitude I owe you for the place you allow me in your friendship and familiarity. I will not acknowledge to you that I have often had you

\* His lordship was the founder of the splendid and truly valuable library at Althorp.

† Afterwards Sir Paul Methuen, Knight of the Bath. This very ingenious gentleman, whilst ambassador at the court of Portugal, concluded the famous commercial treaty which bears his name; and in the same capacity, at the court of Savoy, exerted himself nobly as a military hero.

in my thoughts, when I have endeavoured to draw, in some parts of these discourses, the character of a good-natured, honest, and accomplished gentleman. But such representations give my reader an idea of a person blameless only, or only laudable for such perfections as extend no further than to his own private advantage and reputation.

But when I speak of you I celebrate one who has had the happiness of possessing also those qualities which make a man useful to society, and of having had opportunities of exerting them in the most conspicuous manner.

The great part you had, as British ambassador, in procuring and cultivating the advantageous commerce between the courts of England and Portugal, has purchased you the lasting esteem of all who understand the interest of either nation.

Those personal excellences which are overrated by the ordinary world, and too much neglected by wise men, you have applied with the justest skill and judgement. The most graceful address in horsemanship, in the use of the sword, and in dancing, has been employed by you as lower arts; and as they have occasionally served to cover or introduce the talents of a skilful minister.

But your abilities have not appeared only in one nation. When it was your province to act as her majesty's minister at the court of Savoy, at that time encamped, you accompanied that gallant prince through all the vicissitudes of his fortune, and shared by his side the dangers of that glorious day in which he recovered his capital. As far as it regards personal qualities, you attained, in that one hour, the highest military reputation. The behaviour of our minister in the action, and the good offices done the vanquished in the name of the Queen of England, gave both the conqueror and the captive the most



lively examples of the courage and generosity of the nation he represented.

Your friends and companions in your absence frequently talk these things of you; and you cannot hide from us, by the most discreet silence in any thing which regards yourself, that the frank entertainment we have at your table, your easy condescension in little incidents of mirth and diversion, and general complacency of manners, are far from being the greatest obligations we have to you. I do assure you, there is not one of your friends has a greater sense of your merit in general, and of the favours you every day do us, than,

SIR,

Your most obedient,  
and most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.



## VOL. VIII.

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TO

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, ESQ\*.

THE seven former volumes of the Spectator having been dedicated to some of the most celebrated persons of the age, I take leave to inscribe † this eighth and last to you, as to a gentleman who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the best company.

You are now wholly retired from the busy part of mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your past achievements; for which reason I look upon you as a person very well qualified for a dedication.

I may possibly disappoint my readers, and yourself too, if I do not endeavour on this occasion to make the world acquainted with your virtues. And here, Sir, I shall not compliment you upon your birth, person, or fortune; nor any other the like perfections which you possess, whether you will or no; but shall only touch upon those which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one must allow you have a real merit.

Your janty air and easy motion, the volubility of your discourse, the suddenness of your laugh, the management of your snuff-box, with the whiteness of your hands and teeth, which have justly gained you the envy of the most polite part of the male

\* Generally supposed to be Col. Cleland.

† This dedication is suspected to have been written by Eustace Budgell, who might have better dedicated it to Will Wimble.

world, and the love of the greatest beauties in the female, are entirely to be ascribed to your own personal genius and application.

You are formed for these accomplishments by a happy turn of nature, and have finished yourself in them by the utmost improvements of art. A man that is defective in either of these qualifications, whatever may be the secret ambition of his heart, must never hope to make the figure you have done, among the fashionable part of his species. It is therefore no wonder we see such multitudes of aspiring young men fall short of you in all these beauties of your character, notwithstanding the study and practice of them is the whole business of their lives. But I need not tell you that the free and disengaged behaviour of a fine gentleman makes as many awkward beaux, as the easiness of your favourite hath made insipid poets.

At present you are content to aim all your charms at your own spouse, without further thought of mischief to any others of the sex. I know you had formerly a very great contempt for that pedantic race of mortals who call themselves philosophers; and yet, to your honour be it spoken, there is not a sage of them all could have better acted up to their precepts in one of the most important points of life: I mean, in that generous disregard of popular opinion which you showed some years ago, when you chose for your wife an obscure young woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient family, but has certainly as many forefathers as any lady in the land, if she could but reckon up their names.

I must own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the moment that you confessed your age, and from eight-and-forty, where you had stuck so many years, very ingeniously stepped into your grand climacteric. Your deportment has since been

very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed you make a regular appearance every quarter-sessions among your brothers of the quorum ; and if things go on as they do, stand fair for being a colonel of the militia. I am told that your time passes away as agreeably in the amusements of a country life, as it ever did in the gallantries of the town ; and that you now take as much pleasure in the planting of young trees, as you did formerly in the cutting down of your old ones. In short, we hear from all hands that you are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty acres, and have not too much wit to look into your own estate.

After having spoken thus much of my patron, I must take the privilege of an author in saying something of myself. I shall therefore beg leave to add, that I have purposely omitted setting those marks to the end of every paper, which appeared in my former volumes, that you may have an opportunity of showing Mrs. Honeycomb the shrewdness of your conjectures, by ascribing every speculation to its proper author : though you know how often many profound critics in style and sentiments have very judiciously erred in this particular, before they were let into the secret. I am,

SIR,  
Your most faithful  
humble Servant,  
THE SPECTATOR.

**THE**  
**BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.**

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IN the six hundred and thirty-second number of the *Spectator* the reader will find an account of the rise of this eighth and last volume.

I have not been able to prevail upon the several gentlemen who were concerned in this work to let me acquaint the world with their names.

Perhaps it will be unnecessary to inform the reader, that no other papers which have appeared under the title of the *Spectator*, since the closing of this eighth volume, were written by any of those gentlemen who had a hand in this or the former volumes.



# THE SPECTATOR.

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No. 1. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1710-11.

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*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*

HOR. ARS POET. 143.

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke ;  
Another out of smoke brings glorious light.  
And, without raising expectation high,  
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next, as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my

share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son, whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that during my nonage I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my school-master, who used to say, 'that my parts were solid, and would wear well.' I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my



whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that, having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and, as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction\*.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance. Sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's†; and, whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the con-

\* A sarcasm on Mr. Greaves, and his book intitled *Pyramidographia*.

† Child's coffee-house was in St. Paul's church-yard, and the resort of the clergy; St. James's stood then where it does now; Jonathan's was in Change-alley, and the Rose tavern was on the outside of Temple-bar.

versation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theatres both of Drury-lane and the Hay-market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband, or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them ; as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in the following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity ; and since I have neither

time nor inclination, to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion, or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason, likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid

and concerted, as all other matters of importance are, in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

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No. 2. FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1710-11.

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— *Ast alii sex*

*Et plures uno conclamant ore.*—

JUV. SAT. vii. 166.

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but

the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho-square \*. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson † in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gipsies: but this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he

\* At that time the genteeldest part of the town.

† This fellow was a noted sharper, swaggerer, and debauchee about town, at the time here pointed out; he was well known in Black Friars and its then infamous purlieus.

comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum ; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and, three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding ; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humour-some father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood ; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool : but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in ; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings, of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time o

the play is his hour of business : exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Russel-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins ; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at the play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London : a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and, as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man, he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts ; and will tell you it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms ; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that, if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation ; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, ' A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar ; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself ; and says, that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men ; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass, but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry\*, a gentleman of great courage, and understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession, where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore, he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting

\* It has been said, that the real person alluded to under this name was C. Kempenfelt, father of the Admiral Kempenfelt who deplorably lost his life, when the Royal George of 100 guns sunk at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1762.



what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company ; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him ; nor ever too obsequious, from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have amongst us the gallant Will Honeycomb\*, a gentleman, who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life ; but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He is all his life dressed very well ; and remembers habits, as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laugh easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods ; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat ; and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to

\* It has been said that a Colonel Cleland was supposed to have been the real person alluded to under this character.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night ; so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a vision, or allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

Methoughts I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before ; but to my surprise, instead of the company that I left there, I saw, towards the upper end of the hall, a beautiful virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name, as they told me, was Public Credit. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many acts of parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the magna charta, with the act of uniformity on the right hand, and the act of toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the act of settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the virgin that sate upon the throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such acts of parliament as had been made for the establishment of public funds. The lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her eye with them, and often smiled with a secret pleasure as she looked upon them ; but, at the same time, showed a very particular uneasiness if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared, indeed, infinitely timorous in all her behaviour : and whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her well-wishers, she changed colour, and startled at every thing she heard. She was likewise, as I afterwards found, a greater valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own sex, and subject to such momentary consumptions, that in the twinkling of an eye, she should fall away

from the most florid complexion and the most healthful state of body, and wither into a skeleton. Her recoveries were often as sudden as her decays, inso-much that she would revive in a moment out of a wasting distemper, into a habit of the highest health and vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these quick turns and changes in her constitution. There sate at her feet a couple of secretaries, who received every hour letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her ; and according to the news she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed colour, and discovered many symptoms of health or sickness.

Behind the throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another so high that they touched the ceiling. The floor on her right hand, and on her left, was covered with vast sums of gold, that rose up in pyramids on either side of her. But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon inquiry, that she had the same virtue in her touch, which the poets tell us a Lydian king was formerly possessed of ; and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness, and confused hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methoughts the hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous phantoms that I had ever seen, even in a dream, before that - time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most dissociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons ; for which reason I shall only inform my reader, that the first couple were Tyranny and Anarchy ;

the second were Bigotry and Atheism; the third, the Genius of a commonwealth and a young man of about twenty-two years of age\*, whose name I could not learn. He had a sword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandished at the act of settlement; and a citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my ear, that he saw a sponge in his left hand†. The dance of so many jarring natures put me in mind of the sun, moon, and earth, in the Rehearsal, that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the lady on the throne would have been almost frightened to distraction, had she seen but any one of these spectres: what then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted, and died away at the sight.

*Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori;  
Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modò visa placebant;  
Nec corpus remanet—*

OVID. MET. iii. 491.

—Her spirits faint,  
Her blooming cheeks assume a pallid teint,  
And scarce her form remains.'

There was as great a change in the hill of money-bags, and the heaps of money, the former shrinking, and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money.

The rest, that took up the same space and made the same figure as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called

\* James Stuart, the pretended Prince of Wales, born June 10, 1688. See Tat. No. 187.

† To wipe out the national debt.

into my memory the bags full of wind, which, Homer tells us, his hero received as a present from Æolus. The great heaps of gold on either side the throne now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles, like Bath faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished. In the room of the frightful spectres, there now entered a second dance of apparitions, very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms: the first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand; the second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third, a person whom I had never seen\*, with the Genius of Great Britain. At the first entrance, the lady revived; the bags swelled to their former bulk; the piles of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and, for my own part, I was so transported with joy, that I awaked, though I must confess I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision, if I could have done it.

C

\* The Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I.

## No. 4. MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1710-11.

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— *Egregiū mortalem aliquē silenti?*

HOR. SAT. ii. 6. 58.

One of uncommon silence and reserve.

AN author, when he first appears in the world, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his performances. With a good share of this vanity in my heart, I made it my business these three days to listen after my own fame ; and as I have sometimes met with circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me as much mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this time observed some part of the species to be ; what mere blanks they are when they first come abroad in the morning ; how utterly they are at a stand, till they are set a-going by some paragraph in a newspaper.

Such persons are very acceptable to a young author, for they desire no more in any thing but to be new to be agreeable. If I found consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the incapacity of others. These are mortals, who have a certain curiosity without power of reflection, and perused my papers like spectators rather than readers. But there is so little pleasure in inquiries that so nearly concern ourselves, it being the worst way in the world to fame, to be too anxious about it, that, upon the whole, I resolved for the future to go on in my ordinary way ; and, without too much fear or hope about the business of reputation, to be very careful of the design

of my actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule than the care of satisfying our own minds in what we do. One would think a silent man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to misrepresentations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a jesuit, for no other reason but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune, that, to be out of harm's way, I have ever since affected crowds. He who comes *into* assemblies only to gratify his curiosity, and not to *make* a figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more *exquisite* degree than he possibly could in his closet; the lover, the ambitious, and the miser, are followed thither by a worse crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient sage, 'I am never less alone than when alone.'

As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come thither, as most do, to show myself, I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. There are so many gratifications attend this public sort of obscurity, that some little distates I daily receive have lost their anguish; and I did, the other day, without the least displeasure overhear one say of me, 'that strange fellow'; and another answer, 'I have known the fellow's face these twelve years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was.' There are, I must confess, many to whom my person is as well known as that of their nearest relations, who give themselves no further

trouble about calling me by my name or quality, but speak of me very currently by Mr. What-d'-ye-call-him.

To make up for these trivial disadvantages, I have the high satisfaction of beholding all nature with an unprejudiced eye ; and, having nothing to do with men's passions or interests, I can, with the greater sagacity, consider their talents, manners, failings, and merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one sense possess the others with greater force and vivacity. Thus my want of, or rather resignation of speech, gives me all the advantages of a dumb man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in seeing ; and flatter myself that I have looked into the highest and lowest of mankind, and made shrewd guesses, without being admitted to their conversation, at the inmost thoughts and reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill-fortune has no manner of force towards affecting my judgement. I see men flourishing in courts, and languishing in jails, without being prejudiced, from their circumstances, to their favour or disadvantage ; but, from their inward manner of bearing their condition, often pity the prosperous, and admire the unhappy.

Those who converse with the dumb know, from the turn of their eyes and the changes of their countenance, their sentiments of the objects before them. I have indulged my silence to such an extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me answer my smiles with concurrent sentences, and argue to the very point I shook my head at, without my speaking. Will Honeycomb was very entertaining the other night at a play, to a gentleman who sat on his right hand, while I was at his left. The gentleman believed Will was talking to himself, when upon my



looking with great approbation at a young thing in a box before us, he said, 'I am quite of another opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleasing aspect; but, methinks, that simplicity in her countenance is rather childish than innocent.' When I observed her a second time, he said, 'I grant her dress is very becoming, but perhaps the merit of that choice is owing to her mother; for though,' continued he, 'I allow a beauty to be as much to be commended for the elegance of her dress, as a wit for that of his language; yet if she has stolen the colour of her ribands from another, or had advice about her trimmings, I shall not allow her the praise of dress, any more than I would call a plagiary an author.' When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, Will spoke what I looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following manner:

'Behold, you who dare, that charming virgin; behold the beauty of her person chastised by the innocence of her thoughts. Chastity, good-nature, and affability, are the graces that play in her countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious beauty, adorned with conscious virtue! What a spirit is there in those eyes! What a bloom in that person! How is the whole woman expressed in her appearance! Her air has the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language.'

It was prudence to turn away my eyes from this object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless creatures who make up the lump of that sex, and move a knowing eye no more than the portraiture of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures.

Thus, the working of my own mind is the general entertainment of my life: I never enter into the commerce of discourse with any but my particular

friends, and not in public even with them. Such a habit has perhaps raised in me uncommon reflections; but this effect I cannot communicate but by my writings. As my pleasures are almost wholly confined to those of the sight, I take it for a particular happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar admittance to the fair sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never belied or contradicted them. As these compose half the world, and are, by the just complaisance and gallantry of our nation, the more powerful part of our people, I shall dedicate a considerable share of these my speculations to their service; and shall lead the young through all the becoming duties of virginity, marriage, and widowhood. When it is a woman's day, in my works, I shall endeavour at a style and air suitable to their understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their entertainment, is not to be debased but refined. A man may appear learned, without talking sentences; as in his ordinary gesture he discovers he can dance, though he does not cut capers. In a word, I shall take it for the greatest glory of my work, if among reasonable women this paper may furnish tea-table talk. In order to it, I shall treat on matters which relate to females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other sex, or as they are tied to them by blood, interest, or affection. Upon this occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that, whatever skill I may have in speculation, I shall never betray what the eyes of lovers say to each other in my presence. At the same time I shall not think myself obliged by this promise to conceal any false protestations which I observe made by glances in public assemblies; but endeavour to make both sexes appear in their conduct what they are in their hearts. By this means, love, during the time of my speculations,

shall be carried on with the same sincerity as any other affair of less consideration. As this is the greatest concern, men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest reproach for misbehaviour in it. Falsehood in love shall hereafter bear a blacker aspect than infidelity in friendship, or villany in business. For this great and good end, all breaches against that noble passion, the cement of society, shall be severely examined. But this, and all other matters loosely hinted at now, and in my former papers, shall have their proper place in my following discourses. The present writing is only to admonish the world, that they shall not find me an idle but a very busy Spectator.

R

No. 5. TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1710-11.

*Spectatum admissi risum teneatis ?—*

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 51.

Admitted to the sight, would you not laugh ?

An opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common sense, however, requires that there should be nothing in the scenes and machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the wits of King Charles's time have laughed, to have seen Nicolini exposed to a tempest in robes of ermine, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of pasteboard? What a field of raillery would they have been led into, had they been entertained with



painted dragons spitting wildfire, enchanted chari drawn by Flanders mares, and real cascades in artificial landscapes? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature should be filled with resemblances, and not with things themselves. If one would represent a wilderness or a champaign country filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said to the directors, as well as to the admirers of our modern opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and as I was wondering with myself what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. 'Sparrows for the opera!' says his friend, licking his lips; 'what, are they to be roasted?'—'No, no,' says the other, 'they are to enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage.'

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the opera, by which means I perceived that the sparrows were to act the part of singing birds in a delightful grove; though, upon nearer inquiry, I found the sparrows put the same trick upon the audience that Sir Martin Mar-al

\* A comedy by J. Dryden, borrowed from Quinault's *Am Indiscret* and the *Etourdi* of Moliere.

practised upon his mistress: for though they flew in sight, the music proceeded from a *consort* of flageolets and bird-calls, which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found, by the discourse of the actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprise the audience with a party of a hundred horse; and that there was actually a project of bringing the New-river into the house, to be employed in jet-d'eau and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the summer season; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter-season, the opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to insure his house before he would let this opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those scenes should be very surprising, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raised by two magicians of different sexes. Armida, as we are told in the argument, was an Amazonian enchantress, and poor Signior Cassani, as we learn from the persons represented, a Christian conjuror, *Mago Christiano*. I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art, or how a

good Christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil.

To consider the poets after the conjurors, I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first lines of his preface: '*Eccoti, benigno lettore, un parto di poche sere, che se ben nato di notte, non è però aborto di tenebre, mà si farà conoscere figlio d' Apollo con qualche raggio di Parnasso.*' 'Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus.' He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer Handel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of style, that he composed this opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of before they have been two years at the university. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to show there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as Cicero and Virgil, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this opera\* are taken, I must entirely agree with

\* Rinaldo, an opera, 8vo. 1711. The plan by Aaron Hill; the Italian words by Sig. G. Rossi; and the music by Handel.

Monsieur Boileau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the clinquant or tinsil of Tasso.

But to return to the sparrows. There have been so many flights of them let loose in this opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them ; and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be seen flying in a lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a king's throne ; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an opera the story of Whittington and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice ; but Mr. Rich the proprietor of the play-house, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all ; and that, consequently, the princes of his stage might be as much infested with mice, as the prince of the island was before the cat's arrival upon it ; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him : for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our opera pretend to equal the famous pied piper \*, who made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot with London and Wise†, who will be appointed gardeners of the playhouse, to furnish the opera of Rinaldo and Armida with an orange-grove ; and that, the

\* June 26, 1284, the rats and mice by which Hamelen was infested, were allured, it is said, by a piper, to a contiguous river, in which they were all drowned.

† London and Wise were the Queen's gardeners at this time,

next time it is acted, the singing-birds will be personated by tom-tits, the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience.

C

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## No. 6. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1710-11.

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*Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,  
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat.—*

JUV. SAT. XIII. 54.

'T was impious then, so much was age revered,  
For youth to keep their seats when an old man appear'd.

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding; and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind; and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason, Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserved to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds



in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being, than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-inn-fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and, while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions, is, says Sir Roger, in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. 'But,' continued he, 'for the loss of public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible, in proportion to what more he robs the public of and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance, is to have a prospect of public good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions, ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding: without this, a man, as I before have hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion.'

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked intently upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. 'What I aim at,' says he, 'is to represent, that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings and neglect our manners is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion; but, instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man.' This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also at some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue, 'It is a mighty dishonour and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humour and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation.' He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem 'to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers; to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions; and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity.' This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public; and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon

a wrong basis ; and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgement in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another. To follow the dictates of the two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate ; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world ; but any man who thinks, can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there any thing so just, as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us ? And yet is there any thing more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them ? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, methinks, upon instinct ; and yet what is so ridiculous as age ? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance, that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

‘ It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accord-

ingly ; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause ; and the old man cried out, ‘ The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedæmonians practise it.’

R

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No. 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1710-11.

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*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,  
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides ?*

HOR. EP. ii. 2. 208.

Visions and magic spells, can you despise,  
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies ?

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a very strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from

whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sate down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. 'Thursday!' says she; 'No, child; if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table; and, being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. 'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?' — 'Yes,' says he, 'my dear; and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.' The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I despatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and

fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it ; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect : for which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind ; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest ; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers ; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics : a rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an

old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room ; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions and hearing death-watches ; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life ; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death, or indeed of any future evil, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy ; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled

were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind ; and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but, that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to His care ; when I awake, I give myself up to His direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it ; because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

C



NO. 8. FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1710-11.

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*At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,  
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,  
Cernere ne quis eos.—*

VIRG. ÆN. l. 411.

They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds  
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds.

DRYDEN.

I SHALL here communicate to the world a couple of letters, which I believe will give the reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no apology for them :

“ TO THE SPECTATOR, ETC.

“ SIR,

“ I AM one of the directors of the society for the reformation of manners, and therefore think myself a proper person for your correspondence. I have thoroughly examined the present state of religion in Great Britain, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every market-town in the whole island. I can tell you the progress that virtue has made in all our cities, boroughs, and corporations ; and know as well the evil practices that are committed in Berwick or Exeter, as what is done in my own family. In a word, Sir, I have my correspondents in the remotest parts of the nation, who send me up punctual accounts from time to

time of all the little irregularities that fall under their notice in their several districts and divisions.

“ I am no less acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and distributions of the whole nation. I can describe every parish by its impieties, and can tell you in which of our streets lewdness prevails ; which gaming has taken the possession of ; and where drunkenness has got the better of them both. When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I know the lanes and alleys that are inhabited by common swearers. When I would encourage the hospital of Bridewell, and improve the hempen manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the haunts and resorts of female night-walkers.

“ After this short account of myself, I must let you know, that the design of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular assembly, which I think falls very properly under your observation, especially since the persons it is composed of are criminals too considerable for the animadversions of our society. I mean, Sir, the Midnight Mask, which has of late been frequently held in one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, and which I hear will be continued with additions and improvements. As all the persons who compose this lawless assembly are masked, we dare not attack any of them in our way, lest we should send a woman of quality to Bridewell, or a peer of Great Britain to the Counter : besides their numbers are so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout our whole fraternity, though we were accompanied with all our guard of constables. Both these reasons, which secure them from our authority, make them obnoxious to yours ; as both their disguise and their numbers will give no particular person reason to think himself affronted by you.

"If we are rightly informed, the rules that are observed by this new society are wonderfully contrived for the advancement of cuckoldom. The women either come by themselves, or are introduced by friends who are obliged to quit them, upon their first entrance, to the conversation of any body that addresses himself to them. There are several rooms where the parties may retire, and, if they please show their faces by consent. Whispers, squeezes, nods, and embraces, are the innocent freedoms of the place. In short, the whole design of this libidinous assembly seems to terminate in assignations and intrigues; and I hope you will take effectual methods, by your public advice and admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous multitude of both sexes from meeting together in so clandestine a manner. I am

"Your humble servant,

"and fellow-labourer,

"T. B."

Not long after the perusal of this letter, I received another upon the same subject; which, by the date and style of it, I take to be written by some young Templar:

"SIR,

"WHEN a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like. In order to this, I must acquaint you, that some time in February last I went to the Tuesday's masquerade. Upon my first going in I was attacked by a half a dozen female quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me for a brother; but upon a nearer examination I found they were a sisterhood of coquettes, disguised in that precise habit. I was soon after taken out

to dance, and, as I fancied by a woman of the first quality, for she was very tall, and moved gracefully. As soon as the minuet was over, we ogled one another through our masks; and as I am very well read in Waller, I repeated to her the four following verses out of his poem to Vandyke:

The heedless lover does not know  
Whose eyes they are that wound him so;  
But, confounded with thy art,  
Inquires her name that has his heart.

I pronounced these words with such a languishing air that I had some reason to conclude I had made a conquest. She told me that she hoped my face was not akin to my tongue; and, looking upon her watch, I accidentally discovered the figure of a coronet on the back part of it. I was so transported with the thought of such an amour, that I plied her from one room to another with all the gallantries I could invent; and at length brought things to so happy an issue, that she gave me a private meeting the next day, without page or footman, coach or equipage. My heart danced in raptures: but I had not lived in this golden dream above three days, before I found good reason to wish that I had continued true to my livery-dress. I have since heard, by a very great accident, that this fine lady does not live far from Covent-Garden, and that I am not the finest cully whom she has passed herself upon for a countess.

"Thus, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a cloud for a Juno; and if you can make any use of this adventure for the benefit of those who may possibly be as vain young conceits as myself, I do most heartily give you leave.

"I am, SIR,

"Your most humble admirer.

"Mist Temple, 17th-11."

"B. B."

I design to visit the next masquerade myself in the same habit I wore at Grand Cairo; and till then shall suspend my judgement of this midnight entertainment.

C

\*.\* Letters for the Spectator, to be left with Mr. Buckley, at the Dolphin, in little Britain.—Spect. in folio.

**No. 9. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1710-11.**

—*Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem  
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis.*

JUV. SAT. XV. 163.

**Tiger with tiger, bear with bear you 'll find  
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.**

**TATE.**

MAN is said to be a sociable animal, and as an instance of it we may observe that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a-week upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market-town, in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together, as you may well suppose, to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest,

and had two entrances ; the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified ; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three ton.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up another composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who, being very meagre, and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles ; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation ; that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs ; by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather the confederacy of the Kings. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of King Charles the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in this surname of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with republican and anti-monarchical principles.

A christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club. That of the George's, which used to meet at the sign of the George on St. George's day, and swear, ' Before George,' is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present, in several parts of this city,

what they call street clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in Ormond-street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me there was at that time a very good club in it ; he also told me, upon further discourse with him, that two or three noisy country 'squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent ; and that the club, to prevent the like inconveniences for the future, had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The Hum-Drum club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The Mum Club, as I am informed, is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of King Charles the Second : I mean, the Club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat ; and as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shown a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon

eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-cat \* itself is said to have taken its original from a mutton-pie. The Beef-steak † and October clubs are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgement of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and cheerful conversation; there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little alehouse. How I came thither I may inform

\* An account of this club, which took its name from Christopher Cat, the maker of their mutton-pies, has been given in the new edition of the Tatler, with notes, in 6 vols. The portraits of its members were drawn by Kneller, who was himself one of their number; and all portraits of the same dimensions and form are at this time called kit-cat pictures. The original portraits are now the property of William Baker, Esq. to whom they came by inheritance from J. Tonson, who was secretary to the club. It was originally formed in Shire-lane, about the time of the trial of the seven bishops, for a little free evening conversation; but, in Queen Anne's reign, comprehended above forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank for quality, merit, and fortune, firm friends to the Hanoverian succession.

† Of this club, it is said, that Mrs. Woffington, the only woman in it, was president; Richard Estcourt, the comedian, was their providore, and, as an honourable badge of his office, wore a small gridiron of gold hung round his neck with a green silk riband.



my reader at a more convenient time. These laws were enacted by a knot of artisans and mechanics, who used to meet every night ; and, as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

Rules to be observed in the TWO-PENNY CLUB, erected in this place for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood.

I. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down his two-pence.

II. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.

III. If any member absents himself, he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.

IV. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.

V. If any member tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie a half-penny.

VI. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.

VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.

IX. If any member calls another a cuckold, he shall be turned out of the club.

X. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.

XI. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended, but by a brother member.

XII. No non-juror shall be capable of being a member.

The morality of this little club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of Ben Jonson, the regulations of an old Roman club cited by Lipsius, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient Greek author.

C

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No. 10. MONDAY, MARCH 12, 1710-11.

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*Non aliter quàm qui adverso viz flumine lembum  
Remigis subigit : si brachia fortè remisit,  
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.*

VIRG. GEORG. i. 201.

So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,  
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream :  
But, if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,  
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.

DAYDEN.

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these, my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day : so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and inattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make

their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses.

I would, therefore, in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea-equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that, where the Spectator appears, the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion,

and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentleman whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies; I mean, the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and, either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the royal society, templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgement of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring; and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise

them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribands is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments, of the sex. In the mean

while, I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day ; but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small wits, who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

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No. 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1710-11.

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*Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.*

JUV. SAT. ii. 68.

The doves are censured, while the crows are spared.

ARIETTA is visited by all persons of both sexes who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth or infirmities of age ; and her.

conversation is so mixed with gaiety and prudence, that she is agreeable both to the old and the young. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable: and, as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance by my friend Will Honeycomb, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a commonplace talker, who upon my entrance arose, and, after a very slight civility, sat down again; then, turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and, with the ornaments of insignificant laughs and gestures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, till the larum ceased of itself, which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated story of the Ephesian Matron.

Arietta seemed to regard this piece of raillery as an outrage done to her sex; as indeed I have always observed that women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general as-

persions which are cast upon their sex, than men by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered herself from serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner.

‘ Sir, when I consider how perfectly new all have said on this subject is, and that the story have given us is not quite two thousand years I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to put with you : but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. A man walking with that noble animal, shewed in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion said justly, ‘ We lions are none of us painters, else we could shew a hundred men killed by lions, for a lion killed by a man.’ You men are writers ; and represent us women as unbecoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your discourse, that hypocrisy is the very foundation of our education ; and that an ability to dissemble our affections, is a professed part of our breeding. That and such other reflections are sprinkled up and down the writings of all ages, by authors, who behind them memorials of their resentment against the scorn of particular women, in invectives against the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not, the celebrated Petronius, who invented the plebeian aggravations of the frailty of the Ephesian lady ; when we consider this question between the sexes which has been either a point of dispute or raised ever since there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from such as have either ambition or capacity to embellish their notions with any beauties of imagination. I will



other day amusing myself with Lignon's Account of Barbadoes ; and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you, as it dwells upon my memory, out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.

‘ Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, in the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West-Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went on shore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed

with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American ; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers ; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and breches. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her ; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In

this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals ; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

‘ To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant ; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him : but he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.’

I was so touched with this story, which I think should be always a counterpart to the Ephesian Matron, that I left the room with tears in my eyes, which a woman of Arietta's good sense did, I am sure, take for greater applause than any compliments I could make her.

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NO. 12. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1710-11.

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— *Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.*

PERS. SAT. V. 92.

I root th' old woman from thy trembling heart.

AT my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an advertisement in the Daily Courant, in the following words: 'Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if any one can give notice of him to R.B. fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.' As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in every thing. I do not remmember that we have exchanged a word together these five years ; my coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it ; if I want fire, I point to my chimney ; if water, to my basin ; upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say, she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not to disturb the gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room ; but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried Pish, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house ; so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress, though I am by, whether the gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress, who is indeed an excellent housewife, scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house, and enter into all companies with the same liberty as a cat, or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my landlady's daughters telling them that it was nobody

but the gentleman, for that is the name that I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family, they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room: and, pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moonlight; and of others that had been conjured into the Red-sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their curtains at midnight; with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire. I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelvemonth. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle into my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who

the day before had marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons who have been terrified, even to distraction, at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bulrush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgement and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, 'to pull the old woman out of our hearts,' as Persius expresses it in the motto of my paper, and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibe at a time that we are not able to judge of their absurdity. Or, if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in Him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another without His knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in the opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone; but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same *consort* of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old Hesiod, which is

almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage :

—Nor think, though men were none,  
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise :  
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep ;  
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold  
Both day and night. How often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator ? Oft in bands,  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

PARAD. LOST. iv. 675.

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## No. 13. THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1710-11.

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*Dic mihi, si fias tu leo, qualis eris ?*

MART. xii. 93.

Were you a lion, how would you behave ?

THERE is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signior Nicolini's combat with a lion in the Haymarket, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed, by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame lion sent from the tower every opera night, in order to be killed by Hydas-



pes. This report, though altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper regions of the playhouse, that some of the most refined politicians in those parts of the audience gave it out in whisper, that the lion was a cousin-german of the tiger who made his appearance in King William's days, and that the stage would be supplied with lions at the public expense during the whole session. Many likewise were the conjectures of the treatment which this lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior Nicolini: some supposed that he was to subdue him in recitativo, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the hero, by reason of the received opinion, that a lion will not hurt a virgin: several who pretended to have seen the opera in Italy, had informed their friends, that the lion was to act a part in High Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough-bass, before he fell at the feet of Hydaspes. To clear up a matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended lion is really the savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader, that upon my walking behind the scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me, and, upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. The lion, seeing me very much surprised, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleased; 'for,' says he, 'I do not intend to hurt any body.' I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him: and in a little time after saw him leap upon the stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several, that the lion has changed

his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance ; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my reader that the lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first lion was a candle-snuffer, who, being a fellow of a testy choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done : besides, it was observed of him, that he grew more surly every time he came out of the lion ; and having dropt some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. Nicolini for what he pleased. out of his lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him : and it is verily believed to this day, that, had he been brought upon the stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

The second lion was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the playhouse, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish for his part ; inasmuch that, after a short modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of Hydaspes, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of showing his variety of Italian trips. It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-colour doublet : but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a tailor. I must not omit, that it was this second lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says

very handsomely, in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain ; that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it ; and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner than in gaming and drinking : but at the same time says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself, that, if his name should be known, the ill-natured world might call him ‘ the ass in the lion’s skin.’ This gentleman’s temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the cholerick, that he outdoes both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised to a gentleman’s disadvantage, of whom I must declare myself an admirer ; namely, that Signior Nicolini and the lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a pipe together behind the scenes ; by which their common enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the stage : but upon inquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the drama. Besides, this is what is practised every day in Westminster-hall, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signior Nicolini, who, in acting this part, only complies with the wretched taste of his audience : he knows very well, that the lion has many more admirers than himself ; as they say of the famous equestrian statue on the Pont-Neuf at Paris, that more people go to see the horse than the

king who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new majesty to kings, resolution to heroes, and softness to lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behaviour, and degraded into the character of the London Prentice. I have often wished that our tragedians would copy after this great master in action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera! In the mean time, I have related this combat of the lion, to show what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of Great-Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by writers for the coarseness of their taste; but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good taste, but of common sense.

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No. 14. FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1710-11.

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— *Teque his, infelix, exue monstria.*

OID. MET. iv. 590.

Wretch that thou art! put off this monstrous shape.

I WAS reflecting this morning upon the spirit and humour of the public diversions five and twenty years ago, and those of the present time; and la-

mented to myself that though in those days they neglected their morality, they kept up their good sense; but that the beau monde, at present, is only grown more childish, not more innocent, than the former. While I was in this train of thought, an odd fellow, whose face I have often seen at the playhouse, gave me the following letter with these words: 'Sir, the Lion presents his humble service to you, and desired me to give this into your own hands.'

"SIR,

"I HAVE read all your papers, and have stifled my resentment against your reflections upon operas, till that of this day, wherein you plainly insinuate, that Signior Nicolini and myself have a correspondence more friendly than is consistent with the valour of his character or the fierceness of mine. I desire you would, for your own sake, forbear such intimations for the future; and must say it is a great piece of ill nature in you, to show so great an esteem for a foreigner, and to discourage a lion that is your own countryman.

"I take notice of your fable of the lion and man, but am so equally concerned in that matter, that I shall not be offended to which soever of the animals the superiority is given. You have misrepresented me, in saying that I am a country gentleman who act only for my diversion; whereas, had I still the same woods to range in which I once had when I was a fox hunter, I should not resign my manhood for a maintenance; and assure you, as low as my circumstances are at present, I am so much a man of honour, that I would scorn to be any beast for bread but a lion.

"Yours," &c.

"From my Den in the Haymarket, March 15."

I had no sooner ended this, than one of my land-lady's children brought me in several others, with some of which I shall make up my present paper, they all having a tendency to the same subject, viz. the elegance of our present diversions.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE been for twenty years under-sexton of this Parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and have not missed tolling into prayers six times in all those years ; which office I have performed to my great satisfaction, till this fortnight last past, during which time I find my congregation take the warning of my bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet-show set forth by one Powell under the Piazzas. By this means I have not only lost my two customers, whom I used to place for sixpence a piece over against Mrs. Rachel Eyebright, but Mrs. Rachel herself is gone thither also. There now appear among us none but a few ordinary people, who come to church only to say their prayers, so that I have no work worth speaking of but on Sundays. I have placed my son at the Piazzas, to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the garden ; but they only laugh at the child.

“ I desire you would lay this before all the world, that I may not be made such a tool for the future, and that punchinello may choose hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house ; which if you can remedy, you will very much oblige,

“ SIR,

“ Yours,” &c.

“ Covent-Garden, March 13.”

The following epistle I find is from the undertaker of the masquerade.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE observed the rules of my mask so carefully, in not inquiring into persons, that I cannot tell whether you were one of the company or not, last Tuesday ; but if you were not and still design to come, I desire you would, for your own entertainment, please to admonish the town, that all persons indifferently are not fit for this sort of diversion. I could wish, Sir, you could make them understand that it is a kind of acting to go in masquerade, and a man should be able to say or do things proper for the dress in which he appears. We have now and then rakes in the habit of Roman senators, and grave politicians in the dress of rakes. The misfortune of the thing is, that people dress themselves in what they have a mind to be, and not what they are fit for. There is not a girl in the town, but let her have her will in going to a mask, and she shall dress as a shepherdess. But let me beg of them to read the *Arcadia*, or some other good romance, before they appear in any such character at my house. The last day we presented, every body was so rashly habited, that when they came to speak to each other, a nymph with a crook had not a word to say but in the pert style of the pit bawdry ; and a man in the habit of a philosopher was speechless, till an occasion offered of expressing himself in the refuse of the tyring rooms. We had a judge that danced a minuet, with a quaker for his partner, while half a dozen harlequins stood by as spectators : a Turk drank me off two bottles of wine, and a Jew ate me up half a ham of bacon. If I can bring my design to bear, and make the maskers preserve their characters in my assemblies, I hope you

will allow there is a foundation laid for more elegant and improving gallantries than any the town at present affords, and, consequently, that you will give your approbation to the endeavours of,

“ SIR,

“ Your most obedient

“ humble servant.”

I am very glad the following epistle obliges me to mention Mr. Powell a second time in the same paper; for indeed there cannot be too great encouragement given to his skill in motions\*, provided he is under proper restrictions.

“ SIR,

“ The opera at the Haymarket, and that under the little Piazza in Covent Garden, being at present the two leading diversions of the town, and Mr. Powell professing in his advertisements to set up Whittington and his Cat against Rinaldo and Armida, my curiosity led me the beginning of last week to view both these performances, and make my observations upon them.

“ First, therefore, I cannot but observe that Mr. Powell wisely forbearing to give his company a bill of fare before-hand, every scene is new and unexpected; whereas it is certain, that the undertakers of the Haymarket, having raised too great an expectation in their printed opera, very much disappoint their audience on the stage.

“ The king of Jerusalem is obliged to come from the city on foot, instead of being drawn in a triumphant chariot by white horses, as my opera-book had promised me; and thus, while I expected Armida's dragons should rush forward towards Argantes, I

\* Puppet-shows were formerly called motions.



found the hero was obliged to go to Armida, and hand her out of her coach. We had also but a very short allowance of thunder and lightning ; though I cannot in this place omit doing justice to the boy who had the direction of the two painted dragons, and made them spit fire and smoke. He flashed out his rosin in such just proportions and in such due time, that I could not forbear conceiving hopes of his being one day a most excellent player. I saw, indeed, but two things wanting to render his whole action complete ; I mean, the keeping his head a little lower, and hiding his candle.

“ I observe that Mr. Powell and the undertakers had both the same thought, and I think much about the same time, of introducing animals on their several stages, though indeed with very different success. The sparrows and chaffinches at the Haymarket fly as yet very irregularly over the stage ; and instead of perching on the trees, and performing their parts, these young actors either get into the galleries, or put out the candles ; whereas Mr. Powell has so well disciplined his pig, that in the first scene he and Punch dance a minuet together. I am informed, however, that Mr. Powell resolves to excel his adversaries in their own way ; and introduce larks in his next opera of *Susanna*, or *Innocence Betrayed*, which will be exhibited next week with a pair of new Elders.

“ The moral of Mr. Powell’s drama is violated I confess, by Punch’s national reflections on the French, and King Harry’s laying his leg upon the Queen’s lap, in too ludicrous a manner, before so great an assembly.

“ As to the mechanism and scenery, every thing, indeed, was uniform and of a piece, and the scenes were managed very dexterously ; which calls on me to take notice, that at the Haymarket, the under-

takers forgetting to change their side-scenes, we were presented with a prospect of the ocean in the midst of a delightful grove ; and though the gentlemen on the stage had very much contributed to the beauty of the grove, by walking up and down between the trees, I must own I was not a little astonished to see a well-dressed young fellow, in a full-bottomed wig, appear in the midst of the sea, and without any visible concern, taking snuff.

“ I shall only observe one thing further, in which both dramas agree ; which is, that by the squeak of their voices the heroes of each are eunuchs ; and as the wit in both pieces is equal, I must prefer the performance of Mr. Powell, because it is in our own language.

R

“ I am,” &c.

## No. 15. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1710-11.

*Parva leves capiunt animos.—*

OVID. *ARS AM.* i. 159.

Light minds are pleased with trifles.

WHEN I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages, and party-coloured habits of that fantastic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a lady that sate in a coach adorned with gilded Cupids, and finely painted with the Loves of Venus and Adonis. The coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaden behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pages,

that were stuck among the harness, and, by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate Cleanthe, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy novel. She had, for several years, received the addresses of a gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate acquaintance, she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress; for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence, being sent thither partly by the loss of one lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this unaccountable humour in womankind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befall the sex from this light fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves, by complacency of behaviour and agreeableness of conversation. At length when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very luckily be-thought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach and six, or eat in plate. Men-

tion the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A ball is a great help to discourse, and a birth-day furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A furbelow of precious stones, a hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics. In short, they consider only the drapery of the species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind that make persons illustrious in themselves and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life, than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A girl, who has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may be her ruin. In a word, lace and ribands, silver and gold galloons, with the like glittering gewgaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds or low educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles,

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She

flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an economy, in its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly, as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of Fulvia! She considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world, when she is not in the ring, the playhouse, or the drawing-room. She lives in a perpetual motion of body and restlessness of thought, and is never easy in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent, modest, retired life, a poor-spirited, unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to Fulvia,

if she knew that her setting herself to view is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous.

I cannot conclude my paper, without observing, that Virgil has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and show, in the character of Camilla ; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that, after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. ‘ A golden bow,’ says he, ‘ hung upon his shoulder ; his garment was buckled with a golden clasp, and his head covered with a helmet of the same shining metal.’ The Amazon immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman’s longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with :

—*Totumque incauta per agmen,  
Famine præda et spoliarum ardebat amore.*

ÆN. xi. 781.

—So greedy was she bent  
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent.

DRYDEN.

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the poet, by a nice concealed moral, represents to have been the destruction of his female hero.

C

## No. 16. MONDAY, MARCH 19, 1710-11.

*Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.*

HOR. EP. I. 1. 11.

What right, what true, what fit we justly call,  
Let this be all my care—for this is all.

POPE.

I HAVE received a letter desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver garters buckled below the knee, that have been lately seen at the Rainbow coffee-house in Fleet-street; a third sends me a heavy complaint against fringed gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an ornament of either sex which one or other of my correspondents has not inveighed against with some bitterness, and recommended to my observation. I must therefore once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to sink the dignity of this my paper with reflections upon red heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagances which appear in their outward dress and behaviour. Foppish and fantastic ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves, when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my remedies to the first seeds and principles of an affected dress, without descending to the dress itself; though

at the same time I must own that I have thoughts of creating an officer under me to be intitled *The Censor of Small Wares*, and of allotting him one day in a week for the execution of such his office. An operator of this nature might act under me, with the same regard as a surgeon to a physician ; the one might be employed in healing those blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is sweetening the blood and rectifying the constitution. To speak truly, the young people of both sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long swords or sweeping trains, bushy head-dresses or full-bottomed periwigs, with several other encumbrances of dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, lest they should be oppressed with ornaments, and over-run with the luxuriancy of their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the preference to a quaker that is trimmed close and almost cut to the quick, or to a beau that is loaden with such a redundance of excrescences. I must therefore desire my correspondents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty censorship may not turn to the emolument of the public ; for I would not do any thing of this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another set of correspondents to whom I must address myself in the second place ; I mean, such as fill their letters with private scandal and black accounts of particular persons and families. The world is so full of ill-nature, that I have lampoons sent me by people who cannot spell, and satires composed by those who scarce know how to write. By the last post in particular I received a packet of scandal which is not legible ; and have a whole bundle of letters in women's hands that are full of blots and calumnies, insomuch that when I



see the name Coelia, Phillis, Pastora, or the like, at the bottom of a scrawl, I conclude of course that it brings me some account of a fallen virgin, a faithless wife, or an amorous widow. I must therefore inform these my correspondents, that it is not my design to be a publisher of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous stories out of their present lurking-holes into broad day-light. If I attack the vicious, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular criminal. In short, I have so much of a Draw-cansir in me, that I shall pass over a single foe to charge whole armies. It is not Laïs or Silenus, but the harlot and the drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the crime as it appears in the species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual. I think it was Caligula, who wished the whole city of Rome had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall do out of humanity, what that emperor would have done in the cruelty of his temper, and aim every stroke at a collective body of offenders. At the same time I am very sensible that nothing spreads a paper like private calumny and defamation; but as my speculations are not under this necessity, they are not exposed to this temptation.

In the next place, I must apply myself to my party correspondents, who are continually teasing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is opposite to him that writes the letter? About two days since, I was reproached with an old Grecian law, that forbids any man to stand as a neuter or a looker-on in the divisions of his country. However, as I am

of mouth, or obliquity of aspect. It is happy for a man that has any of these oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that occasion. When he can possess himself with such a cheerfulness, women and children, who were at first frightened at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon himself for them.

Madam Maintenon's first husband was a hero in this kind, and has drawn many pleasantries from the irregularity of his shape, which he describes as very much resembling the letter Z. He diverts himself likewise by representing to his reader the make of an engine and pulley, with which he used to take off his hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a visage, and the owner of it thinks it an aspect of dignity, he must be of very great quality to be exempt from raillery. The best expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince Harry and Falstaff, in Shakspeare, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean as far as it will go. Falstaff is humorously called woolsack, bedpresser, and hill of flesh; Harry, a starveling, an elf-skin, a sheath, a bow-case, and a tuck. There is, in several incidents of the conversation between them, the jest still kept up upon the person. Great tenderness and sensibility in this point is one of the greatest weaknesses of self-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the mould of my face, which is not quite so long as it is broad. Whether this might not partly arise from my opening my mouth much seldomer than other people, and by consequence not so much lengthening the fibres of my visage, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of countenance by the short-

ness of my face, and was formerly at great pains in concealing it by wearing a perwig with a high fore-top, and letting my beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this delicacy, and could be contented it were much shorter, provided it might qualify me for a member of the merry club which the following letter gives me an account of. I have received it from Oxford; and, as it abounds with the spirit of mirth and good humour which is natural to that place, I shall set it down word for word as it came to me.

“ MOST PROFOUND SIR,

“ HAVING been very well entertained, in the last of your speculations that I have yet seen, by your specimen upon clubs, which I therefore hope you will continue, I shall take the liberty to furnish you with a brief account of such a one as perhaps you have not seen in all your travels, unless it was your fortune to touch upon some of the woody parts of the African continent, in your voyage to or from Grand Cairo. There have arose in this university, long since you left us without saying any thing, several of these inferior hebdomadal societies, as the Punning club, the Witty club, and, amongst the rest, the Handsome club; as a burlesque upon which, a certain merry species, that seem to have come into the world in masquerade, for some years last past have associated themselves together, and assumed the name of the Ugly club. This ill-favoured fraternity consists of a president and twelve fellows; the choice of which is not confined by patent to any particular foundation, as St. John's men would have the world believe, and have therefore erected a separate society within themselves, but liberty is left to elect from any school in Great Britain, pro-

vided the candidates be within the rules of the club, as set forth in a table, intituled, The Act of Deformity. A clause or two of which I shall transmit to you.

“ I. That no person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible queerity in his aspect, or peculiar cast of countenance ; of which the president and officers for the time being are to determine, and the president to have the casting voice.

“ II. That a singular regard be had, upon examination, to the gibbosity of the gentlemen that offer themselves as founder’s kinsmen ; or to the obliquity of the figure, in what sort soever.

“ III. That if the quantity of any man’s nose be eminently miscalculated, whether as to length or breadth, he shall have a just pretence to be elected.

“ Lastly, That if there shall be two or more competitors for the same vacancy, *cæteris paribus*, he that has the thickest skin to have the preference.

“ Every fresh member, upon his first night, is to entertain the company with a dish of cod-fish, and a speech in praise of *Æsop*, whose portraiture they have in full proportion, or rather disproportion, over the chimney ; and their design is, as soon as their funds are sufficient, to purchase the heads of *Thersites*, *Duns Scotus*, *Scarron*, *Hudibras*, and the old gentleman in *Oldham*, with all the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for the club-room.

“ As they have always been professed admirers of the other sex, so they unanimously declare that they will give all possible encouragement to such as will take the benefit of the statute, though none yet have appeared to do it.

“ The worthy president, who is their utmost devoted champion, has lately shown me two copies of verses, composed by a gentleman of his society ; the first, a congratulatory ode, inscribed to *Mrs. Touchwood*,

on the loss of her two fore teeth ; the other, a  
negyric upon Mrs. Andiron's left shoulder. Mrs.  
izard, he says, since the small pox, is grown to-  
rably ugly, and a top toast in the club ; but I never  
ard him so lavish of his fine things, as upon old  
ell Trot, who constantly officiates at their table ;  
r he even adores and extols as the very counter-  
rt of Mother Shipton ; in short, Nell, says he, is  
e of the extraordinary works of nature ; but as  
r complexion, shape, and features, so valued by  
hers, they are all mere outside and symmetry, which  
his aversion. Give me leave to add, that, the pre-  
dent is a facetious pleasant gentleman, and never  
ore so, than when he has got, as he calls them, his  
ar mummers about him ; and he often protests it  
es him good to meet a fellow with a right genuine  
imace in his air, which is so agreeable in the gene-  
lity of the French nation ; and, as an instance of  
s sincerity in this particular, he give me a sight of  
list in his pocket-book of all of this class, who for  
ese five years have fallen under his observation,  
ith himself at the head of them, and in the rear,  
one of a promising and improving aspect.

“ SIR,

“ Your obliged and humble servant,

“ ALEXANDER CARBUNCLE.”

Oxford, March 12, 1710.

R

## No. 18. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1710-11.

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—*Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas  
Omnis ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.*

HOR. EP. ii. 1. 187.

But now our nobles too are fops and vain,  
Neglect the sense, but love the painted scene.

CREECH.

It is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage; for there is no question but our great grand-children will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

Arsinoe was the first opera that gave us a taste of Italian music. The great success this opera met with, produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian plans, which should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the poetasters and fiddlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, 'That nothing is capable of being well set to music, that is not nonsense.'

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our authors would often

ke words of their own which were entirely foreign the meaning of the passages they pretended to imitate ; their chief care being to make the numbers the English verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in Camilla :

*' Barbara si t' intendo,' &c.*

Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning,'

which expresses the resentments of an angry lover, translated into that English lamentation,

*' Frail are a lover's hopes,' &c.*

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined sons of the British nation dying away and lashing to notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary disposition of words, which were drawn out of the case of one tongue into that of another, made the sense appear very absurd in one tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian song that ran thus, word for word :

*' And turn'd my rage into pity ;'*

which the English for rhyme sake translated,

*' And into pity turn'd my rage.'*

And this means the soft notes that were adapted to rhyme in the Italian, fell upon the word rage in the English ; and the angry sounds that were turned to rhyme in the original, were made to express pity in translation. It oftentimes happened likewise, that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word

'and' pursued through the whole gamut ; have been entertained with many a melodious 'the ;' and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon 'then,' 'for,' and 'from,' to the eternal honour of our English particles.

The next step to our refinement was the introducing of Italian actors into our opera ; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue. The king or hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English. The lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together ; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera ; and therefore, to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage ; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves ; but I hope, since we put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise forefathers, will make the following reflection : 'In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Italian tongue was so well understood in England,



that operas were acted on the public stage in that language.'

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shows itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible, at a time when an author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment: but if it would take the entire possession of our ears; if it would make us incapable of hearing sense; if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature; I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present our notions of music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a royal palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his plan for a new one; and, though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good architect. I shall take the same liberty in a

following paper of giving my opinion upon the subject of music; which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are masters in the art.

C

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No. 19. THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

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*Dí bene fecerent, inopis me quoddam pusilli  
Finxerunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis.*

HOR. SAT. i. 4. 17.

Thank heaven that made me of a humble mind;  
To action little, less to words inclined!

OBSERVING one person behold another, who was an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye, which, methought, expressed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raised by an object so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret sorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have by their fascination blasted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir Francis Bacon says, some have been so curious as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the person envied has been in any circumstance of glory and triumph. At such a time the mind of the prosperous man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more exposed to the malignity. But I shall not dwell upon speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miserable affection; but, keeping

in the road of common life, consider the envious man with relation to these three heads, his pains, his reliefs, and his happiness.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this? to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage. Will Prosper is an honest tale-bearer, he makes it his business to join in conversation with envious men. He points to such a handsome young fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great fortune. When they doubt, he adds circumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their distress, by assuring them, that, to his knowledge, he has an uncle will leave him some thousands. Will has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly they wish such a piece of news is true, he has the malice to speak some good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an illustrious character. It is matter of great consolation to an envious person, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himself, or

when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so altered in its circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret satisfaction to these malignants ; for the person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as soon as his merit is shared among others. I remember some years ago there came out an excellent poem without the name of the author. The little wits who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to suppress the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to say it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honest fellow who sate among a cluster of them in debate on this subject, cried out, ‘ Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had a hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.’ But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if, in the relation of any man’s great happiness in one point, you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man’s favour, is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading of the seat of a giant in a romance ; the magnificence of his house consists in the many limbs of men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves success in any uncommon undertaking miscarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at

what would have been useful and laudable meets with contempt and derision, the envious man, under the colour of hating vain-glory, can smile with an inward wantonness of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honest ambition for the future.

Having thoroughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study how to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from these my speculations; and, if I am not mistaken in myself, I think, have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-house one of my papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause; and therefore gave a description of my face the next day; being resolved, as I grow in reputation for wit, to resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to those unhappy gentlemen who do me the honour to torment themselves upon the account of this my paper. As their case is very deplorable, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be dull in pity to them, and will, from time to time, administer consolations to them by further discoveries of my person. In the mean while, if any one says the Spectator has wit, it may be some relief to them to think that he does not show it in company. And if any one praises his morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his face is none of the longest.

R

No. 20. FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1710-11.

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— Κυνὸς ἰμμεν' ἵχων —

HOM. IL. l. 225.

Thou dog in forehead —

FORE.

AMONG the other hardy undertakings which I have proposed to myself, that of the correction of impudence is what I have very much at heart. This in a particular manner is my province as Spectator; for it is generally an offence committed by the eyes, and that against such as the offenders would perhaps never have an opportunity of injuring any other way. The following letter is a complaint of a young lady, who sets forth a trespass of this kind, with that command of herself as befits beauty and innocence, and yet with so much spirit as sufficiently expresses her indignation. The whole transaction is performed with the eyes; and the crime is no less than employing them in such a manner, as to divert the eyes of others from the best use they can make of them, even looking up to heaven.

“ SIR,

“ There never was, I believe, an acceptable man, but had some awkward imitators. Even since the Spectator appeared, have I remarked a kind of men, whom I choose to call Starers; that without any regard to time, place, or modesty, disturb a large company with their impertinent eyes. Spectators make up a proper assembly for a puppet-show or a bear-garden; but devout supplicants and

attentive hearers, are the audience one ought to expect in churches. I am, Sir, member of a small pious congregation near one of the north gates of this city ; much the greater part of us indeed are females, and used to behave ourselves in a regular attentive manner, till very lately one whole aisle has been disturbed by one of these monstrous starers : he is the head taller than any one in the church ; but for the greater advantage of exposing himself, stands upon a hassock, and commands the whole congregation, to the great annoyance of the devoutest part of the auditory ; for what with blushing, confusion, and vexation, we can neither mind the prayers nor sermon. Your animadversion upon this insolence would be a great favour to,

“ Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ S. C.”

I have frequently seen of this sort of fellows, and do not think there can be a greater aggravation of an offence, than that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the sacredness of the place which he violates. Many reflections of this sort might be very justly made upon this kind of behaviour, but a starer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing ; and a fellow that is capable of showing an impudent front before a whole congregation, and can bear being a public spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. If, therefore, my correspondent does not inform me, that within seven days after this date the barbarian does not at least stand upon his own legs only, without an eminence, my friend Will Prosper \* has promised to take a hassock opposite to him, and

\* See Spect. No. 19. W. Prosper, an honest tale-bearer, &c.  
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stare against him in defence of the ladies. I have given him directions, according to the most exact rules of optics, to place himself in such a manner, that he shall meet his eyes wherever he throws them. I have hopes, that when Will confronts him, and all the ladies, in whose behalf he engages him, cast kind looks and wishes of success at their champion, he will have some shame, and feel a little of the pain he has so often put others to, of being out of countenance.

It has, indeed, been time out of mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this family of Starers have infested public assemblies: and I know no other way to obviate so great an evil, except, in the case of fixing their eyes upon women, some male friend will take the part of such as are under the oppression of impudence, and encounter the eyes of the Starers wherever they meet them. While we suffer our women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no defence, but in the end to cast yielding glances at the Starers; and in this case, a man who has no sense of shame has the same advantage over his mistress, as he who has no regard for his own life has over his adversary. While the generality of the world are fettered by rules, and move by proper and just methods; he who has no respect to any of them, carries away the reward due to that propriety of behaviour, with no other merit but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent fellow to be a sort of outlaw in good breeding, and therefore what is said of him no nation or person can be concerned for. For this reason, one may be free upon him. I have put myself to great pains in considering this prevailing quality which we call impudence, and have taken notice that it exerts itself in a different manner, according to the different soils wherein such subjects



se dominions as are masters of it were born. In an Englishman is sullen and insolent; in a Scotchman, it is untractable and rapacious; in an Irishman, absurd and fawning. As the course of the world now runs, the impudent Englishman be- like a surly landlord, the Scot like an ill-re- guest, and the Irishman like a stranger, who he is not welcome. There is seldom any entertaining either in the impudence of a Scotch or North Briton; but that of an Irishman is comic. A true and genuine impudence is the effect of ignorance without the least sense.

The best and most successful starers now in vogue are of that nation; they have usually the height of the stature mentioned in the above letter by my correspondent, and generally take their place in the eye of women of fortune; insomuch that I have known one of them, three months after he came from the plough, with a tolerable good air to outstep a woman from a play, which one of our own men after four years at Oxford, and two at the law, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but these men have usually the preference to our own fools, in the opinion of the sillier part of womankind. Perhaps it is that an English coxcomb is seldom so obnoxious as an Irish one; and when the design of pleasuring is visible, an absurdity in the way toward it, is forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go without reflection that they are such, are more tolerated, than a set of fellows among us who affect impudence with an air of humour, and think they are off the most inexcusable of all faults in the world, with no other apology than saying in a gay manner, 'I put an impudent face upon the matter.' No man shall be allowed the advantages of im-

pudence, who is conscious that he is such. If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise; and it shall be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the want of modesty; without which, beauty is ungraceful, and wit detestable.

R

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No. 21. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1710-11.

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—*Locus est et pluribus umbris.*

HOB. EP. i. 5. 28.

There 's room enough, and each may bring his friend.

CREECH.

I AM sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great professions of divinity, law, and physic; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the clergy into generals, field officers, and subalterns. Among the first we may reckon bishops, deans, and archdeacons. Among the second are doctors of divinity, prebendaries, and all that wear scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the subalterns. As for the first class, our constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several brevets having been granted for the converting of subalterns into scarf-officers;

insomuch that within my memory the price of lutestring is raised above two-pence in a yard. As for the subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the laity, by the splitting of their freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in England.

The body of the law is no less encumbered with superfluous members, that are like Virgil's army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the litigious and peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-fulls to Westminster-hall, every morning in term time. Martial's [*Qu. ?* Martial.] description of this species of lawyers is full of humour :

*' Iras et verba locant.'*

' Men that hire out their words and anger ;' that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must, however, observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of showing their passion at the bar. Nevertheless as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the hall every day, that they may show themselves in readiness to enter the lists, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The peaceable lawyers are, in the first place, many of the benchers of the several inns of court, who seem to be the dignitaries of the law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a ruler than a pleader.

These men live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year \*, for the honour of their respective societies.

Another numberless branch of peaceable lawyers, are those young men who, being placed at the inns of court in order to study the laws of their country, frequent the playhouse more than Westminster-hall, and are seen in all public assemblies, except in a court of justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busy multitudes that are employed within doors in the drawing up of writings and conveyances; nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such chamber-practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men. The sight of them is enough to make a man serious; for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in physicians it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and over-run the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in physic among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that the science very much flourishes in the north at present he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. The body of men in our own country may be described like the British army in Cæsar's time: some of them slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and despatch so much business in so

\* See Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*.

a time. Besides this body of regular troops, there are stragglers, who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable retainers to physic, who, for want of other patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of cats in an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling of insects upon the point of a needle for microscopical observations ; besides those that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chase of butterflies: not to mention the cockleshell-merchants and spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these professions are crowded with multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the science, than the profession ; I very much wonder at the humour of parents who will not rather choose to place their sons in a way of life where an honest industry cannot but thrive, than in stations where the greatest probity, learning, and good sense may miscarry. How many men are country curates, that might have made themselves aldermen of London, by a right improvement of a smaller sum of money than what is usually laid out upon a learned education ? A sober frugal person, of slender parts, and a slow apprehension, might have thrived in trade, though he starves upon physic ; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy silks of one whom he would not venture to feel his pulse. Vagellius is careful, studious, and obliging, but withal a little thick-skulled ; he has not a single client, but might have had abundance of customers. The misfortune is, that parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire their sons may be of it: whereas, in so great an affair of life, they should consider the

genius and abilities of their children, more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations of life which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with hands ; but, on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its professors. Fleets of merchantmen are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics.

C

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No. 22. MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1711.

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*Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

HOR. ARS POET. 188.

— Whatever contradicts my sense  
I hate to see, and never can believe.

ROSCOMMON.

THE word Spectator being most usually understood as one of the audience at public representations in our theatres, I seldom fail of many letters relating to plays and operas. But indeed there are such monstrous things done in both, that if one had not been an eye-witness of them, one could not believe that such matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human life, or is a picture of nature, that is regarded by the greater part of the

company. The understanding is dismissed from our entertainments. Our mirth is the laughter of fools, and our admiration the wonder of idiots; else such improbable, monstrous, and incoherent dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmost scorn and contempt, but even with the loudest applause and approbation. But the letters of my correspondents will represent this affair in a more lively manner than any discourse of my own: I shall therefore give them to my reader with only this preparation, that they all come from players, and that the business of playing is now so managed, that you are not to be surprised when I say one or two of them are rational, others sensitive and vegetative actors, and others wholly inanimate. I shall not place these as I have named them, but as they have precedence in the opinion of their audiences.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ YOUR having been so humble as to take notice of the epistles of other animals, emboldens me, who am the wild boar that was killed by Mrs. Tofts, to represent to you, that I think I was hardly used in not having the part of the lion in Hydaspes given to me. It would have been but a natural step for me to have personated that noble creature, after having behaved myself to satisfaction in the part above mentioned. But that of a lion is too great a character for one that never trod the stage before but upon two legs. As for the little resistance which I made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the dart was thrown at me by so fair a hand. I must confess I had but just put on my brutality; and Camilla's charms were such, that beholding her erect mien, hearing her charming voice, and as-

tonished with her graceful motion, I could not keep up to my assumed fierceness, but died like a man.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ THOMAS PRONE.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ THIS is to let you understand, that the play-house is a representation of the world in nothing so much as in this particular, that no one rises in it according to his merit. I have acted several parts of household-stuff with great applause for many years; I am one of the men in the hangings in *The Emperor of the Moon*; I have twice performed the third chair in an English opera; and have rehearsed the pump in the *Fortune-Hunters*. I am now grown old, and hope you will recommend me so effectually, as that I may say something before I go off the stage: in which you will do a great act of charity to

“ Your most humble servant,

“ WILLIAM SCREEN.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ UNDERSTANDING that Mr. Screen has writ to you, and desired to be raised from dumb and still parts; I desire, if you give him motion or speech, that you would advance me in my way, and let me keep on in what I humbly presume I am a master, to wit, in representing human and still life together. I have several times acted one of the finest flower-pots in the same opera wherein Mr. Screen is a chair; therefore upon his promotion, request that I may succeed him in the hangings, with my hand in the orange-trees.

“ Your humble servant,

“ RALPH SIMPLE.”



“ SIR,

“ I SAW your friend the Templar this evening in the pit, and thought he looked very little pleased with the representation of the mad scene of *The Pilgrim*. I wish, Sir, you would do us the favour to animadvert frequently upon the false taste the town is in, with relation to plays as well as operas. It certainly requires a degree of understanding to play justly ; but such is our condition, that we are to suspend our reason to perform our parts. As to scenes of madness, you know Sir, there are noble instances of this kind in Shakspeare ; but then it is the disturbance of a noble mind, from generous and humane resentments. It is like that grief which we have for the decease of our friends. It is no diminution, but a recommendation of human nature, that in such incidents passion gets the better of reason ; and all we can think to combat ourselves, is impotent against half what we feel. I will not mention that we had an idiot in the scene, and all the sense it is represented to have, is that of lust. As for myself, who have long taken pains in personating the passions, I have to-night acted only an appetite. The part I played is *Thirst*, but it is represented as written rather by a drayman than a poet. I come in with a tub about me, that tub hung with quart pots, with a full gallon at my mouth. I am ashamed to tell you that I pleased very much, and this was introduced as a madness ; but sure it was not human madness, for a mule or an ass may have been as dry as ever I was in my life.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most obedient

“ and humble servant.”

“ Drury-lane March 24, 1710-11.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ IF you can read it with dry eyes, I give you this trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortunate King Latinus, and believe I am the first prince that dated from this palace since John of Gaunt. Such is the uncertainty of all human greatness, that I, who lately never moved without a guard, am now pressed as a common soldier, and am to sail with the first fair wind against my brother Lewis of France. It is a very hard thing to put off a character which one has appeared in with applause. This I experienced since the loss of my diadem ; for, upon quarrelling with another recruit, I spoke my indignation out of my part in recitativo ;

— Most audacious slave,

Darest thou an angry monarch's fury brave ?

The words were no sooner out of my mouth, when a serjeant knocked me down, and asked me if I had a mind to mutiny, in talking things nobody understood. You see, Sir, my unhappy circumstances ; and if by your mediation you can procure a subsidy for a prince, who never failed to make all that beheld him merry at his appearance, you will merit the thanks of

“ Your friend,

“ THE KING OF LATIUM.”

“ From the Savoy, in the Strand.”

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

For the good of the public.

Within two doors of the masquerade lives an eminent Italian surgeon, arrived from the carnival at Venice, of great experience in private cures. Accomodations are provided and persons admitted in their masquing habits.

He has cured since his coming thither, in less than a fortnight, four scaramouches, a mountebank doctor, two Turkish bassas, three nuns, and a morris-dancer.—*Venienti occurrere morbo.*

N.B. Any person may agree by the great, and be kept in repair by the year. The doctor draws teeth without pulling off your masque.

R

## No. 23. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1711.

*Sævit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam  
Auctorem, nec quod se ardens immittere possit.*

VIRG. *ÆN.* ix. 420.

Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing round,  
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound;  
Nor knew to fix revenge.

DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous spirit than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation\*. Lampoons and satires, that are written with wit and spirit are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater

\* The following indorsement at the top of this paper, No. 23, is in a set of the *Spectator* in 12mo, of the edition in 1712, which contains some MS. notes by a Spanish merchant, who lived at the time of the original publication:

‘The character of Dr. Swift.’

This was Mr. Blundell's opinion, and whether it was well-grounded ill-grounded, or ungrounded, probably he was not singular in the thought. The intimacy between Swift, Steele, and Addison was now over; and that they were about this time estranged, appears from Swift's own testimony, dated March 16, 1710-11.

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M

gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil society. His satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, merit, and every thing that is praiseworthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these arrows that fly in the dark; and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be confessed, that a lampoon or a satire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as a mark of infamy and derision? and in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret anguish. I have often observed a passage in Socrates's behaviour at his death, in a light wherein none of the critics have considered it. That excellent man entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, at his entering upon it says, that he does not believe any the most comic geniuses can censure him for talk-

ing upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon Aristophanes, who writ a comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that divine philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that Socrates was so little moved at this piece of buffoonery, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the stage, and never expressed the least resentment of it. But with submission, I think the remark I have here made shows us, that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When Julius Caesar was lampooned by Catullus, he invited him to a supper and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made the poet his friend ever after. Cardinal Mazarine gave the same kind of treatment to the learned Quillet who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous Latin poem. The cardinal sent for him, and, after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made pope, the statue of Pasquin was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen because his laundress was made a princess. This was a reflection upon the pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those mean circumstance that Pasquin represented her. As this pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the pope offered a consider-

able sum of money to any person that should discover the author of it. The author, relying upon his holiness's generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the satirist for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. Aretine\* is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the kings of Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he had laid the Sophi of Persia under contribution.

Though in the various examples which I have here drawn together, these several great men behaved themselves very differently towards the wits of the age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly showed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought was capable of giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus assaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary scribblers of lampoons. An innocent young lady shall be exposed for an unhappy feature: a father of a family turned to ridicule, for some domestic calamity: a wife be made uneasy all her life for a misinterpreted word or action: nay, a good, a temperate, and a just man shall be put out of countenance by the representation of those qualities that should do him honour: so pernicious a thing is wit, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

\* Peter Aretine, infamous for his writings, died in 1556.

I have indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate writers that without any malice have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of raillery and satire : as if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man than a wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one ; for as the one will only attack his enemies and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a fable out of Sir Roger l'Estrange, which accidentally lies before me.—A company of waggish boys were watching of frogs at the side of a pond, and still as any of them put up their heads, they would be pelting them down again with stones. ‘Children,’ says one of the frogs, ‘you never consider that though this be play to you, ’tis death to us.’

As this week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to serious thoughts, I shall indulge myself in such speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the season ; and in the mean time, as the settling in ourselves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavoured to expose that particular breach of charity which has been generally overlooked by divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it.

C

## No. 24. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1711.

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*Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum,  
Arreptâque manu, Quid agis dulcissime rerum?*

HOR. SAT. l. 9. 3.

Comes up a fop (I knew him but by fame),  
And seized my hand, and called me by name—  
— My dear !—how dost ?

THERE are in this town a great number of insignificant people who are by no means fit for the better sort of conversation, and yet have an impertinent ambition of appearing with those to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the Park, one of them will certainly join with you, though you are in company with ladies ; if you drink a bottle, they will find your haunts. What makes such fellows the more burdensome is, that they neither offend or please so far as to be taken notice of for either. It is, I presume, for this reason that my correspondents are willing by my means to be rid of them. The two following letters are writ by persons who suffer by such impertinence. A worthy old bachelor, who sets in for his dose of claret every night, at such an hour, is teased by a swarm of them ; who because they are sure of room and good fire, have taken it in their heads to keep a sort of club in his company ; though the sober gentleman himself is an utter enemy to such meetings.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ THE aversion I for some years have had to clubs in general, gave me a perfect relish for your specu-



lation on that subject ; but I have since been extremely mortified, by the malicious world's ranking me amongst the supporters of such impertinent assemblies. I beg leave to state my case fairly ; and that done, I shall expect redress from your judicious pen.

" I am, Sir, a bachelor of some standing, and a traveller ; my business, to consult my own humour, which I gratify without controlling other people's : I have a room and a whole bed to myself ; and I have a dog, a fiddle, and a gun ; they please me, and injure no creature alive. My chief meal is a supper, which I always make at a tavern. I am constant to an hour, and not ill-humoured ; for which reasons, though I invite nobody, I have no sooner supped, than I have a crowd about me of that sort of good company that know not whither else to go. It is true, every man pays his share ; yet, as they are intruders, I have an undoubted right to be the only speaker, or at least the loudest ; which I maintain, and that to the great emolument of my audience. I sometimes tell them their own in pretty free language ; and sometimes divert them with merry tales, according as I am in humour. I am one of those who live in taverns to a great age, by a sort of regular intemperance ; I never go to bed drunk, but always flustered ; I wear away very gently ; am apt to be peevish, but never angry. Mr. Spectator, if you have kept various company, you know there is in every tavern in town some old humourist or other, who is master of the house as much as he that keeps it. The drawers are all in awe of him ; and all the customers who frequent his company yield him a sort of comical obedience. I do not know but I may be such a fellow as this myself. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a club, because so many impertinents will break in upon me, and come without appointment ?

Clinch of Barnet has a nightly meeting, and shows to every one that will come in and pay; but then he is the only actor. Why should people miscall things? If his is allowed to be a consort, why may not mine be a lecture? However, Sir, I submit to you, and am, "SIR,

" Your most obedient, &c.

" THOMAS KIMBOW."

" GOOD SIR,

" You and I were pressed against each other last winter in a crowd, in which uneasy posture we suffered together for almost half an hour. I thank you for all your civilities ever since, in being of my acquaintance wherever you meet me. But the other day you pulled off your hat to me in the Park, when I was walking with my mistress. She did not like your air, and said she wondered what strange fellows I was acquainted with. Dear Sir, consider it is as much as my life is worth, if she should think we were intimate: therefore I earnestly entreat you for the future to take no manner of notice of,

" SIR,

" Your obliged humble servant,

" WILL FASHION."

A like impertinence is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent part of the fair sex. It is, it seems, a great inconvenience, that those of the meanest capacities will pretend to make visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the house, by filling an empty chair, than to the conversation they come into when they visit. A friend of mine hopes for redress in this case, by the publication of her letter in my paper; which she thinks those she would be rid of will take to themselves. It seems to be written

with an eye to one of those pert, giddy, unthinking girls, who, upon the recommendation only of an agreeable person and a fashionable air, take themselves to be upon a level with women of the greatest merit.

“MADAM,

“I TAKE this way to acquaint you with what common rules and forms would never permit me to tell you otherwise; to wit, that you and I, though equals in quality and fortune, are by no means suitable companions. You are, it is true, very pretty, can dance, and make a very good figure in a public assembly; but alas! madam, you must go no further; distance and silence are your best recommendations; therefore let me beg of you never to make me any more visits. You come in a literal sense to see one, for you have nothing to say. I do not say this, that I would by any means lose your acquaintance; but I would keep it up with the strictest forms of good-breeding. Let us pay visits, but never see one another. If you will be so good as to deny yourself always to me, I shall return the obligation by giving the same orders to my servants. When accident makes us meet at a third place, we may mutually lament the misfortune of never finding one another at home, go in the same party to a benefit play, and smile at each other, and put down glasses as we pass in our coaches. Thus we may enjoy as much of each other's friendship as we are capable: for there are some people who are to be known only by sight, with which sort of friendship I hope you will always honour,

“MADAM,

“Your most obedient humble servant,

“MARY TUESDAY.

“ P. S. I subscribe myself by the name of the day I keep, that my supernumerary friends may know who I am.”

## ADVERTISEMENT.

To prevent all mistakes that may happen among gentlemen of the other end of the town, who come but once a week to St. James's coffee-house, either by miscalculation the servants, or requiring such things from them as are not properly within their respective provinces ; this is to give notice, that Kidney, keeper of the book-debts of the outlying customers, and observer of those who go off without paying, having resigned that employment, is succeeded by John Sowton ; to whose place of enterer of messages and first coffee-grinder William Bird is promoted ; and Samuel Burdock comes as shoe-cleaner in the room of the said Bird.

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No. 25. THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1711.

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— *Egrecitque medendo.*

VINC. XV. XII. 48.

And sickens by the very means of health.

THE following letter will explain itself, and needs no apology.

“ SIR,

“ I AM one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of valetudinarians ; and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was irregular ; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy

myself afflicted with \*. Dr. Sydenham's learned treatise of fevers threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the study of several authors, who have written upon phthisical distempers, and by that means fell into a consumption; till at length growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination. Not long after this I found in myself all the symptoms of the gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a treatise upon the gravel, written by a very ingenious author, who, as it is usual for physicians to convert one distemper into another, eased me of the gout by giving me the stone. I at length studied myself into a complication of distempers; but, accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Sanctorius, I was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules, which I had collected from his observations. The learned world are very well acquainted with that gentleman's invention; who, for the better carrying on of his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by the other channels and distributions of nature.

"Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; insomuch that I may be said, for these three last years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundred weight, falling short of it about a pound after a day's fast,

\* Mr. Tickell, in his preface to Addison's Works, says, that 'Addison never had a regular pulse,' which Steele questions, in his dedication of the Drummer to Mr. Congreve.

and exceeding it as much after a very full meal ; so that it is my continual employment to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundred weight and half a pound ; and if after having dined, I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half pound ; which, for my health's sake, I do the first Monday in every month. As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples ; and when I discover, by my chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the clock, but by my chair ; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and a half, and on solemn fasts am two pound lighter than on other days of the year.

“ I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, within a few grains more or less ; and if, upon my rising, I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair. Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelve-month. And yet, Sir, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my body in its proper poise, so it is that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is very sallow, my pulse low, and my body hy-

dropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige

“Your humble servant.”

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epitaph, written on the monument of a valetudinarian: ‘*Stavo ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui :*’ which it is impossible to translate \*. The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life as the only end of it; to make our health our business; to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or course of physic; are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides, that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature; as it is impossible we should take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind and capacity for business are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot

\* The following translation, however, may give an English reader some idea of the Italian epitaph: ‘I was well; but, trying to be better, I am here.’

be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live, than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman, who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and, instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell him a short fable. Jupiter, says the mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate. He obtained his request; and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sunshine among his several fields as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neighbours. Upon which, says the fable, he desired Jupiter to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.



No. 26. FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1711.

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres. O beate Sæti!  
Vita summa brevis spem nos velat inchoare longam.  
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,  
Et domus exilis Plutonia.—*

HOR. OD. i. 4. 13.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial Fate  
Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate :  
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,  
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years :  
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go  
To storied ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

CREECH.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster-abbey ; where the solemnity of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole story of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons: who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons men-

tioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαῦκόν τι, Μιδοντά τι, Θερσίλοχόν τι.

HOM. IL. P. 216.

—*Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.*

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 463.

Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus.

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by ‘the path of an arrow,’ which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished, in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted

with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudealey Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions, under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their

admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature, in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

## No. 27. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1711.

*Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque  
 Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger annus  
 Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum;  
 Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem  
 Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter, id quod  
 Equè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,  
 Equè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.*

HOR. EP. i. 1. 20.

## IMITATED.

Long as to him who works for debt, the day;  
 Long as the night to her, whose love's away;  
 Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,  
 When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;  
 So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,  
 That lock up all the functions of my soul;  
 That keep me from myself, and still delay  
 Life's instant business to a future day:  
 That task, which as we follow, or despise,  
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:  
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,  
 And which not done, the richest must be poor.

POPE.

THERE is scarce a thinking man in the world, who is involved in the business of it, but lives under a great impatience of the hurry and fatigue he suffers, and has formed a resolution to fix himself, one way or other, in such a state as is suitable to the improvement of his being. You hear men every day in conversation profess, that all the honour, power, and riches, which they propose to themselves, cannot give them satisfaction enough to reward them for half the anxiety they undergo in the pursuit or possession of

them. While men are in this temper, which happens very frequently, how inconsistent are they with themselves? They are wearied with the toil they bear, but cannot find in their hearts to relinquish it: retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themselves to it. While they pant after shade and covert, they still affect to appear in the most glittering scenes of life. But sure this is but just as reasonable as if a man should call for more lights, when he has a mind to go to sleep.

Since then it is certain that our own hearts deceive us in the love of the world, and that we cannot command ourselves enough to resign it, though we every day wish ourselves disengaged from its allurements; let us not stand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean ourselves from them while we are in the midst of them.

It is certainly the general intention of the greater part of mankind to accomplish this work, and live according to their own approbation, as soon as they possibly can. But since the duration of life is so uncertain, and that has been a common topic of discourse ever since there was such a thing as life itself, how is it possible that we should defer a moment the beginning to live according to the rules of reason?

The man of business has ever some one point to carry, and then he tells himself he will bid adieu to all the vanity of ambition. The man of pleasure resolves to take his leave at least, and part civilly with his mistress; but the ambitious man is entangled every moment in a fresh pursuit, and the lover sees new charms in the object he fancied he could abandon. It is therefore a fantastical way of thinking, when we promise ourselves an alteration in our conduct from change of place and difference of circumstances; the same passions will attend us

wherever we are, till they are conquered ; and we can never live to our satisfaction in the deepest retirement, unless we are capable of living so in some measure amidst the noise and business of the world.

I have ever thought men were better known by what could be observed of them from a perusal of their private letters, than any other way. My friend the clergyman, the other day, upon serious discourse with him concerning the danger of procrastination, gave me the following letters from persons with whom he lives in great friendship and intimacy, according to the good breeding and good sense of his character. The first is from a man of business, who is his convert : the second from one of whom he conceives good hopes : the third from one who is in no state at all, but carried one way and another by starts.

“ SIR,

“ I KNOW not with what words to express to you the sense I have of the high obligation you have laid upon me, in the penance you enjoined me of doing some good or other to a person of worth every day I live. The station I am in furnishes me with daily opportunities of this kind : and the noble principle with which you have inspired me, of benevolence to all I have to deal with, quickens my application in every thing I undertake. When I relieve merit from discountenance ; when I assist a friendless person ; when I produce concealed worth ; I am displeased with myself, for having designed to leave the world in order to be virtuous. I am sorry you decline the occasions which the condition I am in might afford me of enlarging your fortunes ; but know I contribute more to your satisfaction, when I

acknowledge I am the better man, from the influence and authority you have over,

“ SIR,

“ Your most obliged and

“ most humble servant,

“ R. O.”

“ SIR,

“ I AM entirely convinced of the truth of what you were pleased to say to me, when I was last with you alone. You told me then of the silly way I was in ; but you told me so as I saw you loved me, otherwise I could not obey your commands in letting you know my thoughts so sincerely as I do at present. I know ‘ the creature, for whom I resign so much of my character,’ is all that you said of her ; but then the trifler has something in her so undesigning and harmless, that her guilt in one kind disappears by the comparison of her innocence in another. Will you, virtuous man, allow no alteration of offences ? Must dear Chloe be called by the hard name you pious people give to common women ? I keep the solemn promise I made you, in writing to you the state of my mind, after your kind admonition, and will endeavour to get the better of this fondness which makes me so much her humble servant, that I am almost ashamed to subscribe myself yours,

“ T. D.”

“ SIR,

“ THERE is no state of life so anxious as that of a man who does not live according to the dictates of his own reason. It will seem odd to you, when I assure you that my love of retirement first of all brought me to court ; but this will be no riddle, when I acquaint you that I placed myself here



with a design of getting so much money as might enable me to purchase a handsome retreat in the country. At present my circumstances enable me, and my duty prompts me, to pass away the remaining part of my life in such a retirement as I at first proposed to myself; but to my great misfortune I have entirely lost the relish of it, and should now return to the country with greater reluctance than I at first came to court. I am so unhappy, as to know that what I am fond of are trifles, and that what I neglect is of the greatest importance; in short, I find a contest in my own mind between reason and fashion. I remember you once told me, that I might live in the world, and out of it, at the same time. Let me beg of you to explain this paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my life, if possible, both to my duty and my inclination,

“ I am yours, &c.

R

“ R. B.”

Letters are directed ‘For the Spectator, to be left at Mr. Buckley’s in Little Britain, post-paid.’ N. B. In the form of a direction, this makes a figure in the last column of the Spectator in folio.

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No. 28. MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1711.

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— *Neque semper arcum  
Tendit Apollo.*

HOR. OD. ii. 10. 19.

Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

I SHALL here present my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office, which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of

the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

“ SIR,

“ OBSERVING that you have thoughts of creating certain officers under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities which you yourself cannot attend to; and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign posts\* of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country, who are curious spectators of the same: I do humbly propose that you would be pleased to make me your superintendant of all such figures and devices, as are or shall be made use of on this occasion; with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer, there is nothing like sound literature and good sense to be met with in those objects, that are every where thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africk. Strange! that one who has all the birds and beasts in nature

\* As the plan of this edition can only admit of references, or notes, in the fewest words possible, such as are curious to know the principles on which signs apparently fanciful may be traced to their originals with great probability, and often with certainty, must here be referred to the notes on the late edition of the Tatler, Vol. I. No. 18., Vol. III. No. 87. p. 32., and the additional note upon it; Vol. V. p. 415. It would be very easy to show, that this raillery loses much of its poignancy, when passing the sign-posts at which it is levelled; it falls ultimately, as it must do, on the devices of heraldry.

to choose out of, should live at the sign of an *Ens Rationis* !

“ My first task, therefore, should be, like that of Hercules, to clear the city from monsters. In the second place, I would forbid that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign ; such as the bell and the neat’s tongue, the dog and gridiron. The fox and goose may be supposed to have met ; but what has the fox and the seven stars to do together ? And when did the lamb and dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post ? As for the cat and fiddle, there is a conceit in it ; and therefore I do not intend that any thing I have here said should affect it. I must, however, observe to you upon this subject, that it is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his sign that of the master whom he served ; as the husband, after marriage, gives a place to his mistress’s arms in his own coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities which are committed over our heads ; and, as I am informed, first occasioned the three nuns and a hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain rules, for the determining how far one tradesman may give the sign of another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

“ In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent than to see a bawd at the sign of the angel, or a tailor at the lion ? A cook should not live at the boot, nor a shoemaker at the roasted pig ; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king’s head at a sword-cutler’s.

“ An ingenious foreigner observes, that several or

those gentlemen who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact. But, though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to show some such marks of it before their doors.

“When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her namesake. Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature: and here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know, that Abel Drugger gained great applause by it in the time of Ben Jonson. Our apocryphal heathen god\* is also represented by this figure; which, in conjunction with the dragon, makes a very handsome picture in several of our streets. As for the bell-savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French; which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French *la Belle Sauvage*; and is every where translated by our countrymen the bell-savage. This piece of philology

\* St. George.

will, I hope, convince you that I have made sign-posts my study, and consequently qualified myself for the employment which I solicit at your hands. But, before I conclude my letter, I must communicate to you another remark, which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs before his door. A surly choleric fellow generally makes choice of a bear ; as men of milder dispositions frequently live at the lamb. Seeing a punch-bowl painted upon a sign near Charing-cross, and very curiously garnished, with a couple of angels hovering over it and squeezing a lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and found, upon inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *agrémens* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, Sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities ; so humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage,

“ I remain,” &c.

I shall add to the foregoing letter another, which came to me by the same penny-post.

“ HONoured SIR,

“ HAVING heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a rope-dancer that was caught in one of the woods belonging to the Great Mogul. He is by birth a monkey ; but swings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale, like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction to the quality ; and if they will make a subscription for him, I will send for a brother of his out of Holland, that is a very good tumbler ; and also for another of the

same family whom I design for my merry-andrew, as being an excellent mimic, and the greatest droll in the country where he now is. I hope to have this entertainment in a readiness for the next winter; and doubt not but it will please more than the opera, or puppet-show. I will not say that a monkey is a better man than some of the opera heroes; but certainly he is a better representative of a man, than the most artificial composition of wood and wire. If you will be pleased to give me a good word in your paper, you shall be every night a spectator at my show for nothing.

“I am,” &c.

“From my own apartment near Charing Cross.”

C

No. 29. TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1711.

— *Sermo linguâ concinnus utraq̃ue*

*Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.*

HOR. SAT. i. 10. 23.

Both tongues united sweeter sounds produce,  
Like Chian mix'd with the Falernian juice.

THERE is nothing that has more startled our English audience, than the Italian *recitativo* at its first entrance upon the stage. People were wonderfully surprised to hear generals singing the word of command, and ladies delivering messages in music. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chanting out a billet-doux, and even the superscription of a letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old play of ‘Enter a

king and two fiddlers solus,' was now no longer an absurdity, when it was impossible for a hero in a desert, or a princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical instruments.

But, however this Italian method of acting in recitativo might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our English opera before this innovation: the transition from an air to recitative music being more natural, than the passing from a song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in Purcell's operas.

The only fault I find in our present practice, is the making use of Italian recitativo with English words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I must observe, that the tone, or, as the French call it, the accent of every nation in their ordinary speech, is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the Welsh and Scotch, who border so near upon us. By the tone or accent, I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an English gentleman, when he hears a French tragedy, to complain that the actors all of them speak in a tone: and therefore he very wisely prefers his own countrymen, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same tone in an English actor.

For this reason, the recitative music, in every language, should be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for, otherwise, what may properly express a passion in one language will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in Italy knows very well, that the cadences in the recitativo bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary conversation; or, to speak more

properly, are only the accents of their language made more musical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of interrogation, or admiration, in the Italian music, if one may so call them, which resemble their accents in discourse on such occasions, are not unlike the ordinary tones of an English voice when we are angry; insomuch that I have often seen our audiences extremely mistaken, as to what has been doing upon the stage, and expecting to see the hero knock down his messenger, when he has been asking him a question; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend, when he only bids him good-morrow.

For this reason, the Italian artists cannot agree with our English musicians in admiring Purcell's compositions and thinking his tunes so wonderfully adapted to his words; because both nations do not always express the same passions by the same sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an English composer should not follow the Italian recitative too servilely, but make use of many gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may copy out of it all the lulling softness and 'dying falls,' as Shakspeare calls them, but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an English audience; and, by humouring the tone of our voices in ordinary conversation, have the same regard to the accent of his own language, as those persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing birds of our own country learn to sweeten their voices, and mellow the harshness of their natural notes, by practising under those that come from warmer climates. In the same manner, I would allow the Italian opera to lend our English music as much as may grace and soften it,



but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the subject matter of it be English.

A composer should fit his music to the genius of the people, and consider that the delicacy of hearing, and taste of harmony, has been formed upon those sounds which every country abounds with : in short, that music is of a relative nature, and what is harmony to one ear, may be dissonance to another.

The same observations which I have made upon the recitative part of music, may be applied to all our songs and airs in general.

Signior Baptist Lully acted like a man of sense in this particular. He found the French music extremely defective, and very often barbarous. However, knowing the genius of the people, the humour of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the French music, and plant the Italian in its stead ; but only to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable graces and modulations which he borrowed from the Italians. By this means\* the French music is now perfect in its kind ; and when you say it is not so good as the Italian, you only mean that it does not please you so well ; for there is scarce a Frenchman who would not wonder to hear you give the Italian such a preference. The music of the French is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole opera wonderfully favours the genius of such a gay airy people. The chorus in which that opera abounds, gives the parterre frequent opportunities of joining in consort † with the stage. This inclination of the audience to

\* These means.

† Concert.

sing along with the actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song, than the clerk of a parish church, who serves only to raise the psalm, and is afterwards drowned in the music of the congregation. Every actor that comes on the stage is a beau. The queens and heroines are so painted, that they appear as ruddy and cherry-cheeked as milk-maids. The shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedge and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottom periwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.

I remember the last opera I saw in that merry nation was the Rape of Proserpine, where Pluto, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a French equipage, and brings Ascalaphus along with him as his valet de chambre. This is what we call folly and impertinence; but what the French look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whe-

ther the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.

C

••• Complete sets of this paper for the month of March, are sold by Mr. Graves, in St. James's-street; Mr. Lillie, perfumer, the corner of Beaufort-buildings; Messrs. Sanger, Knapton, Round, and Mrs. Baldwin.—Spect. in folio.

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## No. 30. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1711.

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*Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque  
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.*

MOR. EPIST. i. 6. 65.

If nothing, as Mimnermus strives to prove,  
Can e'er be pleasant without mirth and love,  
Then live in mirth and love, thy sports pursue.

CREECH.

ONE common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular. The passion of love is the most general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my last advices from Oxford, that there are a set of sishers in that university, who have erected themselves into a society in honour of that tender passion. These gentlemen are of that sort of inamoratos, who are not so very much lost to common sense, but that they understand the folly they are guilty of; and, for that reason, separate themselves from all other company, because they will enjoy the pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a man comes into the club, he is not obliged to make any introduction to his discourse, but at once, as he is seating

himself in his chair, speaks in the thread of his own thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging glance; she never looked so well in her life as this evening;' or the like reflection, without regard to any other member of the society; for in this assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every man claims the full liberty of talking to himself. Instead of snuff-boxes and canes, which are usual helps to discourse with other young fellows, these have each some piece of riband, a broken fan, or an old girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair person remembered by each respective token. According to the representation of the matter from my letters, the company appear like so many players rehearsing behind the scenes: one is sighing and lamenting his destiny in beseeching terms; another declaring he will break his chain; and another, in dumb-show, striving to express his passion by his gesture. It is very ordinary in the assembly for one of a sudden to rise and make a discourse concerning his passion in general, and describe the temper of his mind in such a manner, as that the whole company shall join in the description and feel the force of it. In this case, if any man has declared the violence of his flame in more pathetic terms, he is made president for that night, out of respect to his superior passion.

We had some years ago in this town a set of people who met and dressed like lovers, and were distinguished by the name of the fringe-glove club; but they were persons of such moderate intellects, even before they were impaired by their passion, that their irregularities could not furnish sufficient variety of folly to afford daily new impertinences; by which means that institution dropped. These fellows could express their passion in nothing but their dress; but the Oxonians are fantastical now

they are lovers, in proportion to their learning and understanding before they became such. The thoughts of the ancient poets on this agreeable phrensy are translated in honour of some modern beauty; and Chloris is won to-day by the same compliment that was made to Lesbia a thousand years ago. But, as far as I can learn, the patron of the club is the renowned Don Quixote. The adventures of that gentle knight are frequently mentioned in the society, under the colour of laughing at the passion and themselves: but at the same time, though they are sensible of the extravagances of that unhappy warrior, they do not observe, that to turn all the reading of the best and wisest writings into rhapsodies of love, is a phrensy no less diverting than that of the aforesaid accomplished Spaniard. A gentleman, who, I hope, will continue his correspondence, is lately admitted into the fraternity, and sent me the following letter.

“ SIR,

“ SINCE I find you take notice of clubs, I beg leave to give you an account of one in Oxford, which you have no where mentioned, and perhaps never heard of. We distinguish ourselves by the title of the Amorous Club, are all votaries of Cupid and admirers of the fair-sex. The reason that we are so little known in the world, is the secrecy which we are obliged to live under in the university. Our constitution runs counter to that of the place wherein we live, for in love there are no doctors; and we all profess so high passion, that we admit of no graduates in it. Our presidentship is bestowed according to the dignity of passion; our number is unlimited; and our statutes are like those of the druids, recorded in our own breasts only, and explained by the majority of the company. A mistress, and a poem in her

praise, will introduce any candidate. Without the latter, no one can be admitted; for he that is not in love enough to rhyme, is unqualified for our society. To speak disrespectfully of any woman, is expulsion from our gentle society. As we are at present all of us gownmen, instead of duelling when we are rivals, we drink together the health of our mistress. The manner of doing this sometimes indeed creates debates; on such occasions we have recourse to the rules of love among the ancients.

*Nævia sex cyathis; septem Justina bibatur.*

MART. EPIG. l. 72.

Six cups to Nævia; to Justina seven.

This method of a glass to every letter of her name, occasioned the other night a dispute of some warmth. A young student, who is in love with Mrs. Elizabeth Dimple, was so unreasonable as to begin her health under the name of *Elizabetha*; which so exasperated the club, that by common consent we retrenched it to Betty. We look upon a man as no company that does not sigh five times in a quarter of an hour; and look upon a member as very absurd, that is so much himself as to make a direct answer to a question. In fine, the whole assembly is made up of absent men; that is, of such persons as have lost their locality, and whose minds and bodies never keep company with one another. As I am an unfortunate member of this distracted society, you cannot expect a very regular account of it: for which reason I hope you will pardon me that I so abruptly subscribe myself,

“SIR,

“Your most obedient humble servant,

“T. B.

“I forgot to tell you, that Albina, who has six votaries in this club, is one of your readers.”

R

## No. 31. THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1711.

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*Sit mihi fas audita loqui—*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 266.

What I have heard, permit me relate.

LAST night, upon my going into a coffee-house not far from the Hay-market theatre, I diverted myself for above half an hour with overhearing the discourse of one, who, by the shabbiness of his dress, the extravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his speech, I discovered to be of that species who are generally distinguished by the title of Projectors. This gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his audience, was entertaining a whole table of listeners with the project of an opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three mornings in the contrivance, and which he was ready to put in execution, provided he might find his account in it. He said, that he had observed the great trouble and inconvenience which ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the town. The dancing monkeys are in one place; the puppet-show in another; the opera in a third; not to mention the lions, that are almost a whole day's journey from the politer part of the town. By this means, people of figure are forced to lose half the winter after their coming to town, before they have seen all the strange sights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an opera, entitled, *The Expedition of*

Alexander the Great: in which he had disposed all the remarkable shows about town among the scenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our stage: in one of which there was a raree-show; in another, a ladder-dance; and in others, a posture-man, a moving picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

This Expedition of Alexander opens with his consulting the oracle of Delphos, in which the dumb conjuror, who has been visited by so many persons of quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling him his fortune. At the same time Clinch, of Barnet, is represented in another corner of the temple, as ringing the bells of Delphos, for joy of his arrival. The tent of Darius is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. Salmon, where Alexander is to fall in love with a piece of wax-work, that represents the beautiful Statira. When Alexander comes into that country, in which Quintus Curtius tells us the dogs were so exceeding fierce, that they would not lose their hold, though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a scene of Hockley in the Hole, in which is to be represented all the diversions of that place, the bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the theatre, by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in Asia, which Alexander must be supposed to pass through, will give the audience a sight of monkeys dancing upon ropes, with many other pleasantries of that ludicrous species. At the same time, if there chance to be any strange animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among



the woods, or driven across the stage by some of the country people of Asia. In the last great battle, Penkethman is to personate King Porus upon an elephant, and is to be encountered by Powell, representing Alexander the Great, upon a dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus. Upon the close of this great decisive battle, when the two kings are thoroughly reconciled, to show the mutual friendship and good correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a puppet-show, in which the ingenious Mr. Powell, junior, may have an opportunity of displaying his whole art of machinery, for the diversion of the two monarchs. Some of the table urged, that a puppet-show was not a suitable entertainment for Alexander the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the conqueror touched upon that part of India which is said to be inhabited by the pygmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately overruled. Our projector further added, that, after the reconciliation of these two kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the German artist, Mr. Penkethman's heathen gods, or any of the like diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that, Alexander being a Greek, it was his intention that the whole opera should be acted in that language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the Ionic dialect; and could not but

be acceptable to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand Greek than Italian. The only difficulty that remained, was, how to get performers, unless we could persuade some gentlemen of the universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the stage ; but this objection soon vanished, when the projector informed us that the Greeks were at present the only musicians in the Turkish empire, and that it would be very easy for our factory at Smyrna to furnish us every year with a colony of musicians, by the opportunity of the Turkey fleet ; besides, says he, if we want any single voice for any lower part in the opera, Lawrence can learn to speak Greek, as well as he does Italian, in a fortnight's time.

The projector having thus settled matters, to the good-liking of all that heard him, he left his seat at the table, and planted himself before the fire, where I had unluckily taken my stand for the convenience of overhearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a quarter of a minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and, catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. ' Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for music that lives in Switzerland, who has so strong a spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ sound like a drum ; and if I could but procure a subscription of about ten thousand pounds every winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the English stage.' After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an answer, when, by good luck, a gentleman that had entered the coffee-house since the projector

applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his Swiss compositions, cried out in a kind of laugh, 'Is our music then to receive further improvements from Switzerland!' This alarmed the projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to answer him. I took the opportunity of the diversion which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my penny upon the bar, retired with some precipitation.

C

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### No. 32. FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1711.

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*Nil illi larva aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.*

HOR. SAT. l. 5. 64.

He wants no tragic vizard to increase  
His natural deformity of face.

THE late discourse concerning the statutes of the Ugly Club, having been so well received at Oxford, that, contrary to the strict rules of the society, they have been so partial as to take my own testimonial, and admit me into that select body; I could not restrain the vanity of publishing to the world the honour which is done me. It is no small satisfaction that I have given occasion for the President's showing both his invention and reading to such advantage as my correspondent reports he did: but it is not to be doubted there were many very proper hums and pauses in his harangue, which lose their ugliness in the narration, and which my correspondent, begging his pardon, has no very good talent at representing. I very much approve of the contempt the society has of beauty. Nothing ought to be

laudable in a man, in which his will is not concerned ; therefore our society can follow nature, and where she has thought fit, as it were, to mock herself, we can do so too, and be merry upon the occasion.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ YOUR making public the late trouble I gave you, you will find to have been the occasion of this. Who should I meet at the coffee-house door the other night, but my old friend Mr. President ? I saw somewhat had pleased him ; and as soon as he had cast his eye upon me, ‘ Oho, doctor, rare news from London,’ says he ; ‘ the Spectator has made honourable mention of the club, man, and published to the world his sincere desire to be a member, with a recommendatory description of his phiz ; and though our constitution has made no particular provision for short faces, yet his being an extraordinary case, I believe we shall find a hole for him to creep in at ; for I assure you he is not against the canon ; and, if his sides are as compact as his joles, he need not disguise himself to make one of us.’ I presently called for the paper, to see how you looked in print ; and after we had regaled ourselves awhile upon the pleasant image of our proselyte, Mr. President told me I should be his stranger at the next night’s club : where we were no sooner come, and pipes brought, but Mr. President began an harangue upon your introduction to my epistle, setting forth, with no less volubility of speech than strength of reason, ‘ That a speculation of this nature was what had been long and much wanted ; and that he doubted not but it would be of inestimable value to the public, in reconciling even of bodies and souls ; in composing and quieting the minds of men under all corporal redundancies, deficiencies, and irregularities what-

soever ; and making every one sit down content in his own careens, though it were not perhaps so mathematically put together as he could wish.' And again, ' How that for want of a due consideration of what you first advance, viz.—that our faces are not of our own choosing—people had been transported beyond all good breeding, and hurried themselves into unaccountable and fatal extravagances ; as, how many impartial looking-glasses had been ensnared and calumniated, nay, and sometimes shivered into ten thousand splinters, only for a fair representation of the truth : how many head-strings and garters had been made accessory, and actually forfeited, only because folks must needs quarrel with their own shadows. And who,' continues he, ' but is deeply sensible, that one great source of the uneasiness and misery of human life, especially amongst those of distinction, arises from nothing in the world else, but too severe a contemplation of an indefeasible contexture of our external parts, or certain natural and invincible dispositions to be fat or lean : when a little more of Mr. Spectator's philosophy would take off all this ; and in the mean time let them observe, that there is not one of their grievances of this sort, but perhaps, in some ages of the world, has been highly in vogue, and may be so again ; nay, in some country or other, ten to one is so at this day. My lady Ample is the most miserable woman in the world, purely of her own making. She even grudges herself meat and drink, for fear she should thrive by them ; and is constantly crying out, ' In a quarter of a year more I shall be quite out of all manner of shape !' Now the lady's misfortune seems to be only this, that she is planted in a wrong soil ; for go but to the other side of the water, it is a jest at Haerlem to talk of a shape under

eighteen stone. These wise traders regulate their beauties as they do their butter, by the pound ; and Miss Cross, when she first arrived in the Low Countries, was not computed to be so handsome as Madam Van Brisket by near half a ton. On the other hand, there is 'Squire Lath, a proper gentleman of fifteen hundred pound per annum, as well as of an unblameable life and conversation ; yet would not I be the esquire for half his estate ; for if it was as much more, he would freely part with it all for a pair of legs to his mind : whereas, in the reign of our first king Edward of glorious memory, nothing more modish than a brace of your fine taper supporters ; and his Majesty, without an inch of calf, managed affairs in peace and war as laudably as the bravest and most politic of his ancestors ; and was as terrible to his neighbours under the royal name of Longshanks, as Cœur de Lion to the Saracens before him. If we look further back into history, we shall find that Alexander the Great wore his head a little over the left shoulder, and then not a soul stirred out till he had adjusted his neck-bone ; the whole nobility addressed the prince and each other obliquely, and all matters of importance were concerted and carried on in the Macedonian court with their polls on one side. For about the first century nothing made more noise in the world than Roman noses, and there not a word of them till they revived again in eighty-eight \*. Nor is it so very long since Richard the Third set up half the backs of the nation ; and his shoulders, as well as high noses, were the top of the fashion. But to come to ourselves, gentlemen though I find by my quinquennial observation

\* On the accession of King William III. in compliment whereon Dryden, in the plates to his translation of Virgil, had Æneas always represented with a Roman nose.

that we shall never get ladies enough to make a party in our own country, yet might we meet with better success among some of our allies. And what think you if our board sate for a Dutch piece? Truly I am of opinion, that as odd as we appear in flesh and blood, we should be no such strange things in *mazzotinto*. But this project may rest till our number is complete; and this being our election night, give me leave to propose Mr. Spectator. You see his inclinations, and perhaps we may not have his fellow.

“ I found most of them, as it is usual in all such cases, were prepared; but one of the seniors, whom by the by Mr. President had taken all this pains to bring over, sate still, and, cocking his chin, which seemed only to be levelled at his nose, very gravely declared, ‘ That in case he had had sufficient knowledge of you, no man should have been more willing to have served you; but that he, for his part, had always had regard to his own conscience, as well as other people’s merit; and he did not know but that you might be a handsome fellow; for as for your own certificate, it was every body’s business to speak for themselves.’ Mr. President immediately retorted, ‘ A handsome fellow! why he is a wit, sir, and you know the proverb:’ and, to ease the old gentleman of his scruples, cried, ‘ That for matter of merit it was all one, you might wear a mask.’ This threw him into a pause, and he looked desirous of three days to consider on it; but Mr. President improved the thought, and followed him up with an old story, ‘ That wits were privileged to wear what masks they pleased in all ages; and that a vizard had been the constant crown of their labours, which was generally presented them by the hand of some mytyr, and sometimes of Apollo himself:’ for the truth of which he appealed to the frontispiece of

sity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sate in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such, that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne used him with the good-humour, familiarity, and innocence, of a sister: insomuch that he would often say to her, ‘Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia—’ She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated instances of good-humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with—‘Faith, Daphne,’ continued he, ‘I am in love with thee, and despise thy sister sincerely.’ The manner of his declaring himself, gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter.—‘Nay,’ says he, ‘I



knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your father?' He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprise, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley; and laugh at that pre-meditating murderer, her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter to the professed beauties, who are a people almost as unsufferable as the professed wits.

"MONSIEUR St. Evremond has concluded one of his essays with affirming, that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life, as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favourite distinction. From hence it is that all arts, which pretend to improve or preserve it, meet with so general a reception among the sex. To say nothing of many false helps and contraband wares of beauty, which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family, in any county of South Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known

a physician of learning and sense, after eight years' study in the university, and a course of travels into most countries of Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

"This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

"In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims: viz.

"That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

"That pride destroys all symmetry and grace; and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox.

"That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not incapable of being false.

"And, That what would be odious in a friend is deformity in a mistress.

"From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms; and those who seem to have been

neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable, in a great measure, of finishing what she has left imperfect.

"It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller's. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty, heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth! virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty. That agreeableness, which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she, who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person anyexcelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

"When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming :

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
In all her gestures dignity and love!

"Without this irradiating power, the proudest fair-one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell

her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

"I cannot better close this moral, than by a short epitaph written by Ben Jonson, with a spirit which nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing :

Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much virtue as could die ;  
Which, when alive, did vigour give  
To as much beauty as could live.

" I am, SIR,

" Your most humble servant,

R

" R. B."

No. 34. MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1711.

— *parcit*

*Cognatis maculis similis fera.* —

JUV. SAT. XV. 159.

From spotted skins the leopard does refrain.

TATE.

THE club of which I am a member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers, too, have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody

present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sate very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies, but for your comfort, says Will, they are not those of the most wit, that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show ; that some of them were likewise very much surprised, that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him, that the papers he hinted at, had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them ; and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms. ' In short,' says Sir Andrew, ' if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use.'

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew, that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner ; that the city had always been the province for satire ; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his

whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronised them. 'But after all,' says he, 'I think your railery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the inns of court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.'

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a pish! and told us, that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. 'Let our good friend,' says he, 'attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator,' applying himself to me, 'to take care how you meddle with country 'squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect.'

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He

told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: that it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof. That vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me, that, whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenious manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out, and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain; who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription ; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found ; I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must, however, entreat every particular person, who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said : for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people ; or to publish a single paper, that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.

C



## No. 35. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1711.

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— *Risus inepto res ineptior nulla est.*

CATULL. CARM. 39. in *Enat.*

Nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools.

AMONG all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, a head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet, if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought do we meet with? If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd, inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humourists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering, that humour should always lie under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgement, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious

mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as very much surprised to hear one say, that breaking of windows was not humour ; and I question not but several English readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a dis-tempered brain than works of humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is ; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and, by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of a collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humour. Humour therefore being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper ; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress ; insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocular as a merry-andrew. But, as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world ; to the

end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers, when they meet with this pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descended from Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as True Humour generally looks serious while every body laughs about him; False Humour is always laughing, whilst every body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious and a cheat.

The impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from Falsehood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a son called Phrensy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, on whom he begot that monstrous infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations:

Falsehood.

Nonsense.

Phrensy.—Laughter.

False Humour.

Truth.

Good Sense.

Wit.—Mirth.

Humour.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of False Humour, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might in particular enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general that False Humour differs from the True, as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in mimicry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For, having but small talents, he must be merry where he can, not where he should.

Fourthly, Being entirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of any thing but mock representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of false humourists; but, as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit, which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits, that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed myself, of attacking multitudes; since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the

libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

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No. 36. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1711.

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— *Immanis monstra*  
*Perferimus.*—

VIRG. ÆN. iii. 583.

Things the most out of nature we endure.

I SHALL not put myself to any further pains for this day's entertainment, than barely to publish the letters and titles of petitions from the playhouse, with the minutes I have made upon the latter for my conduct in relation to them.

“UPON reading the project which is set forth in one of your late papers, of making an alliance between all the bulls, bears, elephants, and lions, which are separately exposed to public view in the cities of London and Westminster; together with the other wonders, shows, and monsters, whereof you made respective mention in the said speculation; we, the chief actors of this playhouse, met and sate upon the said design. It is with great delight that we expect the execution of this work; and, in order to contribute to it, we have given warning to all our ghosts to get their livelihoods where they can, and not to appear among us after day-break of the 16th instant. We are resolved to take this opportunity to part with every thing which does not contribute to the representation of human life; and shall make a free gift

of all animated utensils to your projector. The hangings you formerly mentioned are run away ; as are likewise a set of chairs, each of which was met upon two legs going through the Rose tavern at two this morning. We hope, Sir, you will give proper notice to the town that we are endeavouring at these regulations ; and that we intend for the future to show no monsters, but men who are converted into such by their own industry and affectation. If you will please to be at the house to-night, you will see me do my endeavour to show some unnatural appearances which are in vogue among the polite and well-bred. I am to represent, in the character of a fine lady dancing, all the distortions which are frequently taken for graces in mien and gesture. This, Sir, is a specimen of the method we shall take to expose the monsters which come within the notice of a regular theatre ; and we desire nothing more gross may be admitted by you Spectators for the future. We have cashiered three companies of theatrical guards, and design our kings shall for the future make love, and sit in council, without an army ; and wait only your direction, whether you will have them reinforce king Porus, or join the troops of Macedon. Mr. Penkethman resolves to consult his pantheon of heathen gods in opposition to the oracle of Delphos, and doubts not but he shall turn the fortunes of Porus, when he personates him. I am desired by the company to inform you, that they submit to your censures ; and shall have you in greater veneration than Hercules was in of old, if you can drive monsters from the theatre ; and think your merit will be as much greater than his, as to convince is more than to conquer.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ T. D.”

“ Drury-lane, April the 9th.”

" SIR,

" WHEN I acquaint you with the great and unexpected vicissitudes of my fortune, I doubt not but I shall obtain your pity and favour. I have for many years last past been Thunderer to the playhouse ; and have not only made as much noise out of the clouds as any predecessor of mine in the theatre that ever bore that character, but also have descended and spoke on the stage as the bold Thunderer in *The Rehearsal*. When they got me down thus low, they thought fit to degrade me further, and make me a ghost. I was contented with this for these two last winters ; but they carry their tyranny still further, and, not satisfied that I am banished from above ground, they have given me to understand that I am wholly to depart their dominions, and taken from me even my subterraneous employment. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is, that if your undertaker thinks fit to use fire-arms, as other authors have done, in the time of Alexander, I may be a canon against Porus, or else provide for me in the burning of Persepolis, or what other method you shall think fit.

" SALMONEUS OF COVENT-GARDEN."

The petition of all the Devils of the playhouse in behalf of themselves and families, setting forth their expulsion from thence, with certificates of their good life and conversation, and praying relief.

The merit of this petition referred to Mr. Chr. Rich, who made them devils.

The petition of the Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, to command the pioneers in the Expedition of Alexander.

Granted.

The petition of William Bullock, to be Hephæstion to Penkethman the Great.

Granted.

tion of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarines, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in china ware. In the midst of the room, was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the numbers, like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable to both the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow :

Ogleby's Virgil.

Dryden's Juvenal.

Cassandra.

Cleopatra.

Astræa.

Sir Isaac Newton's Works.

The Grand Cyrus ; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Pembroke's Arcadia.

Locke on Human Understanding ; with a paper of patches in it.

A Spelling Book.



A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.  
Sherlock upon Death.  
The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.  
Sir William Temple's Essays.  
Father Malebranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.  
A book of Novels.  
The Academy of Compliments.  
Culpepper's Midwifery.  
The Ladies' Calling.  
Tales in Verse by Mr. D'Urfey: bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.  
All the classic Authors in Wood.  
A set of Elzevirs by the same Hand.  
Clelia; which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.  
Baker's Chronicle.  
Advice to a Daughter.  
The New Atalantis, with a Key to it.  
Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.  
A Prayer-book: with a bottle of Hungary Water by the side of it.  
Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.  
Fielding's Trial.  
Seneca's Morals.  
Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.  
La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and upon my presenting her with a letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health: I answered Yes, for I hate long speeches, and, after a bow or two, retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is

still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and, being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men, as she has often said herself, but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitants, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of The Purling Stream. The knight likewise tells me, that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country, not, says Sir Roger, that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales. For

she says that every bird which is killed in her ground will spoil a consort, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year.

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading, shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

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No. 38. FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1711.

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—*Cupias non placuisse nimis.*

MART. EP. VI. 29. ult.

One would not please too much.

A LATE conversation which I fell into, gave me an opportunity of observing a great deal of beauty in a very handsome woman, and as much wit in an

ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one, and absurdity in the other, by the mere force of affectation. The fair one had something in her person upon which her thoughts were fixed; she attempted to show to advantage in every word, and gesture. The gentleman was as desirous to do justice to his fine parts, as the lady to her beautiful form. You might see his imagination stretch to find out something uncommon; what they call bright, to entertain her; which she writhed herself into as many different postures to engage him. When she laughed, her lips were never at a greater distance than ordinary from her teeth: her fan was to point to somewhat of a distance, that in the reach she might discover the roundness of her arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own error, and is so wholly discomposed, that her tuckers cannot be adjusted, her bosom exposed, and the woman put into new airs and graces. While she was doing all this, the gallant had time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or some unkind observation on some other lady to hurt her vanity. These unhappy effects of affectation naturally led me to look into that strange state of mind which so generally discolours the behaviour of most people we meet with.

The learned Dr. Burnet, in his Theory of the Earth, takes occasion to observe, that every thought is attended with consciousness and representativeness; the mind has nothing presented to it which is immediately followed by a reflecting conscience, which tells you whether that which is so presented is graceful or unbecoming. The operation of the mind discovers itself in the gesture, by the manner of behaviour in those whose consciousness goes no further than to direct them in the just proportion

their present thought or action ; but betrays an interruption in every second thought, when the consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a man's own conceptions : which sort of consciousness is what we call affectation.

As the love of praise is implanted in our bosoms as a strong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult task to get above a desire of it for things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose hearts are fixed upon the pleasure they have in the consciousness that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances, and altering the attitude of their bodies, to strike the hearts of their beholders with new sense of their beauty. The dressing part of our sex, whose minds are the same with the sillier part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy condition to be regarded for a well-tied cravat, a hat cocked with an unusual briskness, a very well-chosen coat, or other instances of merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

But this apparent affectation, arising from an ill-governed consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial minds as these ; but when you see it reign in characters of worth and distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some indignation. It creeps into the heart of the wise man as well as that of the coxcomb. When you see a man of sense look about for applause, and discover an itching inclination to be commended ; lay traps for a little incense, even from those whose opinion he values in nothing but his own favour ; who is safe against this weakness ? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not ? The best way to get clear of such a light fondness for applause, is to take all possible care to throw off the love of it upon

occasions that are not in themselves laudable, but as it appears we hope for no praise from them. Of this nature are all graces in men's persons, dress, and bodily deportment, which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them such.

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose either in business or pleasure, we shall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: but when we give the passion for praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfections robs us of what is due to us for great virtues and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their way of speaking and acting, instead of having their thought bent upon what they should do or say; and by that means bury a capacity for great things, by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called affectation; but it has some tincture of it, at least so far, as that their fear of erring in a thing of no consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in such particulars, that a man can act with a laudable sufficiency: his heart is fixed upon one point in view; and he commits no errors, because he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havock affectation makes in that part of the world which should be most polite, is visible wherever we turn our eyes: it pushes men not only into impertinences in conversation, but also in the premeditated speeches. At the bar, it torments the

Bench, whose business it is to cut off all superfluities in what is spoken before it by the practitioner; as well as several little pieces of injustice which arise from the law itself. I have seen it make a man run from the purpose before a judge, who was, when at the bar himself, so close and logical a pleader, that, with all the pomp of eloquence in his power, he never spoke a word too much\*.

It might be borne even here, but it often ascends the pulpit itself; and the declaimer, in that sacred place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last day itself with so many quaint phrases, that there is no man who understands raillery, but must resolve to sin no more. Nay, you may behold him sometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of the great truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well-turned phrase, and mention his own unworthiness in a way so very becoming, that the air of the pretty gentleman is preserved, under the lowliness of the preacher.

I shall end this with a short letter I writ the other day to a very witty man, overrun with the fault I am speaking of:

DEAR SIR,

I SPENT some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you a hint of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him? No! but praise is not to be the entertainment of every moment. He that hopes for it must be able to suspend the possession of it till proper periods of life, or death itself. If you would

\* This seems to be intended as a compliment to Chancellor Cowper.

not rather be commended than be praise-worthy, condemn little merits ; and allow no man to be so free with you, as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified ; men will praise you in their actions : where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities. Till then you will never have of either, further than,

SIR,

Your humble servant.

T

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No. 39. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1711.

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*Mulla fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,  
Cum scribo —*

HOR. EPIST. II. 2. 102.

IMITATED.

Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace  
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head rhyming race.

POPE.

As a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. A virtuous man, says Seneca, struggling with misfortunes, is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with pleasure ; and such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that humanity



which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, soothe affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence.

It is no wonder, therefore, that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the drama has met with public encouragement.

The modern tragedy excels that of Greece and Rome, in the intricacy and disposition of the fable ; but, what a Christian writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may show more at large hereafter : and, in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the English tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

Aristotle observes, that the Iambic verse in the Greek tongue was the most proper for tragedy : because at the same time that it lifted up the discourse from prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of verse. ‘ For,’ says he, ‘ we may observe that men in ordinary discourse very often speak iambics, without taking notice of it.’ We may make the same observation of our English blank verse which often enters into our common discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due medium between rhyme and prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a play in rhyme ; which is as absurd in English, as a tragedy of hexameters would have been in Greek or Latin. The solecism is, I think, still greater in those plays that have some scenes in rhyme, and some in blank verse, which are to be looked upon as two several languages ; or where we see some particular similies dignified with rhyme at the same time that every

thing about them lies in blank verse. I would not however debar the poet from concluding his tragedy, or, if he pleases, every act of it, with two or three couplets, which may have the same effect as an air in the Italian opera after a long recitativo, and give the actor a graceful exit. Besides, that we see a diversity of numbers in some parts of the old tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason I do not dislike the speeches in our English tragedy that close with a hemistich, or half verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a new verse, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauses and breakings off in the middle of a verse, when they humour any passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe that our English poets have succeeded much better in the style than in the sentiments of their tragedies. Their language is very often noble and sonorous, but the sense either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient tragedies, and indeed in those of Corneille and Racine, though the expressions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression. Whether this defect in our tragedies may rise from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain

English, before he turned it into blank verse ; and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked thought of every speech in it, when divested of all its tragic ornaments. By this means, without being imposed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of eloquence, or show itself in such a variety of lights as are generally made use of by the writers of our English tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which they are clothed. Shakspeare is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine observation in Aristotle to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. The expression, says he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like ; in which the opinions, manners, and passions ; of men are not represented ; for these, namely, the opinions, manners, and passions, are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases and elaborate expressions. Horace, who copied most of his criticisms after Aristotle, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verses :

*Et tragicus plerùmque dolet sermone pedestri :  
Telephus et Peleus, cùm pauper et exul uterque,  
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba  
Sì curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.*

HOR. ARS POET. 95.

Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve :  
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,  
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.

ROSCOMMON.

Among our modern English poets, there is none

who has a better turn for tragedy than Lee; if, instead of favouring the impetuosity of his genius he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words, that it is hard to see the beauty of them. There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his efforts, and eases the style of those epithets and metaphors in which he so much abounds. What can be more natural, more soft, or more passionate, than that line in Statira's speech where she describes the charms of Alexander's conversation—

'Then he would talk—Good gods! how he would talk!'

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the description of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words, that outshines the utmost pride of expression.

Otway has followed nature in the language of his tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts, more than any of our English poets. As there is something familiar and domestic in the fable of his tragedy, more than in those of any other poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expressions. For which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phrase in those parts, which, by Aristotle's rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this poet has founded his tragedy of *Venice Preserved* on so wrong

lot, that the greatest characters in it are those of  
 els and traitors. Had the hero of this play dis-  
 sired the same good qualities in the defence of  
 country that he showed for its ruin and subversion,  
 audience could not enough pity and admire him :  
 as he is now represented, we can only say of  
 it, what the Roman historian says of Catiline, that  
 fall would have been glorious, *si pro patriâ sic*  
*cidisset*, had he so fallen in the service of his  
 ntry.

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No. 40. MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1711.

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*Ac ne fortè putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,  
 Cum rectè tractant alii, iaudare malignè :  
 Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur  
 Ire poëta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,  
 Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,  
 Ut magus ; et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.*

HOR. EPIST. ii. l. 208.

IMITATED.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,  
 Or praise, malignant, arts I cannot reach,  
 Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,  
 To know the poet from the man of rhymes ;  
 'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns :  
 Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,  
 With pity, and with terror, tear my heart ;  
 And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,  
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

POPE.

English writers of tragedy are possessed with  
 otion, that when they represent a virtuous or inno-  
 it person in distress, they ought not to leave him till

they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not ; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave ; and, as the principal design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them ; and that his grief, how great-soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason, the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind ; and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly we find, that more

of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best plays of this kind are *The Orphan*, *Venice Preserved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodosius*, *All for Love*, *Cædipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakspeare wrote it ; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily ; as indeed most of the good tragedies, which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned criticism, have taken this turn ; as *The Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulysses*, *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, with most of Mr. Dryden's. I must also allow, that many of Shakspeare's, and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method ; and by that means would very much cramp the English tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The tragi-comedy, which is the product of the English theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of *Æneas* and *Hudibras* into one poem, as of writing such a motley piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to tragi-comedy, may in some measure be applied to all tragedies that have a double plot in them ; which are likewise more frequent upon the English stage than upon any other ; for, though the grief of the audience, in such

performances, be not changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedies, it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful choice of an under-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties, of our English tragedy : I mean, those particular speeches which are commonly known by the name of Rants. The warm and passionate parts of a tragedy, are always the most taking with the audience ; for which reason we often see the players pronouncing in all the violence of action several parts of the tragedy which the author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen Powell very often raise himself a loud clap by this artifice. The poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of our heroes with bombast ; and gives them such sentiments, as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the gods, frequently pass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and are accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid tragic writers may make an ill use of. As our heroes are generally lovers, their swelling and bluster upon the stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The ladies are won



ly pleased to see a man insulting kings, or affronting the gods, in one scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves avourite with the boxes. Dryden and Lee, in several of their tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But, to show how a rant pleases beyond the most natural and natural thought that is not pronounced with seducement, I would desire the reader, when he sees a tragedy of *Œdipus*, to observe how quietly the play is dismissed at the end of the third act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compassion :

To you, good gods ! I make my last appeal ;  
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.  
If in the maze of fate I blindly run,  
And backward tread those paths I sought to shun ;  
Impute my errors to your own decree :  
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Let us then observe with what thunder-claps of applause he leaves the stage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth act ; and you will wonder to see an audience so cursed and so amazed at the same time.

O that, as oft I have at Athens seen,

[Where, by the way there was no stage till many years after *Œdipus*,]

The stage arise, and the big clouds descend :  
So now, in very deed, I might behold  
This pond'rous globe, and all yon marble roof,  
Meet, like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind :  
For all the elements, &c.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

of Mr. Powell, as sometimes raised from the ill taste of an audience, the justice to own, that he is excellent as a tragedian, and, when he pleases, admiration of the best judges; as I he will in the Conquest of Mexico, for his own benefit to-morrow night.

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TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1711.

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—*Tu non inventa reperita.*

OVID. MET. l. 6

So found, is worse than lost.

ADD

PASSION for the gentleman, who writes the letter, should not prevail upon me to favour sex, if it were not that I find they are not to be tolerated in civil society. Such his misfortune ought to be made public, that other men always to examine

of opinion I have very just pretensions to a  
I am a mere man of the town, and have  
little improvement, but what I have got from  
I remember in the Silent Woman, the learned  
shard, or Dr. Otter, I forget which, makes  
the causes of separation to be *Error Personæ*,  
a man marries a woman, and finds her not to be  
the woman whom he intended to marry, but  
it. If that be law, it is, I presume, exactly  
so. For you are to know, Mr. Spectator, that  
are women who do not let their husbands see  
faces till they are married.

not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that  
the sex who paint. They are some of them so  
itely skilful this way, that give them but a to-  
pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make  
lips, cheeks, and eye-brows, by their own in-  
As for my dear, never man was so enamoured  
as of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as well  
bright jet of her hair; but to my great asto-  
nant I find they were all the effect of art. Her  
is so tarnished with this practice, that when  
she wakes in a morning, she scarce seems young-  
er to be the mother of her whom I carried to  
a night before. I shall take the liberty to part  
her by the first opportunity, unless her father  
make her portion suitable to her real, not her  
ad, countenance. This I thought fit to let him  
know by your means.

"I am, SIR,

"Your most obedient humble servant."

cannot tell what the law, or the parents of the  
will do for this injured gentleman, but must  
he has very much justice on his side. I have  
very long observed this evil, and distinguished  
of our women who wear their own, from those  
L. V. T

in borrowed complexions, by the Picts and the British. There does not need any great discernment to judge which are which. The British have a lively animated aspect ; the Picts, though never so beautiful, have dead uninformed countenances. The muscles of a real face sometimes swell with soft passion, sudden surprise, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the objects before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imagination. But the Picts behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad ; the same fixed insensibility appears upon all occasions. A Pict, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers is obliged to keep them at a certain distance ; a sigh in a languishing lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a feature : and a kiss snatched by a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones, without saying something uncomplaisant ; but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a room new painted : they may assure themselves the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive.

Will Honeycomb told us one day an adventure he once had with a Pict. This lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will ; and made it her business to gai hearts, for no other reason but to rally the torment of her lovers. She would make great advances to a snare men, but without any manner of scruple break off when there was no provocation. Her ill-nature and vanity made my friend very easily proof against the charms of her wit and conversation ; but her beautiful form, instead of being blemished by her falsehood and inconstancy, every day increased upon him and she had new attractions every time he saw her. When she observed Will irrevocably her slave, began to use him as such, and after many

towards such a cruelty, she at last utterly banished him. The unhappy lover strove in vain, by servile epistles, to revoke his doom: till at length he was forced to the last refuge, a round sum of money to her maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in the morning behind the hangings in her mistress's dressing-room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without being seen. The Pict begins the face she designed to wear that day, and I have heard him protest she had worked a full half hour before he knew her to be the same woman. As soon as he saw the dawn of that complexion, for which he had so long languished, he thought fit to break from his concealment, repeating that verse of Cowley:

Th' adorning thee with so much art,  
Is but a barbarous skill;  
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,  
Too apt before to kill.

The Pict stood before him in the utmost confusion, with the prettiest smirk imaginable on the finished side of her face, pale as ashes on the other. Honeycomb seized all her gally-pots and washes, and carried off his handkerchief full of brushes, scraps of Spanish wool, and phials of unguents. The lady went into the country; the lover was cured.

It is certain no faith ought to be kept with cheats, and an oath made to a Pict is of itself void. I would therefore exhort all the British ladies to single them out, nor do I know any but Lindamira who should be exempt from discovery; for her own complexion is so delicate, that she ought to be allowed the covering it with paint, as a punishment for choosing to be the worst piece of art extant, instead of the master-piece of Nature. As for my part, who have no expectations from women, and consider them only as they are part of the species, I do not half so much fear offending a

beauty, as a woman of sense ; I shall therefore produce several faces which have been in public these many years, and never appeared. It will be a very pretty entertainment in the playhouse, when I have abolished this custom, to see so many ladies, when they first lay it down, incog. in their own faces.

In the mean time, as a pattern for improving their charms, let the sex study the agreeable Statira. Her features are enlivened with the cheerfulness of her mind, and good humour gives an alacrity to her eyes. She is graceful without affecting an air, and unconcerned without appearing careless. Her having no manner of art in her mind, makes her want none in her person.

How like is this lady, and how unlike is a Pict, to that description Dr. Donne gives of his mistress?

—Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one would almost say her body thought.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

A young gentlewoman of about nineteen years of age, bred in the family of a person of quality, lately deceased, who paints the finest flesh-colour, wants a place, and is to be heard of at the house of Mynbeer Grotesque, a Dutch painter, in Barbican.

N. B. She is also well-skilled in the drapery part, and puts on hoods, and mixes ribands so as to suit the colours of the face with great art and success.

R

## No. 42. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1711.

*Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Thuscum ;  
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,  
Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor  
Cum stetit in scenâ, concurrat dextera lævæ.  
Dixit adhuc aliquid ? Nil sanè. Quid placet ergo ?  
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 1. 202.

## IMITATED.

Loud as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep,  
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep:  
Such is the shout, the long applauding note,  
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;  
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd  
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.  
Booth enters——hark! the universal peal!—  
But has he spoken?——Not a syllable——  
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?  
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

POPE.

ARISTOTLE has observed, that ordinary writers in tragedy endeavour to raise terror and pity in their audience, not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by the dresses and decorations of the stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the English theatre. When the author has a mind to terrify us, it is by the splendour of the stage; when he would make us melancholy, the stage is darkened. But among all our tragic artifices, the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary method of making a hero, is to put a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which

risers so very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot. One would believe, that we thought a great man and a tall man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for his mistress, his country, or his friends, one may see by his action, that his greatest care and concern is to keep the plume of feathers from falling off his head. For my own part, when I see a man uttering his complaints under such a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate lunatic than a distressed hero. As these superfluous ornaments upon the head make a great man, a princess generally receives her grandeur from those additional encumbrances that fall into her tail; I mean the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this sight, but I must confess, my eyes are wholly taken up with the page's part; and, as for the queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjusting of her train, lest it should chance to trip up her heels, or incommode her as she walks to and fro upon the stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle, to see a queen venting her passion in a disordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her gown. The parts that the two persons act on the stage at the same time are very different. The princess is afraid lest she should incur the displeasure of the king her father, or lose the hero her lover, whilst her attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her feet in her petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragic poet, to move the pity of his audience for his exiled kings and dis-



tressed heroes, used to make the actors represent them in dresses and clothes that were thread-bare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity, seems as ill contrived as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making great men, and adding dignity to kings and queens, is to accompany them with halberds and battle-axes. Two or three shifters of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make up a complete body of guards upon the English stage; and, by the addition of a few porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when the poet has been disposed to do honour to his generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such nature should be told, not represented.

— *Non tamen intus*

*Digna geri promes in scenam : nullaque tolles  
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.*

HOR. ARS POET. 182.

Yet there are things improper for a scene,  
Which men of judgement only will relate.

ROSCOMMON.

I should therefore, in this particular, recommend, to my countrymen the example of the French stage, where the kings and queens alway appear unattended, and leave their guards behind the scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the French in ba-

nishing from our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and huzzas ; which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a battle in the Haymarket theatre, one may hear it as far as Charing-cross.

I have here only touched upon those particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize the persons of a tragedy ; and shall show, in another paper, the several expedients which are practised by authors of a vulgar genius to move terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The tailor and the painter often contribute to the success of a tragedy more than the poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches ; and our actors are very sensible, that a well-dressed play has sometimes brought them as full audiences as a well-written one. The Italians have a very good phrase to express this art of imposing upon the spectators by appearances ; they call it the, '*Fourberia della scena*,' 'The knavery, or trickish part of the drama.' But, however the show and outside of the tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more understanding part of the audience immediately see through it and despise it.

A good poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in squadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confusion of a fight. Our minds should be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious sentiments by what the actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a king or hero give Brutus half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in Shakspeare ?

C

No. 43. THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1711.

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*Hæ tibi erunt artes ; pacisque imponere morem,  
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 852.

Be these thy arts ; to bid contention cease,  
Chain up stern wars and give the nations peace ;  
O'er subject lands extend thy gentle sway,  
And teach with iron rod the haughty to obey.

THESE are crowds of men, whose great misfortune it is that they were not bound to mechanic arts and trades ; it being absolutely necessary for them to be led by some continual task or employment. These, such as we commonly call dull fellows ; persons, who for want of something to do, out of a certain idleness of thought, rather than curiosity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give you a notion of them better, than by presenting you with a letter from a gentleman, who belongs to a society of this order of men, residing at Oxford.

“ SIR,

“ IN some of your late speculations, I find some sketches towards a history of clubs ; but you seem to me to show them in somewhat too ludicrous a light. I have well weighed that matter, and think, that the most important negotiations may best be carried on in such assemblies. I shall therefore, for the good of mankind, which I trust you and I are equally concerned for, propose an institution of that nature for example sake.

and whilicisms, we can ourselves the next Meeting. Our president continues for a least, and sometimes four or five ; we are all serious, designing men, in our way ; we think duty, as far as in us lies, to take care the country receives no harm—*Ne quid detrimenti res publica*—to censure doctrines or facts, persons or which we do not like ; to settle the nation at and to carry on the war abroad, where and in manner we see fit. If other people are not of our opinion, we cannot help that. It were better were. Moreover we now and then condense direct, in some measure, the little affairs of our diversity.

“ Verily, Mr. Spectator, we are much offended by the act for importing French wines. A bottle of good solid edifying port at honest George’s is a night cheerful, and threw off reserve. But plaguy French claret will not only cost us money, but do us less good. Had we been aware of it before it had gone too far, I must tell you we would have petitioned to be heard upon this subject. But let that pass.

nature, to suspect as much, as a penetrating friend of mine tells me.

"We think we have at last done the business with the malecontents in Hungary, and shall clap up a peace there.

"What the neutrality army is to do, or what the army in Flanders, and what two or three other princes, is not yet fully determined among us; and we wait impatiently for the coming in of the next Dyer's, who you must know is our authentic intelligence, our Aristotle in politics. And it is indeed but fit there should be some dernier resort, the absolute decider of all controversies.

"We were lately informed, that the gallant train-ed-hands had patrolled all night long about the streets of London. We indeed could not imagine any occasion for it, we guessed not a tittle on it beforehand, we were in nothing of the secret; and that city tradesmen, or their apprentices, should do duty or work during the holidays, we thought absolutely impossible. But Dyer being positive in it, and some letters from other people, who had talked with some who had it from those who should know, giving some countenance to it, the chairman reported from the committee appointed to examine into that affair, that it was possible there might be something in it. I have much more to say to you, but my two good friends and neighbours Dominic and Slyboots, are just come in, and the coffee is ready. I am, in the mean time,

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"Your admirer and humble servant,

"ABRAHAM FROTH."

"Oxford, April 13, 1711.

Four o'clock in the morning."

You may observe the turn of their minds tends only to novelty, and not satisfaction in any thing.

It would be disappointment to them, to certainty in anything, for that would gravel put an end to their inquiries, which dull fellows not make for information, but for exercise. I know but this may be a very good way of finding for what we frequently see, to wit, that dull fellows prove very good men of business. It relieves them from their own natural heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do ; whereas, to mercurial men, is an interruption from existence and happiness. Though the duller part of mankind are harmless in their amusements, I wish they had no vacant time, because they usually undertake something that makes them conspicuous by their manner of supplying it. You shall seldom find a dull fellow of good education, but if he happens to have any leisure on his hands, will turn his head to one of those two arts, for all fools of eminence, politics and poetry. The former of these arts is the study of all people in general ; but when dulness is lodged in a person of a quick animal life, it generally turns itself in poetry. One might here mention several literary writers who give great entertainment, by reason that the stupidity of their heads is quickened by the alacrity of their hearts. The constitution in a dull fellow, gives vigour to his industry, and makes the puddle boil which would otherwise stagnate. The British Prince, that celebrated poem which was written in the reign of King Charles the Second, and deservedly called by the wits of that age incomparable, was the effect of such a humor in the poet as we are speaking of. From among other distichs no less to be quoted on this subject, I cannot but recite the two following lines

A painted vest Prince Voltager had on,  
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won

Here, if the poet had not been vivacious, as well as stupid, he could not, in the warmth and hurry of nonsense, have been capable of forgetting that neither Prince Voltager, nor his grandfather, could strip a naked man of his doublet; but a fool of a colder constitution would have staid to have flead the Pict, and made buff of his skin, for the wearing of the conqueror.

To bring these observations to some useful purpose of life, what I would propose should be that we imitated those wise nations, wherein every man learns some handicraft-work.—Would it not employ a man prettily enough, if instead of eternally playing with a snuff-box, he spent some part of his time in making one? Such a method as this would very much conduce to the public emolument, by making every man living good for something; for there would then be no one member of human society, but would have some little pretension for some degree in it: like him who came to Will's coffee-house, upon the merit of having writ a posy of a ring.

R

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## No. 44. FRIDAY; APRIL 20, 1711.

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*Tu quid ego, et populus mecum desideret audi.*

HOR. ARS POET. 153.

Now hear what every auditor expects.

ROSCOMMON.

AMONG the several artifices which are put in practice by the poets to fill the minds of an audience with terror, the first place is due to thunder and lightning, which are often made use of at the descending of a god or the rising of a ghost, at the

vanishing of a devil, or at the death of a tyrant. I have known a bell introduced into several tragedies with good effect ; and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our English theatre so much as a ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A spectre has very often saved a play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the stage, or rose through a cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one word. There may be a proper season for these several terrors ; and when they only come in as aids and assistances to the poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the clock in *Venice Preserved* makes the hearts of the whole audience quake ; and conveys a stronger terror to the mind than it is possible for words to do. The appearance of the ghost in *Hamlet* is a master-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the discourses that precede it. His dumb behaviour at his first entrance, strikes the imagination very strongly ; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the speech with which young *Hamlet* accosts him without trembling ?

*Hor.* Look, my Lord, it comes !

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd ;

Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell ;

Be thy events \* wicked or charitable ;

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*, .

*King*, Father, Royal Dane. Oh ! answer me.

Events for advents, comings or visits. We read in other  
places, intents.



that burst in ignorance ; but tell  
 agonized bones, hearsed in death,  
 what their cerements ? Why the sepulchre,  
 we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
 of his ponderous and marble jaws  
 thou'lt rise up again ? What may this mean ?  
 our dead corse again in complete steel  
 at thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 might hideous ?

therefore find fault with the artifices above  
 ed, when they are introduced with skill and  
 ed by proportionable sentiments and ex-  
 in the writing.

removing of pity, our principal machine is the  
 chief ; and indeed in our common tragedies,  
 did not know very often that the persons are  
 by any thing they say, if they did not  
 to time apply their handkerchiefs to their  
 be it from me to think of banishing this  
 of sorrow from the stage ; I know a tra-  
 could not subsist without it : all that I would  
 for, is to keep it from being misapplied. In  
 I would have the actor's tongue sympathize  
 his eyes.

inconsolate mother, with a child in her hand,  
 quently drawn compassion from the audience,  
 therefore gained a place in several tragedies.  
 ern writer, that observed how this had took  
 r plays, being resolved to double the distress,  
 at his audience twice as much as those before  
 ad done, brought a princess upon the stage  
 little boy in one hand and a girl in the other.  
 so had a very good effect. A third poet, being  
 id to outwrite all his predecessors, a few years  
 roduced three children with great success :  
 I am informed, a young gentleman, who is  
 determined to break the most obdurate hearts,

has a tragedy by him, where the first person that appears upon the stage is an afflicted widow in her mourning weeds, with half a dozen fatherless children attending her like those that usually hang about the figure of Charity. Thus several incidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving pity or terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the English stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practised before the British audience, several French critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our stage strewn with carcasses in the last scene of a tragedy: and to observe in the wardrobe of the playhouse several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people: but as these are no exceptions to this rule on the French stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous play of *Corneille*, written upon the subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*; the fierce young hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, instead of being congratulated by his sister for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover, in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If any thing could exte-

brutal an action, it would be the doing of it  
 den, before the sentiments of nature, reason,  
 ood, could take place in him. However, to  
 ible bloodshed, as soon as his passion is  
 to its height, he follows his sister the whole  
 f the stage, and forbears killing her till they  
 withdrawn behind the scenes. I must con-  
 he murdered her before the audience, the  
 y might have been greater ; but as it is, it  
 very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold  
 To give my opinion upon this case, the fact  
 ot to have been represented, but to have been  
 there was any occasion for it.

y not be unacceptable to the reader to see  
 phocles has conducted a tragedy under the  
 cate circumstances. Orestes was in the same  
 n with Hamlet in Shakspeare, his mother  
 murdered his father, and taken possession of  
 dom in conspiracy with her adulterer. That  
 rince, therefore, being determined to revenge  
 er's death upon those who filled his throne,  
 himself by a beautiful stratagem into his  
 s apartment, with a resolution to kill her.  
 ause such a spectacle would have been too  
 g to the audience, this dreadful resolution is  
 d behind the scenes: the mother is heard  
 out to her son for mercy ; and the son an-  
 her, that she showed no mercy to his father ;  
 hich she shrieks out that she is wounded, and  
 t follows we find that she is slain. I do not  
 er that in any of our plays there are speeches  
 ehind the scenes, though there are other in-  
 of this nature to be met with in those of the  
 s : and I believe my reader will agree with  
 it there is something infinitely more affecting  
 dreadful dialogue between the mother and her

son behind the scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the audience. Orestes immediately after meets the usurper at the entrance of his palace; and by a very happy thought of the poet avoids killing him before the audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of soul before he would despatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he had slain his father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By this means the poet observes that decency, which Horace afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the audience.

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.*

ARS POET. 185.

Let not Medea draw her murd'ring knife,  
And spill her children's blood upon the stage.

ROSCOMMON.

The French have therefore refined too much upon Horace's rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of death from the stage; but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the scenes. I would therefore recommend to my countrymen the practice of the ancient poets, who were very sparing of their public executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the tragedy were seldom slain before the audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their death, which has in it always something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing

on the stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet ;  
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus ;  
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,  
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

HOR. *ARS POET.* 185.

Medea must not draw her murd'ring knife,  
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare ;  
Cadmus' and Progne's metamorphoses,  
She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake,  
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,  
I hate to see, and never can believe.

ROSCOMMON.

I have now gone through the several dramatic inventions which are made use of by the ignorant poets to supply the place of tragedy, and by the skilful to improve it ; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with caution. It would be an endless task to consider comedy in the same light, and to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a laugh. Bullock in a short coat, and Norris in a long one, seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary comedies, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the scene lies in a shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a pair of whiskers. A lover running about the stage, with his head peeping out of a barrel \*, was thought a very good jest in King Charles the Second's time ; and invented by one of the first wits of that age. But because ridicule is not so delicate as compassion, and because the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a

\* The comedy of *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub*, by Sir George Ethridge, 1664.

much greater latitude for comic than tragic artifices, and, by consequence, a much greater indulgence to be allowed them.

C

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No. 45. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1711.

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*Natio comarda est. —*

JUV. SAT. III. 100.

The nation is a company of players.

THERE is nothing which I more desire than a safe and honourable peace. though at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our politics, but to our manners. What an inundation of ribands and brocades will break in upon us! What peals of laughter and impertinence shall we be exposed to! For the prevention of these great evils, I could heartily wish that there was an act of parliament for prohibiting the importation of French fopperies.

The female inhabitants of our island have already received very strong impressions from this ludicrous nation. though by the length of the war, as there is no evil which has not some good attending it, they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred country women kept their valet de chambre, because, forsooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own sex. I myself have seen one of these male Abigails tripping about the room with a looking-glass in his hand, and combing his lady's

hair a whole morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the story of a lady's being got with child by one of these her hand-maids, I cannot tell ; but I think at present the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that several of our sex were taken into this kind of service, the ladies likewise brought up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man, because she was not stirring ; and a porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made so awkward an excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend Will Honeycomb to carry me along with him to one of these travelled ladies, desiring him at the same time to present me as a foreigner who could not speak English, that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The lady, though willing to appear undrest, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the fair sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg or an arm. As the coquettes who introduced this custom grew old, they left it off by degrees ; well knowing, that a woman of threescore may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impressions.

Sempronia is at present the most profest admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no further than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talk-

ing politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass which does such execution upon all the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants ! What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon, to an ivory comb or a pin-cushion ! How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her footman ; and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch !

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of temper which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the French is to make the sex more fantastical, or, as they are pleased to term it, more awakened, than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private, or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other ages and countries have been regarded as the greatest ornaments of the fair sex, are considered as the ingredients of narrow conversation and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myself under a woman of quality that is since dead ; who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little before the rising of the curtain, she broke out into a loud soliloquy, ‘ When will the dear



witches enter?' and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a lady that sat three boxes from her on her right hand, if those witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as Betterton was in one of the finest speeches of the play, she shook her fan at another lady who sat as far on the left hand, and told her with a whisper that might be heard all over the pit, 'We must not expect to see Balloon to-night.' Not long after, calling out to a young baronet by his name, who sat three seats before me, she asked him whether Macbeth's wife was still alive; and before he could give an answer, fell a talking of the ghost of Banquo. She had by this time formed a little audience to herself, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no wonder to see people endeavouring after it. But at the same time it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French author tells us, that the ladies of the court of France in his time thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce a hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might show a politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a lady of some quality at court, having accidentally made use of a hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good sense, that they went abroad with. As, on the contrary, there are great numbers of travelled ladies, who have lived all their days within the smoke of London. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of St. James's, betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned up in half the countries of Europe.

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No. 46. MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1711.

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*Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.*

OID. MET. l. 9.

The jarring seeds of ill-concerted things.

WHEN I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game; and when I meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down a hint of it upon paper. At the same time I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheetful of hints, that would look like a rhapsody of nonsense to any body but myself. There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my speculations in the first principles, that, like the world in its chaos, are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at Lloyd's coffee-house, where the auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the coffee-house. It had raised so much laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but nobody challenging it, he was ordered by those merry gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the auction pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows:

## MINUTES.

Sir Roger de Coverley's country-seat—Yes, for I hate long speeches—Query, if a good Christian may be a conjuror—Childermas-day, saltseller, house-dog, screech-owl, cricket——Mr. Thomas Ingle of London, in the good ship called the Achilles. Yarico——*Ægrescitque medendo*—Ghosts—The Lady's Library—Lion by trade a tailor—Dromedary called Bucephalus—Equipage the lady's *summum bonum*—Charles Lillie to be taken notice of—Short face a relief to envy—Redundancies in the three professions—King Latinus a recruit—Jew devouring a ham of bacon—Westminster-abbey—Grand Cairo—Procrastination—April fools—Blue boars, red lions, hogs in armour—Enter a King and two Fiddlers *solo*—Admission into the Ugly club—Beauty how improveable—Families of true and false humour—

The parrot's school-mistress—Face half Pict half British—No man to be a hero of a tragedy under six foot—Club of sighers—Letters from flower-pots, elbow-chairs, tapestry-figures, lion, thunder—The bell rings to the puppet-show—Old woman with a beard married to a smock-faced boy—My next coat to he turned up with blue—Fable of tongs and gridiron—Flower dyers—The soldier's prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the galley-pot—Pactolus in stockings with golden clocks to them—Bamboos, cudgels, drumsticks—Slip of my landlady's eldest daughter—The black mare with a star in her forehead—The barber's pole—Will Honeycomb's coat-pocket—Cæsar's behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances—Poem in patch-work—*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*—The female conventicler—The ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole coffee-house very merry ; some of them concluded it was written by a madman, and others by somebody that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen, told us, with several politic winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it ; that for his part, he looked upon the dromedary, the gridiron, and the barber's pole, to signify something more than what is usually meant by those words : and that he thought the coffee-man could not do better than to carry the paper to one of the secretaries of state. He further added, that he did not like the name of the outlandish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young Oxford scholar, who chanced to be with his uncle at the coffee-house, discovered to us who this Pactolus was : and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy citizen into ridicule.

While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the boy as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lit my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to my pipe and the Postman, took no further notice of any thing that had passed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which relate to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many a husband who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indiscreet zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of Salisbury in his travels; '*Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia*:' 'Through too much piety she became impious.'

"SIR,

"I am one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a gospel-gossip, so common among dissenters, especially friends. Lectures in the morning, church-meetings at noon, and preparation sermons

at night, take up so much of her time, it is very rare she knows what we have for dinner, unless when the preacher is to be at it. With him come a tribe, all brothers and sisters it seems; while others, really such, are deemed no relations. If at any time I have her company alone, she is a mere sermon pop-gun, repeating and discharging texts, proofs, and applications so perpetually, that, however weary I may go to bed, the noise in my head will not let me sleep till towards morning. The misery of my case, and great numbers of such sufferers, plead your pity and speedy relief; otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into want, unless the happiness of being sooner talked to death prevent it.

“ I am, &c.

“ R. G.”

The second letter relating to the ogling-master, runs thus:

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I am an Irish gentleman that have travelled many years for my improvement; during which time I have accomplished myself in the whole art of ogling, as it is at present practised in all the polite nations of Europe. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of my friends, to set up for an ogling-master. I teach the church ogle in the morning, and the play-house ogle by candle-light. I have also brought over with me a new flying ogle fit for the ring; which I teach in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of the day, by darkening one of my windows. I have a manuscript by me called *The Complete Ogler*, which I shall be ready to show you

upon any occasion. In the mean time, I beg you will publish the substance of this letter in an advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

“Your,” &c.

C

No. 47. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1711.

*Ride si sapiis —*

MART. ii. 41.

Laugh, if you are wise.

MR. HOBBS, in his Discourse of Human Nature, which, in my humble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very curious observations upon laughter, concludes thus: ‘The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.’

According to this author therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in this opinion. Every one laughs at somebody that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of

joking upon him, and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason, idiots are still in request in most of the courts of Germany, where there is not a prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed, fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the Gaper, that is, the head of an idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterdam.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. Dennis has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur Boileau:

Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,  
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.

Mr. Hobbs's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above-mentioned are stirrers up of laughter among men of a gross taste: but, as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter, in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well, 'that they could eat them,' according to the old proverb: I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every na-



tion calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best: in Holland they are termed Pickled Herrings; in France, Jean Pottages; in Italy, Macaronies; and in Great Britain, Jack Puddings. These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years succesively he has not made less than an hundred April fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy a halfpenny worth of inkle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was despatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough, when confined to a day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious sort of men sprung up of late years, who are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of witlers; a race of men that are perpetually em-

employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chooses his fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind, or, to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation or pride of heart, which is generally called laughter, arises in him, from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is, indeed, very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I show, that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I shall pass by the consideration of those stage coxcombs that are apt to shake a whole audience, and take notice of particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a serious or merry meeting to subsist without them; I mean those honest gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and friends; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends and foes, and, in a word, stand as marks in conversation, for every one to shoot at that please. I know several of these butts who are men of very good sense, though by some odd turn of humour or unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, th

always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a butt, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid butt is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A butt with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh of his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was a hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a butt, after the following manner: 'Men of all sorts,' says that merry knight, 'take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.'

## C

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No. 48. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1711.

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—*Per multas aditum sibi sæpè figuras*  
*Repperit*—

OVID. MET. xiv. 652.

Through various shapes he often finds access.

My correspondents take it ill if I do not, from time to time, let them know I have received their letters. The most effectual way will be to publish some of them that are upon important subjects; which I shall introduce with a letter of my own that I writ a fort-

night ago to a fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary member.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS OF THE UGLY CLUB.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR DEFORMITIES,

I HAVE received the notification of the honour you have done me in admitting me into your society. I acknowledge my want of merit, and for that reason shall endeavour at all times to make up my own failures, by introducing and recommending to the club persons of more undoubted qualifications than I can pretend to. I shall next week come down in the stage coach, in order to take my seat at the board; and shall bring with me a candidate of each sex. The persons I shall present to you, are an old beau and a modern Pict. If they are not so eminently gifted by nature as our assembly expects, give me leave to say their acquired ugliness is greater than any that has ever appeared before you. The beau has varied his dress every day of his life for these thirty years last past, and still added to the deformity he was born with. The Pict has still greater merit towards us, and has, ever since she came to years of discretion, deserted the handsome party, and taken all possible pains to acquire the face in which I shall present her to your consideration and favour.

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your most obliged humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

P. S. I desire to know whether you admit people of quality.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"To show you there are among us of the vain weak sex, some that have honesty and fortitude enough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought so, I apply myself to you, to beg your interest and recommendation to the Ugly club. If my own word will not be taken, though in this case a woman's may, I can bring credible witness of my qualifications for their company, whether they insist upon hair, forehead, eyes, cheeks, or chin; to which I must add, that I find it easier to lean to my left side, than my right. I hope I am in all respects agreeable, and, for humour and mirth, I will keep up to the president himself. All the favour I will pretend to is, that, as I am the first woman who has appeared desirous of good company and agreeable conversation, I may take and keep the upper end of the table. And indeed I think they want a carver, which I can be, after as ugly a manner as they can wish. I desire your thoughts of my claim as soon as you can. Add to my features the length of my face, which is full half-yard; though I never knew the reason of it till you gave one for the shortness of yours. If I knew a name ugly enough to belong to the above described face, I would feign one; but, to my unspeakable misfortune, my name is the only disagreeable prettiness about me; so prythee make one for me that signifies all the deformity in the world. You understand Latin, but be sure bring it in with my being, in the sincerity of my heart,

"Your most frightful admirer,

"and servant,

"April 17."

"HECATISSA."

No. 49. THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1711.

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— *Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

MART. X. 4.

Men and their manners I describe.

It is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for, if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only a hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire, and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favours, but still practise a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very curious to observe the behaviour of great men and their clients; but the same passions and interests move men in lower spheres; and I, that have nothing else to do but make observations, see in every parish, street, lane, and alley, of this populous city, a little potentate that has his court and his flatterers, who lay snares for his affection and favour, by the same arts that are practised upon men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ ra-

ther in the time of day in which they make a figure, than in any real greatness above one another. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in a morning, know that my friend Beaver the haberdasher has a levee of more undissembled friends and admirers, than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has, perhaps, a newspaper in his hand ; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe, till Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pipe, and declares what measures the allies must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee-house is near one of the inns of court, and Beaver has the audience and admiration of his neighbours, from six till within a quarter of eight, at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house ; some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster at eight in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there ; and others come in their night-gowns to saunter away their time as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet in any of my walks, objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually, as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Searle's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be ensigns of dignity ; for the vain things approach each other with an air, which shows they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion. The gentleman in the strawberry sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favours from one of the actresses.

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen

to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their dishabille, with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs, or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behaviour and discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of men ; such as have not spirits too active to be happy and well pleased in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind ; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, sincere friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination ; which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of the present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society and those little communities which we express by the word neighbourhoods.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. Eubulus presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expense ; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are servicable to all that think fit to make use of them ; and he does the office of a counsel, a judge, an executor, and a friend, to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can show him,



is to let him see that you are a better man for his services ; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends, he lends at legal value considerable sums which he might highly increase by rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good.

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear dejected ; and, on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect when Eubulus seems to intimate that things go well. Nay their veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other company they speak and act after him ; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is Eubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeeded each other from day-break till dinner-time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them with the history of Tom the Tyrant\* ; who, as the first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of liquors, coal, and cinders.

R

\* The waiter of that coffee-house, frequently nick-named Sir Thomas.

## No. 50. FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1711.

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*Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.*

JUV. SAT. XIV. 321.

Good taste and nature always speak the same.

WHEN the four Indian kings were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many inquiries of their landlord the upholsterer relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for next to the forming a right notion of such strangers I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him sometime since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by king Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the church of St. Paul:

‘On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of

which I am king. Our good brother E Tow O Koam, king of the Rivers, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The kings of Granajar and of the Six Nations believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the same day with the sun and moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first a huge misshapen rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country, after having cut into a kind of regular figure, bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, till they had wrought in it all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out into pillars that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people; for they give it the name of a temple, and have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotion in. And indeed there are several reasons which make us think that the natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of worship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred: but upon my going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour. There was indeed a man in black, who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but as for those underneath

him, instead of paying their worship to the deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and court-sying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

‘ The queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make a shift to gather out of one of them, that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called whigs; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that, if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being kings.

‘ Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a tory, that was as great a monster as the whig, and would treat us as ill for being foreigners. These two creatures, it seems are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros\*. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

‘ These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works, but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows carried

\* Of these two animals the Indian kings could have no ideas, and therefore seem here to be illustrating *obscurum per obscurius*, and explaining the monsters spoken of here by animals that were not really in their country.

up and down the streets in little covered rooms, by a couple of porters, who were hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them, which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

‘ We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a stag, or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them; but instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

‘ As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have

seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.'

The author then proceeds to show the absurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious observations which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking notice, that amidst these wild remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking which we meet with in this abstract of the Indian journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.

C

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No. 51. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1711.

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*Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus aurem.*

HOR. EP. II. l. 127.

He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth.

POPE.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"My fortune, quality and person, are such as render me as conspicuous as any young woman in town. It is in my power to enjoy it in all its vanities; but I have, from a very careful education, contracted a great aversion to the forward air and fashion which is practised in all public places and assemblies. I attribute this very much to the style and

manner of our plays. I was last night at the Funeral where a confident lover in the play, speaking of his mistress, cries out—‘ Oh that Harriot! to fold these arms about the waist of that beauteous, struggling, and at last yielding fair!’ Such an image as this ought by no means to be presented to a chaste and regular audience. I expect your opinion of this sentence, and recommend to your consideration, as a Spectator, the conduct of the stage at present with relation to hastity and modesty.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your constant reader and well-wisher.”

The complaint of this young lady is so just, that the offence is gross enough to have displeased persons who cannot pretend to that delicacy and modesty of which she is mistress. But there is a great deal to be said in behalf of an author. If the audience would but consider the difficulty of keeping up a sprightly dialogue for five acts together, they would allow a writer, when he wants wit, and can’t please any otherwise, to help it out with a little smuttiness. I will answer for the poets, that no one ever writ bawdry, for any other reason but dearth of invention. When the author cannot strike out of himself any more of that which he has superior to those who make up the bulk of his audience, his natural recourse is to that which he has in common with them; and a description which gratifies a sensual appetite will please, when the author has nothing about him to delight a refined imagination. It is to such a poverty we must impute this and all other sentences in plays, which are of this kind, and which are commonly termed lascious expressions\*.

\* Be it said here to the honour of the author of this paper, that he practised the lessons which he taught, and did not reject good advice from what quarter soever it came. He published

This expedient to supply the deficiencies of wit has been used more or less by most of the authors who have succeeded on the stage; though I know but one who has professedly writ a play upon the basis of the desire of multiplying our species, and that is, the polite Sir George Etheridge; if I understand what the lady would be at, in the play called *She Would if She Could*. Other poets have here and there given an intimation that there is this design, under all the disguises and affectations which a lady may put on; but no author, except this, has made sure work of it, and put the imaginations of the audience upon this one purpose from the beginning to the end of the comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be that all who go to this piece would if they could, or that the innocents go to it, to guess only what she would if she could, the play has always been well received.

It lifts a heavy empty sentence, when there is added to it a lascivious gesture of body; and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers who want genius never fail of keeping this secret in reserve, to create a laugh or raise a clap. I, who know nothing of women but from seeing plays, can give great guesses at the whole structure of the fair sex, by being innocently placed in the pit, and insulted by the petticoats of their dancers; the advantages of whose pretty persons are a great help to a dull play. When a poet flags in writing lasciviously, a pretty girl can move lasciviously, and have the same good consequence for the author. Dull poets in this case use their audiences, as dull parasites do their patrons; when they cannot longer divert them with their wit or humour, they bait

this lady's letter, and approved her indignation. He submitted to her censure, condemned himself publicly, and corrected the obnoxious passage of his play, in a new edition which was published in 1712.



their ears with something which is agreeable to their temper, though below their understanding. Apicius cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an account of a delicious meal ; or Clodius, if you describe a wanton beauty ; though, at the same time, if you do not awake those inclinations in them, no men are better judges of what is just and delicate in conversation. But, as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the man than to the man of sense.

It is remarkable that the writers of least learning are best skilled in the luscious way. The poetesses of the age have done wonders in this kind ; and we are obliged to the lady who writ Ibrahim\*, for introducing a preparatory scene to the very action, when the emperor throws his handkerchief as a signal for his mistress to follow him into the most retired part of the seraglio. It must be confessed his Turkish majesty went off with a good air ; but methought we made but a sad figure who waited without. This ingenious gentlewoman, in this piece of bawdry, refined upon an author of the same sex†, who, in the Rover, makes a country squire strip to his Holland drawers. For Blunt is disappointed, and the emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The pleasantry of stripping almost naked has been since practised, where indeed it should have been begun, very successfully at Bartholomew fair‡.

It is not here to be omitted, that, in one of the above-mentioned female compositions, the Rover is very frequently sent on the same errand ; as I take it, above once every act. This is not wholly unnatural ; for, they say, the men-authors draw themselves in their chief characters, and the women-writers may be allowed the same liberty. Thus, as the male wit gives

\* Mrs. Mary Pix.

† Mrs. Bhen.

‡ The appearance of Lady Mary, a rope-dancer at Bartholomew fair, gave occasion to this proper animadversion.

his hero a great fortune, the female gives her heroine a good gallant at the end of the play. But, indeed, there is hardly a play one can go to, but the hero or fine gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good office he has put us to, or to employ ourselves as we please. To be plain, a man who frequents plays would have a very respectful notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as a pimp to ravishing tyrants or successful rakes. When the actors make their exit on this good occasion, the ladies are sure to have an examining glance from the pit, to see how they relish what passes; and a few lewd fools are very ready to employ their talents upon the composure or freedom of their looks. Such incidents as these make some ladies wholly absent themselves from the playhouse; and others never miss the first day of a play\*, lest it should prove too luscious to admit their going with any countenance to it on the second.

If men of wit, who think fit to write for the stage, instead of this pitiful way of giving delight, would turn their thoughts upon raising it from such good natural impulses as are in the audience, but are choked up by vice and luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time. If a man had a mind to be new in his way of writing, might not he who is now represented as a fine gentleman, though he betrays the honour and bed of his neighbour and friend, and lies with half the women in the play, and is at last rewarded with her of the best character in it; I say, upon giving the comedy another cast, might not such a one divert the audience quite as well, if at the catastrophe he were found out for a traitor, and

\* On the first night of the exhibition of a new play, virtuous women about this time came to see it in masks, then worn by women of the town as the characteristic mark of their being prostitutes.

met with contempt accordingly ? There is seldom a person devoted to above one darling vice at a time, so that there is room enough to catch at men's hearts to their good and advantage, if the poets will attempt it with the honesty which becomes their characters.

There is no man who loves his bottle or his mistress, in a manner so very abandoned, as not to be capable of relishing an agreeable character, that is no way a slave to either of those pursuits. A man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest, may, at the same time, have wit, humour, mirth, good-breeding, and gallantry. While he exerts these latter qualities, twenty occasions might be invented to show he is master of the other noble virtues. Such characters would smite and reprove the heart of a man of sense, when he is given up to his pleasures. He would see he has been mistaken all this while, and be convinced that a sound constitution and an innocent mind are the true ingredients for becoming and enjoying life. All men of true taste would call a man of wit, who should turn his ambition this way, a friend and benefactor to his country ; but I am at a loss what name they would give him who makes use of his capacity for contrary purposes.

R

## No. 52. MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1711.

*Orantes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annas  
Exiget, et pulchrum faciat te prole parentem.*

VIRG. *ÆN.* l. 78.

To crown thy worth, she shall be ever thine,  
And make thee father of a beauteous line.

AN ingenious correspondent, like a sprightly wife, will always have the last word. I did not think my last letter to the deformed fraternity would have occasioned any answer, especially since I had promised them so sudden a visit: but as they think they cannot show too great a veneration for my person, they have already sent me up an answer. As to the proposal of a marriage between myself and the matchless Hecatissa, I have but one objection to it: which is, that all the society will expect to be acquainted with her: and who can be sure of keeping a woman's heart long, where she may have so much choice? I am the more alarmed at this, because the lady seems particularly smitten with men of their make.

I believe I shall set my heart upon her: and think never the worse of my mistress for an epigram a smart fellow writ, as he thought, against her: it does but the more recommend her to me. At the same time I cannot but discover that his malice is stolen from Martial:

*Tunc plures, auditis plures, et vos ridetis.*

*Tunc plures: vocatis, et ridetis, plures.* vii. 100.

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,  
And heard the tempting Siren on thy tongue,  
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured:  
But when the candle enter'd I was cured.

“ YOUR letter to us we have received, as a signal mark of your favour and brotherly affection. We shall be heartily glad to see your short face in Oxford: and since the wisdom of our legislature has been immortalized in your speculations, and our personal deformities in some sort by you recorded to all posterity; we hold ourselves in gratitude bound to receive, with the highest respect, all such persons as for their extraordinary merit you shall think fit, from time to time, to recommend unto the Board. As for the Pictish damsel, we have an easy chair prepared at the upper end of the table: which we doubt not but she will grace with a very hideous aspect, and much better become the seat in the native and unaffected uncomeliness of her person, than with all the superficial airs of the pencil, which, as you have very ingeniously observed, vanish with a breath, and the most innocent adorer may deface the shrine with a salutation, and, in the literal sense of our poets, snatch and imprint his balmy kisses, and devour her melting lips. In short, the only faces of the Pictish kind that will endure the weather, must be of Dr. Carbuncle’s die; though his, in truth, has cost him a world the painting; but then he boasts with Zeuxis, *in æternitatem pingo*; and oft jocosely tells the fair ones, would they acquire colours that would stand kissing, they must no longer paint, but drink for a complexion: a maxim that in this our age has been pursued with no ill success; and has been as admirable in its effects, as the famous cosmetic mentioned in the Postman, and invented by the renowned British Hippocrates of the pestle and mortar; making the party, after a due course, rosy, hale, and airy: and the best and most approved receipt now extant, for the fever of the spirits. But to return to our female candidate, who, I understand, is returned

to herself, and will no longer hang out false colours as she is the first of her sex that has done us an honour, she will certainly in a very short time in prose and verse, be a lady of the most celebrated deformity now living, and meet with admiration as frightful as herself. But being a long-headed woman, I am apt to imagine she has some design than you have yet penetrated; and perhaps more mind to the Spectator than any of his friends as the person of all the world she could like for a suitor: and if so, really I cannot but applaud her choice, and should be glad if it might lie in my power to effect an amicable accommodation betwixt two of such different extremes, as the only possible expedient to mend the breed, and rectify the physiology of the family on both sides. And again, as she is mistress of a very fluent elocution, you need not fear that her first child will be born dumb, which otherwise might have some reason to be apprehensive of. I can be plain with you, I can see nothing shocking in her, though she has not a face like a John-apple, my late friend of mine, who at sixty-five ventured on a journey of fifteen, very frequently in the remaining five years of his life gave me to understand, that, as old men then seemed, when they were first married, he and his spouse could make but four score; so may Hecatisa very justly allege hereafter, that as she is visaged as she may then be thought, upon the wedding-day Mr. Spectator and she had but half a face betwixt them; and this my very worthy predecessor, Mr. Serjeant Chin, always maintained to be more than the true oval proportion between man and wife. But as this may be a new thing to you, who have hitherto had no expectations from women, we shall allow you what time you think fit to continue on it; not without some hope of seeing at last

thoughts hereupon subjoined to mine, and which is an honour much desired, by,

“ SIR,  
 “ Your assured friend,  
 “ and most humble servant,  
 “ HUGH GOBLIN,  
 “ *Præses.*”

The following letter has not much in it ; but as it is written in my own praise, I cannot from my heart suppress it.

“ SIR,

“ You proposed, in your Spectator of last Tuesday, Mr. Hobbs’s hypothesis for solving that very odd phenomenon of laughter. You have made the hypothesis valuable by espousing it yourself ; for had it continued Mr. Hobbs’s, nobody would have minded it. Now here this perplexed case arises. A certain company laughed very heartily upon the reading of that very paper of yours ; and the truth on it is, he must be a man of more than ordinary constancy that could stand out against so much comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few men in the world so far lost to all good sense, as to look upon you to be a man in a state of folly ‘ inferior to himself.’—Pray then how do you justify your hypothesis of laughter ?

“ Thursday, the 26th of  
 the month of fools.”

“ Your most humble,  
 “ Q. R.”

SIR,

In answer to your letter, I must desire you to recollect yourself ; and you will find, that when you did me the honour to be so merry over my

paper, you laughed at the idiot, the German courtier, the gaper, the merry-andrew, the haberdasher, the biter, the butt, and not at

R

Your humble servant,  
THE SPECTATOR.

No. 53. TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1711.

— *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

HOR. AGR. POET. 359.

Homer himself hath been observed to nod.

ROSCOMMON.

My correspondents grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their applications to me.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I AM glad I can inform you, that your endeavours to adorn that sex, which is the fairest part of the visible creation, are well received and like to prove not unsuccessful. The triumph of Daphne over her sister Lætitia has been the subject of conversation at several tea-tables where I have been present ; and I have observed the fair circle not a little pleased to find you considering them as reasonable creatures, and endeavouring to banish that Mahometan custom, which had too much prevailed even in this island, of treating women as if they had no souls. I must do them the justice to say, that there seems to be nothing wanting to the finishing of these lovely pieces of human nature, besides the



g and applying their ambition properly, and  
 ping them up to a sense of what is their true

Epictetus, that plain honest philosopher, as  
 he had of gallantry, appears to have under-  
 hem, as well as the polite St. Evremont, and  
 this point very luckily. 'When young wo-  
 says he, 'arrive at a certain age, they hear  
 lves called Mistresses, and are made to believe  
 eir only business is to please the men; they  
 istely begin to dress, and place all their hopes  
 adorning of their persons; it is therefore,'  
 es he, 'worth the while to endeavour by all  
 to make them sensible that the honour paid to  
 only upon account of their conducting them-  
 with virtue, modesty, and discretion.'

ow to pursue the matter yet further, and to  
 your cares for the improvement of the fair  
 ore effectual, I would propose a new method  
 se applications which are said to convey their  
 by sympathy; and that is, that in order to  
 sh the mistress, you should give a new edu-  
 to the lover, and teach the men not to be any  
 dazzled by false charms and unreal beauty.  
 t but think that if our sex knew always how  
 e their esteem justly, the other would not be  
 wanting to themselves in deserving it. For  
 being enamoured with a woman of sense and  
 is an improvement to a man's understanding  
 rals, and the passion is ennobled by the object  
 inspires it; so, on the other side, the appearing  
 e to a man of a wise and elegant mind, carries  
 f no small degree of merit and accomplish-

I conclude, therefore, that one way to make  
 men yet more agreeable is, to make the men  
 irtuous. I am, SIR,

"Your most humble servant

"R. B."

" SIR,

" YOURS of Saturday last I read, not without some resentment ; but I will suppose when you say you expect an inundation of ribands and brocades, and to see many new vanities which the women will fall into upon a peace with France, that you intend only the unthinking part of our sex ; and what methods can reduce them to reason is hard to imagine.

" But, Sir, there are others yet that your instructions might be of great use to, who, after their best endeavours, are sometimes at a loss to acquit themselves to a censorious world. I am far from thinking you can altogether disapprove of conversation between ladies and gentlemen, regulated by the rules of honour and prudence ; and have thought it an observation not ill-made, that, where that was wholly denied, the women lost their wit, and the men their good manners. It is sure, from those improper liberties you mentioned, that a sort of undistinguishing people shall banish from their drawing-rooms the best-bred men in the world, and condemn those that do not. Your stating this point might, I think, be of good use, as well as much oblige,

" SIR,

" Your admirer and

" most humble servant,

" April 26th."

" ANNA BELLA."

No answer to this, till Anna Bella sends a description of those she calls the best-bred men in the world.

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" I AM a gentleman who for many years last past have been well known to be truly splenetic, and that my spleen arises from having contracted so great

a delicacy, by reading the best authors and keeping the most refined company, that I cannot bear the least impropriety of language or rusticity of behaviour. Now, Sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wise distemper; but by late observations find that every heavy wretch, who has nothing to say, excuses his dulness by complaining of the spleen. Nay, I saw the other day two fellows in a tavern kitchen set up for it, call for a pint and pipes, and only by guzzling liquor to each other's health, and wafting smoke in each other's face, pretend to throw off the spleen. I appeal to you whether these dishonours are to be done to the distemper of the great and the polite. I beseech you, Sir, to inform these fellows that they have not the spleen, because they cannot talk without the help of a glass at their mouths, or convey their meaning to each other without the interposition of clouds. If you will not do this with all speed, I assure you, for my part, I will wholly quit the disease, and for the future be merry with the vulgar.

"I am, SIR,

"Your humble servant."

"SIR,

"THIS is to let you understand that I am a reformed Starer, and conceived a detestation for that practice from what you have writ upon the subject. But as you have been very severe upon the behaviour of us men at divine service, I hope you will not be so apparently partial to the women, as to let them go wholly unobserved. If they do every thing that is possible to attract our eyes, are we more culpable than they for looking at them? I happened last Sunday to be shut into a pew, which was full of young ladies in the bloom of youth and beauty. When the service began, I had not room to kneel at the confession, but as I stood kept my eyes from wandering as

well as I was able, till one of the young ladies, a Peeper, resolved to bring down my looks ; my devotion on herself. You are to know, Sir, Peeper works with her hands, eyes, and fan ; which is continually in motion, while she she is not actually the admiration of some or starer in the congregation. As I stood utter loss how to behave myself, surrounded as I was Peeper so placcd herself as to be kneeling just me. She displayed the most beautiful bosom in able, which heaved and fell with some fervour, a delicate well-shaped arm held a fan over her. It was not in nature to command one's eyes from object. I could not avoid taking notice also fan, which had on it various figures very improper behold on that occasion. There lay in the hall the piece a Venus, under a purple canopy furled curious wreaths of drapery, half naked, attended with a train of Cupids, who were busied in fix her as she slept. Behind her was drawn a peeping over the silken fence, and threatening to through it. I frequently offered to turn my another way, but was still detained by the fascination of the Peeper's eyes, who had long practised in them, to recal the parting glances of her behaviour. You see my complaint ; and hope you will take mischievous people, the Peepers, into your deration. I doubt not but you will think a Peeper as much more pernicious than a Starer, as a buscade is more to be feared than an open ass.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most obedient servant

This peeper, using both fan and eyes, to be derided as a Pict, and proceed accordingly.

"KING LATINUS TO THE SPECTATOR, GREETING."

"THOUGH some may think we descend from our imperial dignity, in holding correspondence with a private litterato ; yet, as we have great respect to all good intentions for our service, we do not esteem it beneath us to return you our royal thanks for what you published in our behalf, while under confinement in the enchanted castle of the savoy, and for your mention of a subsidy for a prince in misfortune. This your timely zeal has inclined the hearts of divers to be aiding unto us, if we could propose the means. We have taken their good-will into consideration, and have contrived a method which will be easy to those who shall give the aid, and not unacceptable to those who receive it. A consort of music shall be prepared at Haberdasher's-hall, for Wednesday the second of May, and we will honour the said entertainment with our own presence, where each person shall be assessed but at two shillings and sixpence. What we expect from you is, that you publish these our royal intentions, with injunction that they be read at all tea-tables within the cities of London and Westminster ; and so we bid you heartily farewell.

"LATINUS,

*" King of the Volscians.*

"Given at our court in Vinegar-yard, Story the third from the earth, April 28, 1711."

R

No. 54. WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1711.

*Strenua nos exercet inertia. —*

HOR. EP. I. 11. 28.

Laborious idleness our powers employs.

THE following letter being the first that I have received from the learned university of Cambridge, I could not but do myself the honour of publishing it. It gives an account of a new sect of philosophers which has arose in that famous residence of learning; and is, perhaps, the only sect this age is likely to produce.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ BELIEVING you to be an universal encourager of liberal arts and sciences, and glad of any information from the learned world, I thought an account of a sect of philosophers, very frequent among us, but not taken notice of, as far as I can remember, by any writers either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The philosophers of this sect are, in the language of our university, called loungers. I am of opinion, that, as in many other things, so likewise is this, the ancients have been defective; viz. in mentioning no philosophers of this sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripatetics, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these gentlemen consider, that though the ancient Peripatetics walked much, yet they wrote much also; witness, to the sorrow of this sect, Aristotle and others: whereas it is notorious that most of our professors never by

out a farthing either in pen, ink, or paper. Others are for deriving them from Diogenes, because several of the leading men of the sect have a great deal of cynical humour in them, and delight much in sunshine. But then, again, Diogenes was content to have his constant habitation in a narrow tub; whilst our philosophers are so far from being of his opinion, that it is death to them to be confined within the limits of a good handsome convenient chamber but for half an hour. Others there are, who, from the clearness of their heads, deduce the pedigree of loungers from that great man, I think it was either Plato or Socrates, who, after all his study and learning, professed, that all he then knew was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow argument, and may be soon confuted.

“I have with great pains and industry made my observations from time to time upon these sages; and having now all materials ready, am compiling a treatise, wherein I shall set forth the rise and progress of this famous sect, together with their maxims, austerities, manner of living, &c. Having prevailed with a friend who designs shortly to publish a new edition of Diogenes Laërtius, to add this treatise of mine by way of supplement; I shall now, to let the world see what may be expected from me, first begging Mr. Spectator's leave that the world may see it, briefly touch upon some of my chief observations, and then subscribe myself your humble servant. In the first place I shall give you two or three of their maxims: the fundamental one, upon which their whole system is built, is this, viz. ‘That Time being an implacable enemy, to, and destroyer of, all things, ought to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed and murdered without mercy, by all the ways that can be invented.’ Another favourite saying of theirs is, ‘That business was designed only for knaves, and

study for blockheads.' A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their lives ; and is this, ' That the devil is at home.' Now for their manner of living : and here I shall have a large field to expatiate in ; but I shall reserve particulars for my intended discourse, and now only mention one or two of their principal exercises. The elder proficients employ themselves in inspecting *mores hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted with all the signs and windows in the town. Some are arrived to so great knowledge, that they can tell every time any butcher kills a calf, every time any old woman's cat is in the straw ; and a thousand other matters as important. One ancient philosopher contemplates two or three hours every day over a sun-dial ; and is true to the dial,

— As the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shone upon.

Our younger students are content to carry their speculation as yet no further than bowling-greens, billiard-tables, and such like places. This may serve for a sketch of my design ; in which I hope I shall have your encouragement,

" Cambridge, April 26."

" I am, SIR, yours."

I must be so just as to observe I have formerly seen of this sect at our other university ; though not distinguished by the appellation which the learned historian, my correspondent, reports they bear at Cambridge. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themselves more by their strict application to the rules of their order, than any other students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any further than to gain weak eyes, and sometimes headaches ; but these philosophers are seized all over with a general inability, indolence, and weariness, and a certain impatience



of the place they are in, with an heaviness in removing to another.

The loungers are satisfied with being merely part of the number of mankind, without distinguishing themselves from amongst them. They may be said rather to suffer their time to pass, than to spend it, without regard to the past, or prospect of the future, All they know of life is only the present instant, and do not taste even that. When one of this order happens to be a man of fortune, the expense of his time is transferred to his coach and horses, and his life is to be measured by their motion, not his own enjoyments or sufferings. The chief entertainment one of these philosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a relish of dress. This, methinks, might diversify the person he is weary of, his own dear self, to himself. I have known these two amusements make one of these philosophers make a tolerable figure in the world; with variety of dresses in public assemblies in town, and quick motion of his horses out of it, now to Bath, now to Tunbridge, then to Newmarket, and then to London, he has in process of time brought it to pass, that his coach and his horses have been mentioned in all those places. When the loungers leave an academic life, and, instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite world, retire to the seats of their ancestors, they usually join a pack of dogs, and employ their days in defending their poultry from foxes: I do not know any other method that any of this order has ever taken to make a noise in the world; but I shall inquire into such about this town as have arrived at the dignity of being loungers by the force of natural parts, without having ever seen an university; and send my correspondent, for the embellishment of his book, the names and history of those who pass their lives without any incidents at all; and how they shift coffee-houses and choco-

late-houses from hour to hour, to get over the insupportable labour of doing nothing.

R

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No. 55. THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1711.

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— *Intus et in jecore agro*  
*Nascuntur Domini* —

PERS. SAT. V. 129.

Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts:

Most of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into luxury, and the latter into avarice. As these two principles of action draw different ways, Persius has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed in order to be sent upon a long voyage, by Avarice, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at home by Luxury. I shall set down at length the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in the original, with Mr. Dryden's translation of them;

*Manè, piger, stertis : surge, inquit Avaritia : eja*  
*Surge. Negas : instat : surge, inquit. Non quon. Surge.*  
*Et quid agam ? Regitas ? sapidas adreche ponto,*  
*Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum. thus, lubrica Coa.*  
*Tolle recens primus piper e sitiente camelo.*  
*Verte aliquid : jura. Sed Jupiter audit. Eheu !*  
*Buro, regustatum digito terebrare salinam.*  
*Contentus perages, si visere cum Jove tendis.*

*Jam pueris pellem succinctus, et ænophorum aptas :  
 Ocyris ad navem. Nihil obstat quin trabe vastâ  
 Ægæum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria antè  
 Seductum moneat; Quò deinde, insane, ruis? Quò?  
 Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis  
 Intumuit, quam non extinzerit urna cicutæ?  
 Tun' mare transilias? Tibi torta cannabe fulto,  
 Cæna fit in transtro? Veientanumque rubellum  
 Eschalet vapidâ lærum pice sessilis obba?  
 Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hîc quincuncæ modesto  
 Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces?  
 Indulge genio; carpamus dulcia: nostrum est,  
 Quòd vivis: cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.  
 Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc, quod loquor, inde est.  
 En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo:  
 Huncine, an hunc sequeris?—*

PERS. SAT. V. 132\*.

Whether alone, or in the harlot's lap,  
 When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap;  
 'Up, up,' says Avarice; 'thou snoorest again,  
 Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.'  
 The rugged tyrant no denial takes;  
 At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes.  
 'What must I do?' he cries; 'What?' says his lord;  
 'Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:  
 With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;  
 Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight  
 Of pepper, and Sabeian incense, take  
 With thy own hands, from the tired camel's back,  
 And with post-haste thy running markets make,  
 Be sure to turn the penny; lie and swear,  
 'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear.  
 Swear, fool, or starve, for the dilemma's even;  
 A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heaven?'  
 Resolved for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,  
 Each saddled with his burden on his back:  
 Nothing retards thy voyage now, but he,  
 That soft voluptuous prince, call'd Luxury;  
 And he may ask this civil question; Friend,  
 What dost thou make a shipboard? To what end?

\* See Boileau, sat. iii. who has imitated this passage very happily.

Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?  
 Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea?  
 Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,  
 On a brown george, with lousy swabbers fed;  
 Dead wine that stinks of the Borachio, sup  
 From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?  
 Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store,  
 From six i' th' hundred to six hundred more?  
 Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;  
 For, not to live at ease, is not to live.  
 Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour  
 Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.  
 Live, while thou livest; for death will make us all  
 A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.  
 Speak: wilt thou Avarice or Pleasure choose  
 To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.'

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into those two vices of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice\*: and accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the Commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one

\* *Alieni appetens, sui profusus.*

another in pomp and splendor, and, having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession ; which naturally produces avarice and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other ; the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second, Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness : he had likewise a privy-counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear : the name of this privy-counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties ; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the

world stood neuter ; but alas ! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied that he looked upon Plenty, the first minister of his antagonist, to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty ; for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation they agreed upon this preliminary: that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors abovementioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

No. 56. FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1711.

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*Felices errore suo.*—

LUCAN. i. 454.

Happy in their mistake.

THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that, as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason, they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who, in his dissertation upon the loadstone, observing that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst a heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial

form, that is, in our West-Indian phrase, the soul of the loadstone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world ; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings to inquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter : which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows.

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under a hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up a huge stone in his hand ; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and,



after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtile points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further, when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about a hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of a hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues, was

at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions, according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a coit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found, that, though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and, being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader, that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish that they may live together like Marraton and Yara-

tilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman, when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him; floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, stalked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower, which she had dressed with her own hands with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in

such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal. But having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any further account of it.

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No. 57. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1711.

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*Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,  
Quæ fugit à sexu?—*

JUV. SAT. VI. 251.

What sense of shame in woman's breast can lie  
Inured to arms, and her own sex to fly.

DRYDEN.

WHEN the wife of Hector, in Homer's Iliad, discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the hero, desiring her to leave that matter to his care, bids her to go to her maids, and mind her spinning: by which the poet intimates, that men and women ought to busy themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young gentleman, who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and, upon occasion can make a caudle or a sack-posset better than any man in England. He

is likewise a wonderful critic in cambric and muslins, and will talk an hour together upon a sweetmeat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in town and court: as what lady shows the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen; who the prettiest snuff-box; with many other the like curious remarks, that may be made in good company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her, in her wrath, call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him in a large company of men and ladies by the fellow with the broad shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any further concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make womankind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes that are apt to rise among the charms which Nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party rage which of late years is very much crept into their

conversation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are all together repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and sooth them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have stopt it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party rage? Camilla is one of the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values herself more upon being the virago of one party, than upon being the toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful Penthesilea across a tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, no body knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great lord, whom she had never seen in her life; and indeed never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value

their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature ; though at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure, that is violent in a party ; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagancies ; their generous souls set no bounds to their love or to their hatred, and whether a whig or tory, a lap-dog or gallant, an opera or a puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember when Dr. Titus Oates\* was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend Will Honeycomb in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. We were no sooner sate down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing with my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the doctor. It was not long after this when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which, upon the first opening, discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loves raillery, told her, that if he was in Mr. Truelove's place, for that was the name of her husband, he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was. ' I

\* Though the name of Dr. T. Oates is made use of here, Dr. Sacheverell is the person alluded to.

am afraid,' said she, ' Mr. Honeycomb, you are a tory : tell me truly, are you a friend to the doctor, or not ? ' Will, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face, for indeed she was very pretty, and told her, that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, ' Well,' says she, ' I will be hanged if you and your silent friend there are not against the doctor in your hearts ; I suspected as much by his saying nothing.' Upon this she took her fan into her hand, and upon the opening of it, again displayed to us the figure of the doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In a word, I found that the doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture ; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.

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No. 58. MONDAY, MAY 7, 1711.

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*Ut pictura poësis erit—*

HOR. ARS POET. 361.

Poems like pictures are.

Nothing is so much admired, and so little understood, as wit. No author that I know of has written so much upon it. As for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as if it was accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in a few short reflections, or in general declamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the



I hope therefore I shall perform an accept-  
 : to my countrymen, if I treat at large upon  
 ect; which I shall endeavour to do in a  
 nitable to it, that I may not incur the cen-  
 sh a famous critic bestows upon one who had  
 , treatise upon 'the sublime' in a low gro-  
 tyle. I intend to lay aside a whole week  
 undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts  
 be broken and interrupted; and I dare pro-  
 self, if my readers will give me a week's  
 , that this great city will be very much  
 for the better by next Saturday night. I  
 leavour to make what I say intelligible to  
 capacities; but if my readers meet with any  
 at in some parts of it may be a little out of  
 ch, I would not have them discouraged, for  
 y assure themselves the next shall be much

e great and only end of these my specula-  
 :o banish vice and ignorance out of the ter-  
 of Great Britain, I shall endeavour, as much  
 le, to establish among us a taste of polite

It is with this view that I have endeavoured  
 y readers right in several points relating to  
 nd tragedies; and shall, from time to time,  
 ny notions of comedy, as I think they may  
 its refinement and perfection. I find by my  
 er, that these papers of criticism, with that  
 mour, have met with a more kind reception  
 deed I could have hoped for from such sub-  
 r which reason I shall enter upon my present  
 king with greater cheerfulness.

is, and one or two following papers, I shall  
 t the history of false wit, and distinguish the  
 kinds of it as they have prevailed in different  
 the world. This I think the more necessary  
 nt, because I observed there were attempts


on *first* last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and panegyrics handed about in acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many arts of false wit, in which a writer does not show himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* itself: I mean, those short poems printed among the minor Greek poets, which resemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an axe, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consists of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it, as in the rest of the poems which follow, bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The axe, methinks, would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the poetry of an axe which was consecrated to Minerva,



and was thought to have been the same that Epeus made use of in the building of the Trojan horse ; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the poesy was written originally upon the axe, like those which our modern cutlers inscribe upon their knives ; and that therefore the poesy still remains in its ancient shape, though the axe itself is lost.

The shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verses, which by their several lengths resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the poem.

The altar is inscribed with the epitaph of Troilus the son of Hecuba ; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally ascribed ; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as Theocritus could have been the author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of painter, or at least a designer. He was first of all to draw the outline of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them ; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustes used to lodge in his iron bed ; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack ; and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. Dryden hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following verses in his *Mac Fleckno* ;

which an English reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little poems abovementioned in the shape of wings and altars :

—Choose for thy command  
Some peaceful province in acrostic land ;  
There may'st thou wings display, and altars raise,  
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

This fashion of false wit was revived by several poets of the last age, and, in particular may be met with among Mr. Herbert's poems ; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of Du Bartas. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of king Charles the First, which has the whole Book of Psalms written in the lines of the face, and the hair of the head. When I was last at Oxford I perused one of the whiskers, and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the Old Testament in a full-bottomed periwig ; and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary locks that should contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this wig originally for king William, having disposed of the two Books of Kings in the two forks of the foretop ; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture. I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern smatterers in poetry, that they would imi-

to their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me so, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his mistress's marriage finger, with a design to make a posy in the fashion of a ring, which shall exactly fit.

It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious readers will supply what I have said to many other particulars; and that we shall see the town filled in a very little time with poetical tippets, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable English authors who call themselves Pindaric writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of it without loss of time, as being provided better than any other poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions.

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No. 59. TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1711.

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*Operose nihil agunt.*

SENECA.

Busy about nothing.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could; and notwithstanding pedants of pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author, as flash and froth, they all of them show, upon occasion, that

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they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley-slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius.

In my last paper I mentioned some of these false wits among the ancients; and in this shall give the reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are the lipogrammatists or letter-droppers of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an *Odyssey* or epic poem on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which was called Alpha, as *lucus à non lucendo*, because there was not an Alpha in it. His second book was inscribed Beta for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and showed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he expressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall observe upon this head, that if the work I have

re mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssey* of *Pythiodorus*, in all probability, would have been more quoted by our learned pedants than the *Odyssey* of *Homer*. What a perpetual fund would have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings, and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasures of the Greek tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious use of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a rebus, that does not sink a letter, but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When *Cæsar* was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the public money; the word *Cæsar* signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artificially contrived by *Cæsar*, because it was not lawful for a private man to stamp his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. *Cicero*, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a vetch; which is *Vicer* in Latin, instead of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, ordered the words *Marcus Tullius*, with a figure of a vetch at the end of them, to be inscribed on a public monument. This was done probably to show that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a frog and a lizard; those words in Greek having been the names of the architects, who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inscribe their own names upon their works. For the same reason it is thought that the forelock of the horse, in the antique equestrian

statue of Marcus Aurelius, represents at a distance the shape of an owl, to intimate the country of the statuary, who, in all probability, was an Athenian. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason, as the ancients abovementioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. Newberry, as I find it mentioned by our learned Camden in his Remains. Mr. Newberry, to represent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a yew-tree, that has several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden N hung upon a bough of the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the word N-ew-berry.

I shall conclude this topic with a rebus, which has been lately hewn out in freestone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim House, being the figure of a monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my English reader, that a cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a Frenchman, as a lion is the emblem of the English nation. Such a device in so noble a pile of building, looks like a pun in an heroic poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit. But I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the cock and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, would be in Ovid, where he introduces the Echo a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing.



but a voice. The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an echo, who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. Hudibras, in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described Bruin bewailing the loss of his bear to the solitary Echo, who is of great use to the poet in several distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse, and furnishes him with rhymes :

He raged, and kept as heavy a coil as  
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;  
 Forcing the valleys to repeat  
 The accents of his sad regret;  
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
 For loss of his dear crony bear :  
 That Echo from the hollow ground  
 His doleful wailings did resound  
 More wistfully by many times,  
 Than in small poets' splay-foot rhymes,  
 That make her, in their rueful stories,  
 To answer to int'rogatories,  
 And most unconscionably depose  
 Things of which she nothing knows ;  
 And when she has said all she can say,  
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.  
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,  
 Art thou fled to my——Echo, *ruin* ?  
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step  
 For fear. Quoth Echo, *Marry guep*.  
 Am I not here to take thy part !  
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart ?  
 Have these bones rattled, and this head  
 So often in thy quarrel bled ?  
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
 For thy dear sake. Quoth she, *Mum budget*  
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish,  
 Thou turn'dst thy back ? Quoth Echo, *pish*,

To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, *mum*.  
 But what a-vengeance makes thee fly  
 From me too as thine enemy?  
 Or if thou hadst no thought of me,  
 Nor what I have endured for thee;  
 Yet shame and honour might prevail  
 To keep thee thus from turning tail:  
 For who would grudge to spend his blood in  
 His honour's cause? Quoth she, *a pudding*.

PART I. CANT. 3. 183.

C

No. 60. WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1711.

*Hoc est quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?*

PERS. SAT. iii. 85.

Is it for this you gain those meagre looks,  
 And sacrifice your dinner to your books?

SEVERAL kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the *Æneid* turned into Latin rhymes by one of the beaux esprits of that dark age: who says in his preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen a hymn in hexameters to the

rgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it  
isted but of the eight following words :

*Est, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, cælo.*

Thou hast as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars in  
heaven.

the poet rung the changes upon these eight several  
rds, and by that means made his verses almost as  
merous as the virtues and the stars which they  
ebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so  
ich time upon their hands did not only restore all  
antiquated pieces of false wit, but enriched the  
rld with inventions of their own. It was to this  
e that we owe the production of anagrams, which  
nothing else but a transmutation of one word into  
other, or the turning of the same set of letters into  
fferent words ; which may change night into day,  
black into white, if chance, who is the goddess  
at presides over these sorts of composition, shall  
direct. I remember a witty author, in allusion to  
is kind of writing, calls his rival, who, it seems,  
as distorted, and had his limbs set in places that  
id not properly belong to them, ‘the anagram of a  
an.’

When the anagrammatist takes a name to work  
pon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken  
up, which will not show the treasure it contains, till  
he shall have spent many hours in the search of it ;  
for it is his business to find out one word that con-  
ceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in  
all the variety of stations in which they can possibly  
be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman who, when  
this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain  
his mistress’s heart by it. She was one of the finest  
women of her age, and known by the name of the

**Lady Mary Boon.** The lover not being able to make any thing of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing converted it into Moll; and after having shut himself up for half a year, with indefatigable industry produced an anagram. Upon the presenting it to his mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see herself degraded into Moll Boon, she told him, to his infinite surprise, that he had mistaken her surname, for that it was not Boon, but Bohun.

— *Ibi omnis*  
*Effusus labor.*—

The lover was thunder-struck with his misfortune, insomuch that in a little time after he lost his senses, which, indeed, had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acrostic was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The simple acrostic is nothing but the name or title of a person, or thing, made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the Chinese in a perpendicular line. But besides these there are compound acrostics, when the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the verses have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the poem.

There is another near relation of the anagrams and acrostics, which is commonly called a **chronogram**. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which

they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped: for as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When, therefore, we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The bouts-rimés were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French, which generally follows the declension of empire, than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the reader will be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercurie Gallant*; where the author every month gives a list of rhymes to be filled up by the ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the *Mercurie* for the succeeding month. That for the month

## SPECTATOR.

November last, which now lies before me, is as  
 follows:

Lauriers  
 Guerriers  
 Musette  
 Lisette

Cæsars  
 Etendars  
 Houlette  
 Folette

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as Menage talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage:

‘Monsieur de la Chambre has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand; but that one sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making verses. In the first place I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day showed Monsieur Gombaudo a composition of this nature, in which among others, I had made use of the four following rhymes, Amaryllis, Phyllis, Marne, Arne; desir him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his reason, he said, because the rhymes are too common; and for that reason easy to be put into verse. “Marry,” said he, “if it be so, I am very well rewarded for a pains I have been at.” But by Monsieur Gombaudo’s leave, notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the verses were good.’ Vid. Menagiana.\*

\* Tom. i. p. 174, &c. ed. Amst. 1718.

far the learned Menage, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these bouts-rimés made them in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the French ladies used to impose on their lovers. But when a grave author, like him above mentioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the author played booty, and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur Sarasin, in a poem intituled *La Defaite des Bouts-Rimés*, *The Rout of the Bouts-Rimés*.

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the double rhymes, which are used in doggrel poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great numbers of those who admire the incomparable *Hudibras*, do it more on account of these doggrel rhymes than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick; CANTO I. 11.

and

There was an ancient sage philosopher  
Who had read Alexander Ross over, PART I. CANTO II. I.

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem.

C

## No. 61. THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1711.

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*Non equidem hoc studeo bullatis ut mihi nugis  
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.*

PERS. SAT. V. 19.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage  
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page  
With wind and noise.—

DRYDEN.

THERE is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of punning. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and, in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also, upon examination, prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished, was in



in the reign of King James the First. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy-counsellors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. It was, therefore, in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had been before admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakspeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter, nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country school-master of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. Swan, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Plocé*, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclassis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous university of this land was formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or not this might not arise from

the fens, and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this we must consider, that the first race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors, to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder, therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there

is no question, but, as it has sunk in one age and rose in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters: at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram called the Witches Prayer, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way, and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such pains-takers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire; for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that, if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion, than from the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dulness on both sides. I have seen tory acrostics and whig anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are whigs or tories, but because they are anagrams and acrostics.

But to return to punning. Having pursued the history of a pun, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way, therefore, to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language. If it bears the test, you may pronounce it true, but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun,

as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is "*vox et præterea nihil*," 'a sound, and nothing but a sound.' On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristænetus makes of a fine woman; when she is dressed she is beautiful, when she is undressed she is beautiful; or as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically, "*Induitur, formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est* \*.

C

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No. 62. FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1711.

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*Scribendi recte sapere est et principium, et fons.*

HOR. ARS POET. 309.

Sound judgement is the ground of writing well.

ROSCOMMON.

MR. LOCKE has an admirable reflection upon the difference of wit and judgement, whereby he endeavours to show the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow: "And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, 'That men who have a great deal of wit, and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgement, or deepest reason.' For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures, and agreeable visions in the fancy; judgement, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another.

\* Dressed she is beautiful, undressed she is Beauty's self.

This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion ; wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit, which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people."

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader. These two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In order, therefore, that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things ; for, where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless, besides this obvious resemblance, there be some further congruity discovered in the two ideas, that is capable of giving the reader some surprise. Thus when a poet tells us the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison ; but when he adds, with a sigh, it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroic poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom any thing in them that can be called wit. Mr. Locke's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similitudes, allegories, enigmas, mottoes,

parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatic writings, burlesque, and all the methods of allusion: as there are many other pieces of wit, how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description, which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As true wit generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of ideas, false wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrostics: sometimes of syllables, as in echoes and doggrel rhymes; sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and sometimes of whole sentences or poems, cast into the figures of eggs, axes, or altars: nay, some carry the notion of wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external mimicry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face, of another.

As true wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, according to the foregoing instances; there is another kind of wit which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words, which for distinction sake I shall call mixed wit. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley, more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr. Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spenser is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the ancient poets, has every where rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixed wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it no where but in the epigrammatists. There are indeed some strokes of it in the little poem ascribed to Musæus, which by that as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we

look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixed wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus ; very little in Horace, but a great deal of it in Ovid, and scarce any thing else in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixed wit, I shall choose one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this class. The passion of love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire ; for which reason, the words fire and flame are made use of to signify love. The witty poets, therefore, have taken an advantage, from the doubtful meaning of the word fire, to make an infinite number of witticisms. Cowley observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time the power of producing love in him, considers them as burning-glasses made of ice ; and, finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of lemon, by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limbec. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when she is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards ; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke ; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree, in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an *Ætna*, that, instead of *Vulcan's* shop, encloses *Cupid's* forge in it. His endeavouring

to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil up fire. He would insinuate to his mistress, the fire of love, like that of the sun, which produces many living creatures, should not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks Pleasure fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love as a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the poet mixes the qualities with those of love; and in the same sentence, using it both as a passion and as real fire, such as the reader with those seeming resemblances and contradictions, that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixed wit, therefore, is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect, in the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words; foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth; reason puts in her claim for one half and extravagance for the other. The only proper form therefore for this kind of wit is epigram, or the little occasional poems, that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of mixed wit, without owning the admirable poet, out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any that ever writ; and indeed all other talents extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgement of so great a man, is not so proper a definition of wit as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject.' If this be the definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid



the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper. It is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his *Elements*. I shall only appeal to my reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, I am sure Mr. Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit than Mr. Cowley; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French critics, has taken pains to show, that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things; that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-work. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients; and which nobody deviates from, but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy. Mr. Dryden makes a very handsome observation on Ovid's writing a letter from Dido to Æneas, in the following words: 'Ovid,' says he, speaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and Æneas, 'takes

it up after him, even in the same age, and make an ancient heroine of Virgil's new created Dido; dictate a letter for her just before her death to the ungrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, be measuring a sword with a man so much superior force to him on the same subject. I think I may judge of this, because I have translated both.

The famous author of *The Art of Love* has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession, and, which is worse, improves not what which he finds. Nature fails him; and, being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. He passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives them the preference to Virgil in their esteem.'

Were not I supported by so great an authority as that of Mr. Dryden, I should not venture to serve, that the taste of most of our English poets as well as readers, is extremely Gothic. He quotes Monsieur Segrain for a threefold distinction of readers of poetry; in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follow: 'Segrain has distinguished readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes.' [He might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased,] 'In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*, such things as our upper-gallery audience at a playhouse: who like nothing but the husk and noise of wit, and prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram before solid sense and elegant expression. These are the mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they made the greatest appearance in the field, and cried the loudest, the best of it is, they are but a sort of French hugenots, or Dutch bores.'

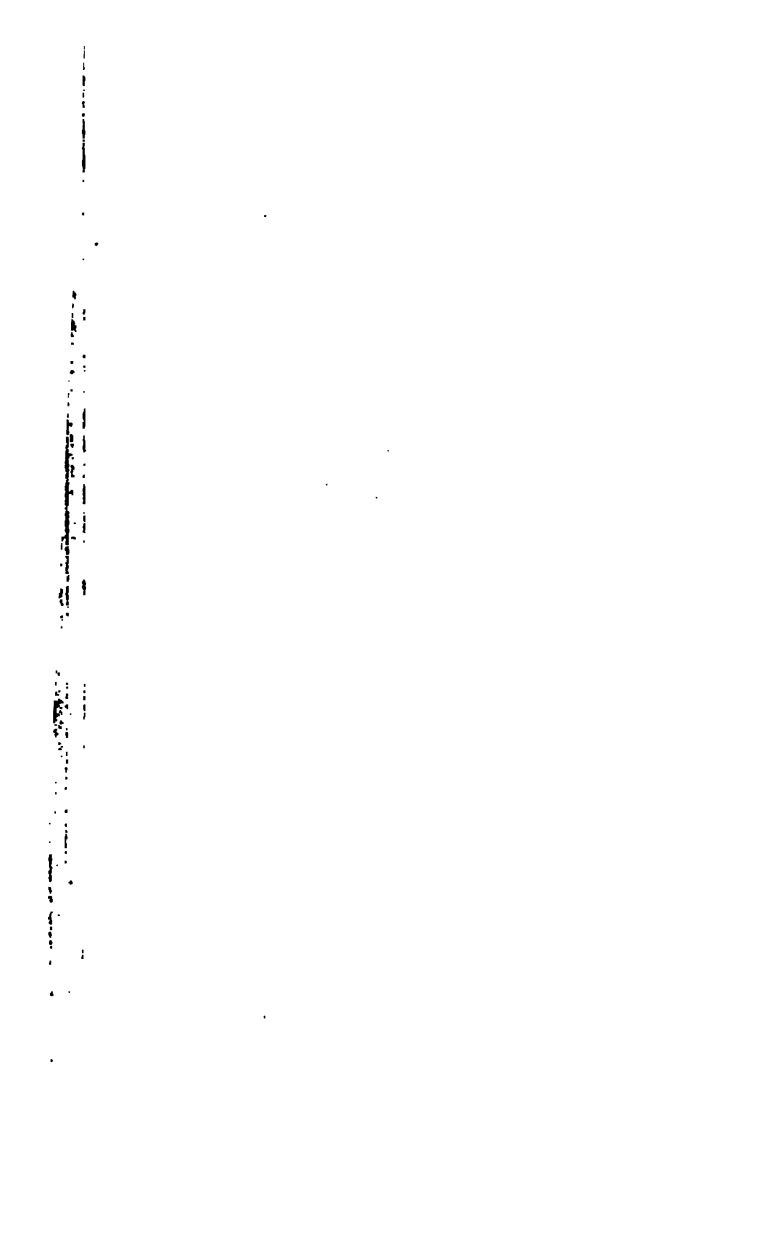
brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll\*. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear garden: yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense, as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgement, they soon forsake them.'

I must not dismiss this subject without observing, that as Mr. Locke, in the passage above mentioned, has discovered the most fruitful source of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch itself into several kinds. For not only the resemblance, but the opposition of ideas does very often produce wit; as I could show in several little points, turns, and antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future speculation.

C

\* To poll is used here as signifying to vote; but, in propriety of speech, the poll only ascertains the majority of votes.

END OF VOL. V.







JOHN HUGHES ESQ.

THE  
**BRITISH ESSAYISTS;**

WITH  
**PREFACES,**

**HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,**

BY  
**A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.**

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**VOL. VI.**

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**1823.**





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# THE SPECTATOR.

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No. 63. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1711.

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*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;  
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?  
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ, fore librum  
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ  
Fingentur species.—* HOR. ARS POET. l.

If in a picture, Piso, you should see  
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,  
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,  
Or limbs of beasts, of the most different kinds,  
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds;  
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?  
Trust me that book is as ridiculous,  
Whose incoherent style, like sick men's dreams,  
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.

ROSCOMMON.

is very hard for the mind to disengage itself from  
object in which it has been long employed. The  
thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to  
time, though we give them no encouragement: as the  
winds and fluctuations of the sea continue several  
days after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last night's dream-vision, which formed into one continued allegory several schemes of wit, whether false, mixed, or that have been the subject of my late papers.

Methoughts I was transported into a country was filled with prodigies and enchantments, gave by the goddess of Falsehood, and intitled the Realm of False Wit. There was nothing in the fields, woods, and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an opera tune, were filled with stags, wild boars, and mermaids, lived among the waters; at the same time that dolphins and several kinds of fish played upon the banks, or took their pastime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, ambergris, and pulvillios\*; and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in patterns of embroidery. The winds were filled with sighs and messages of distant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderness, I could forbear breaking out into soliloquies upon the several wonders which lay before me, when, to my great surprise, I found there were artificial echoes in every walk, that, by repetitions of certain words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my conversation with these invisible companions, I discovered in the centre of a very dark grove, a monstrous fabric built in the Gothic manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the god of Dulness.

\* Pulvillios, sweet scents.



Upon my entrance I saw the deity of the place dressed in the habit of a monk, with a book in one hand and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was Industry, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left Caprice, with a monkey sitting on her shoulder. Before his feet there stood an altar of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the inscription that surrounded it. Upon the altar there lay several offerings of axes, wings, and eggs, cut in paper, and inscribed with verses. The temple was filled with votaries, who applied themselves to different diversions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a regiment of anagrams, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, shifting their stations, and throwing themselves into all the figures and counter-marches of the most changeable and perplexed exercise.

Not far from these was the body of acrostics, made up of very disproportioned persons. It was disposed into three columns, the officers planting themselves in a line on the left hand of each column. The officers were all of them at least six feet high, and made three rows of very proper men: but the common soldiers, who filled up the spaces between the officers, were such dwarfs, cripples, and scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the acrostics two or three files of chronograms, which differed only from the former, as their officers were equipped, like the figure of Time, with an hour-glass in one hand, and a sithe in the other, and took their posts promiscuously among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the deity, methoughts I saw the phantom of

Tryphiodorus, the lipogrammatist, engaged in a ball with four-and-twenty persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country-dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busy at the western end of the temple, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of rebuses. These were several things of the most different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like fagots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and a hobby horse bound up together. One of the workmen seeing me very much surprised, told me, there was an infinite deal of wit in several of those bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased; I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the temple, I observed in one corner of it a cluster of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a game of crambo. I heard several double rhymes as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of mirth.

Not far from these was another set of merry people engaged at a diversion, in which the whole jest was to mistake one person for another. To give occasion for these ludicrous mistakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the same kind of dress, though perhaps there was not the least resemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was sometimes mistaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a black-a-moor for an European, which very often produced great peals of laughter. These I guessed to be a party of puns. But being very desirous to get out of this world of magic, which had almost turned my brain, I left the temple and crossed over the fields that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far, before

I heard the sound of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy ; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and in the midst of it a person of a most beautiful aspect : her name was Truth. On her right hand there marched a male deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several arrows in his hand : his name was wit. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of False Wit with an unspeakable consternation, insomuch that the goddess of those regions appeared in person upon her frontiers, with the several inferior deities and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several inhabitants who bordered upon the regions of Falsehood to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guard as neuters, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the species of Mixed Wit, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army. There were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning-glasses : men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several monsters of the like nature, that composed this great army ; which immediately fell asunder, and divided itself into two parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of Truth, and the others behind those of Falsehood.

The goddess of Falsehood was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of the army ; but as the dazzling light which flowed

from Truth began to shine upon her, she faded sensibly; insomuch that in a little space, she looked rather like a huge phantom than a real substance. At length, as the goddess of Truth approached nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of figure in the place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the sun the constellations grow thin, and the stars go out one after another, till the whole hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the goddess: and not only of the goddess herself, but of the whole army that attended her, which sympathized with their leader, and shrunk into nothing, in proportion as the goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole temple and the fish betook themselves to the streams, and wild beasts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole faculty of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I still continued asleep, I fancied myself as it were awakened out of a dream, when I saw this region of prodigies restored to woods and rivers, fields, and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders which had very much disturbed my imagination, I took a full survey of the persons of Wit and Truth; for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong compact body of figures. The genius of Heroic Poetry appeared with a sword in her hand, and a laurel on her head. Tragedy was crowned with cypress, and covered with robes dyed in blood. Satire had smiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. Rhetoric was known by her thunderbolt; and Comedy by her mask. A

several other figures, Epigram marched up in the rear, who had been posted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the god of Wit; there was something so amiable, and yet so piercing in his looks, as inspired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unspeakable joy he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder, in order to make me a present of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a chair, and by that means awaked.

C

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No. 64. MONDAY, MAY 14, 1711.

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— *Hic vivimus ambitiosa*  
*Paupertate omnes.*—

JUV. SAT. iii. 183.

The face of wealth in poverty we wear.

THE most improper things we commit in the conduct of our lives, we are led into by the force of fashion. Instances might be given, in which a prevailing custom makes us act against the rules of nature, law, and common-sense; but at present I shall confine my consideration to the effect it has upon men's minds, by looking into our behaviour when it is the fashion to go into mourning. The custom of representing the grief we have for the loss of the dead by our habits, certainly had its rise from the real sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper care they ought of their dress. By degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward oppression upon their minds, made an apology for not

joining with the rest of the world in their ordinary diversions, by a dress suited to their condition. This therefore was at first assumed by such only as were under real distress ; to whom it was a relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the gloom and melancholy of their inward reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others. In process of time this laudable distinction of the sorrowful was lost, and mourning is now worn by heirs and widows. You see nothing but magnificence and solemnity in the equipage of the relict, and an air of release from servitude in the pomp of a son who has lost a wealthy father. This fashion of sorrow is now become a generous part of the ceremonial between princes and sovereigns, who, in the language of all nations, are styled brothers to each other, and put on the purple\* upon the death of any potentate with whom they live in amity. Courtiers, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seized with grief from head to foot upon this disaster to their prince ; so that one may know by the very buckles of a gentleman usher, what degree of friendship any deceased monarch maintained with the court to which he belongs. A good courtier's habit and behaviour is hieroglyphical on these occasions. He deals much in whispers, and you may see he dresses according to the best intelligence.

The general affectation among men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole world run into the habit of the court. You see the lady, who the day before was as various as a rainbow, upon the time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a cloud. This humour does not prevail only on those whose fortunes can support any change in their equipage, not on those only whose incomes demand

\* Royal and princely mourners are clad in purple.

the wantonness of new appearances; but on such also who have just enough to clothe them. An old acquaintance of mine, of ninety pounds a-year, who has naturally the vanity of being a man of fashion deep at his heart, is very much put to it to bear the mortality of princes. He made a new black suit upon the death of the King of Spain, he turned it for the king of Portugal, and he now keeps his chamber while it is scouring for the Emperor. He is a good economist in his extravagance, and makes only a fresh black button upon his iron-gray suit for any potentate of small territories; he indeed adds his crape hat-band for a prince whose exploits he has admired in the Gazette. But whatever compliments may be made on these occasions, the true mourners are the mercers, silkmen, lacemen, and milliners. A prince of a merciful and royal disposition would reflect with great anxiety upon the prospect of his death, if he considered what numbers would be reduced to misery by that accident only. He would think it of moment enough to direct, that in the notification of his departure, the honour done to him might be restrained to those of the household of the prince to whom it could be signified. He would think a general warning to be in a less degree the same ceremony which is practised in barbarous nations, of killing their slaves to attend the obsequies of their kings.

He had been wonderfully at a loss for many months before, to guess at the character of a man who came and then to our coffee-house. He ever ended a newspaper with this reflection, 'Well, I see all the great princes are in good health.' If you asked, 'y, sir, what says the postman from Vienna?' He would red, 'Make us thankful, the German Princes do well.' 'What does he say from Barcelona?' He does not speak but that the country agrees very well with the new queen.' After very much inquiry,

I found this man of universal loyalty was a wholesale dealer in silks and ribbons. His way is, it seems, if he hires a weaver or workman, to have it inserted in his articles, 'that all this shall be well and truly performed, provided no foreign potentate shall depart this life within the time abovementioned.' It happens in all public mournings that the many trades which depend upon our habits, are during that folly either pinched with present want, or terrified with the apparent approach of it. All the atonement which men can make for wanton expenses, which is a sort of insulting the scarcity under which others labour, is, that the superfluities of the wealthy give supplies to the necessities of the poor; but instead of any other good arising from the affectation of being in courtly habits of mourning, all order seems to be destroyed by it; and the true honour which one court does to another on that occasion loses its force and efficacy. When a foreign minister beholds the court of a nation, which flourishes in riches and plenty, lay aside, upon the loss of his master, all marks of splendor and magnificence, though the head of such a joyful people, he will conceive a greater idea of the honour done his master, than when he sees the generality of the people in the same habit. When one is afraid to ask the wife of a tradesman, whom she has lost of her family? and after some preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain herself, 'That we have lost one of the house of Austria!' Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of mankind, that it is a presumptuous distinction to take a part in honours done to the memories, except we have authority for it, by being related in a particular manner to the court which pays that veneration to their friendship, and seems to express on such an occasion the sense of the uncertainty of human life in general, by assuming the



of sorrow, though in the full possession of triumph and royalty.

R

No. 65. TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1711.

— *Demetri, teque, Tigelli,  
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*

HOR. SAT. i. 10. 90.

Demetrius and Tigellius, know your place ;  
Go hence, and whine among the school-boy race.

**AFTER** having at large explained what wit is, and described the false appearances of it, all that labour seems but an useless inquiry, without some time be spent in considering the application of it. The seat of wit, when one speaks as a man of the town and the world, is the playhouse ; I shall therefore fill this paper with reflections upon the use of it in that place. The application of wit in the theatre has as strong an effect upon the manners of our gentlemen, as the taste of it has upon the writings of our authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very presumptuous work, though not foreign from the duty of a Spectator, to tax the writings of such as have long had the general applause of a nation ; but I shall always make reason, truth, and nature the measures of praise and dispraise ; if those are for me, the generality of opinion is of no consequence against me ; if they are against me, the general opinion cannot long support me.

Without further preface, I am going to look into some of our most applauded plays, and see whether they deserve the figure they at present bear in the imaginations of men or not.

In reflecting upon these works, I shall chiefly dwell upon that for which each respective play is most cele-

brated. The present paper shall be employed upon Sir Fopling Flutter\*. The received character of this play is, that it is the pattern of genteel comedy. Dorimant and Harriet are the characters of greatest consequence, and if these are low and mean, the reputation of the play is very unjust.

I will take for granted, that a fine gentleman should be honest in his actions, and refined in his language. Instead of this, our hero in this piece is a direct knave in his designs, and a clown in his language. Bellair is his admirer and friend; in return for which, because he is forsooth a greater wit than his said friend, he thinks it reasonable to persuade him to marry a young lady, whose virtue, he thinks, will last no longer than till she is a wife, and then she cannot but fall to his share, as he is an irresistible fine gentleman. The falsehood to Mrs. Loveit, and the barbarity of triumphing over her anguish for losing him, is another instance of his honesty, as well as his good-nature. As to his fine language; he calls the orange-woman, who, it seems is inclined to grow fat, 'An overgrown jade, with a flasket of guts before her;' and salutes her with a pretty phrase of 'How now, Double Tripe?' Upon the mention of a country-gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of, no one can imagine why, 'he will lay his life she is some awkward ill-fashioned country-toad, who, not having above four dozen of hairs on her head, has adorned her baldness with a large white fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the fore-front of the king's box at an old play.' Unnatural mixture of senseless common-place!

As to the generosity of his temper, he tells his

\* The man of the Mode. Sir Fopling was Beau Hewit, son of Sir Thomas Hewit, of Pishiobury in Hertfordshire, bart.; and the author's own character is represented in Bellair.

poor footman, 'If he did not wait better,' he would turn him away, in the insolent phrase of, 'I'll uncase you.'

Now for Mrs. Harriet. She laughs at obedience to an absent mother, whose tenderness Busy describes to be very exquisite, for, 'that she is so pleased with finding Harriet again, that she cannot chide her for being out of the way.' This witty daughter and fine lady has so little respect for this good woman, that she ridicules her air in taking leave, and cries, 'In what struggle is my poor mother yonder! See, see, her head tottering, her eyes staring, and her under lip trembling.' But all this is atoned for, because 'she has more wit than is usual in her sex, and as much malice, though she is as wild as you would wish her, and has a demureness in her looks that makes it so surprising.' Then to recommend her as a fit spouse for his hero, the poet makes her speak her sense of marriage very ingeniously: 'I think,' says she, 'I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable woman should expect in a husband.' 't is methinks unnatural, that we are not made to understand, how she that was bred under a silly, vicious old mother, that would never trust her out of sight, came to be so polite.

It cannot be denied, but that the negligence of any thing which engages the attention of the sober and valuable part of mankind, appears very well worn in this piece. But it is denied, that it is necessary to the character of a fine gentleman, that he should in that manner trample upon all order and decency. As for the character of Dorimant, it is more unbecoming than that of Fopling. He says of one of his companions, that a good correspondence between them is their mutual interest. Speaking of his friend, he declares, their being much together is the women think the better of his under-

standing, and judge more favourably of my reputation. It makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and me upon others for a very civil person.'

This whole celebrated piece is a perfect contradiction to good manners, good sense, and common honesty; and, as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the ruin of virtue and innocence, according to the notion of merit in this comedy, I take the Shoemaker \* to be in reality the fine gentleman of the play: for it seems he is an atheist, if we may depend upon his character as given by the orange-woman who is herself far from being the lowest in the play. She says of a fine man, who is Dorimant's companion there 'is not such another heathen in the town, except the Shoemaker.' His pretension to be the hero of the drama appears still more in his own description of his way of living with his lady. 'There is says he, 'never a man in town lives more like a gentleman with his wife than I do; I never mind her motions; she never inquires into mine. We speak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily; and because it is vulgar to lie and soak together, we have each of us our several settle-bed.' That of 'soaking together,' is as good as if Dorimant had spoken it himself; and I think, since he puts human nature in as ugly a form as the circumstance will bear, and is a staunch unbeliever, he is very much wronged in having no part of the good fortune bestowed in the last act.

To speak plainly of his whole work, I think nothing but being lost to a sense of innocence and virtue, can make any one see this comedy, without observing more frequent occasion to move sorrow and in-

\* He also was a real person, and got vast employment by the representation of him in this play.

dignation, than mirth and laughter. At the same time I allow it to be nature, but it is nature in its utmost corruption and degeneracy \*.

R

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No. 66. WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1711.

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*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos  
Matura virgo ; et fingitur artubus  
Jam nunc, et incestos amores  
De tenero meditatur ungui.*

HOR. OD. iii. 6. 21.

Behold a ripe and melting maid  
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade :  
Ionian artists at a mighty price,  
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice,  
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay ;  
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.

ROSCOMMON.

THE two following letters are upon a subject of very great importance, though expressed without any air of gravity.

“ TO THE SPECTATOR.

“ SIR,

“ I TAKE the freedom of asking your advice in behalf of a young country kinswoman of mine who is lately come to town, and under my care for her education. She is very pretty, but you can't imagine how unformed a creature it is. She comes to my hands just as Nature left her, half finished, and

\* ‘ How could it be otherwise, when the author of this play was Sir George Etheridge, and the character of Dorimant that of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester ?’

without any acquired improvements. When I look on her, I often think of the *Belle Sauvage* mentioned in one of your papers. Dear Mr. Spectator, let me to make her comprehend the visible graces of speech, and the dumb eloquence of motion: for she is at present a perfect stranger to both. She knows no way to express herself but by her tongue, and that always to signify her meaning. Her eyes are her yet only to see with, and she is utterly a stranger to the language of looks and glances. This I fancy you could help her better than anybody. I have bestowed two months in teaching her to sigh when she is not concerned, and to smile when she is not pleased, and am ashamed to own it makes little or no improvement. Then she is more able now to walk than she was to go at a year old. By walking, you will easily know I mean the regular but easy motion which gives our persons irresistible a grace as if we moved to music, and a kind of disengaged figure; or, if I may so speak, recitative dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame in her, for I find she has no ear, and means nothing by walking but to change her place. I can pardon too her blushing, if she knew how to carry herself in it, and if it did not manifestly injure her complexion.

"They tell me you are a person who have seen the world, and are a judge of fine breeding; which makes me ambitious of some instructions from you for her improvement: which when you have favoured me with, I shall further advise with you about the disposal of this fair forester in marriage; for I will make it no secret to you, that her person and education are to be her fortune.

"I am, SIR,

"Your very humble servant,

"CELIMENE."

"SIR,

"BEING employed by Celimene to make up and send to you her letter, I make bold to recommend the case therein mentioned to your consideration, because she and I happen to differ a little in our notions. I, who am a rough man, am afraid the young girl is in a fair way to be spoiled: therefore, pray, Mr. Spectator, let us have your opinion of this fine thing called fine breeding; for I am afraid it differs too much from that plain thing called good breeding.

"Your most humble servant."

The general mistake among us in the educating our children is, that in our daughters we take care of their persons, and neglect their minds; in our sons we are so intent upon adorning their minds, that we wholly neglect their bodies. It is from this that you shall see a young lady celebrated and admired in all the assemblies about town, when her elder brother is afraid to come into a room. From this ill management it arises, that we frequently observe a man's life is half spent, before he is taken notice of; and a woman in the prime of her years is out of fashion and neglected. The boy I shall consider upon some other occasion, and at present stick to the girl: and I am the more inclined to this, because I have several letters which complain to me, that my female readers have not understood me for some days last past, and take themselves to be unconcerned in the present turn of my writings. When a girl is safely brought from her nurse, before she is capable of forming one simple notion of any thing in life, she is

ivered to the hands of her dancing-master ;  
 ch a collar round her neck, the pretty wild t  
 taught a fantastical gravity of behaviour,  
 rced to a particular way of holding her head, l  
 ig her breast, and moving with her whole b  
 nd all this under pain of never having a husb  
 f she steps, looks, or moves awry. This give  
 young lady wonderful workings of imagination,  
 is to pass between her and this husband that a  
 every moment told of, and for whom she seer  
 be educated. Thus her fancy is engaged to tu  
 her endeavours to the ornament of her perso  
 what must determine her good and ill in this  
 and she naturally thinks, if she is tall enough, s  
 wise enough for any thing for which her educ  
 makes her think she is designed. To make h  
 agreeable person is the main purpose of her par  
 to that is all their cost, to that all their care dire  
 and from this general folly of parents we ow  
 present numerous race of coquettes. These  
 flections puzzle me, when I think of giving n  
 vice on the subject of managing the wild thing  
 tioned in the letter of my correspondent. B  
 there is a middle way to be followed ; the n  
 ment of a young lady's person is not to b  
 looked, but the erudition\* of her mind is m  
 to be regarded. According as this is man  
 will see the mind follow the appetites of th  
 the body express the virtues of the mind.

Cleomira dances with all the elegance  
 imaginable ; but her eyes are so chastised  
 simplicity and innocence of her thought  
 raises in her beholders admiration and go  
 no loose hope or wild imagination. The

\* Erudition seems to be used here in an unco  
 cultivation or instruction.



this case it to make the mind and body improve together; and, if possible, to make gesture follow thought, and not let thought be employed upon gesture.

R

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No. 67. THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1711.

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*Saltare elegantius quàm necesse est probæ.*

SALL. B. CAT.

Too fine a dancer for a virtuous woman.

LUCIAN in one of his dialogues, introduces a philosopher chiding his friend for his being a lover of dancing and a frequenter of balls. The other undertakes the defence of his favourite diversion, which, he says, was at first invented by the goddess Rhea, and preserved the life of Jupiter himself, from the cruelty of his father Saturn. He proceeds to show, that it had been approved by the greatest men in all ages; that Homer calls Merion a fine dancer; and says, that the graceful mien and great agility which he had acquired by that exercise, distinguished him above the rest in the armies both of Greeks and Trojans.

He adds, that Pyrrhus gained more reputation by inventing the dance which is called after his name, than by all his other actions: that the Lacedæmonians, who were the bravest people in Greece, gave great encouragement to this diversion, and made their Hormus, a dance much resembling the French Brawl, famous over all Asia: and there were still extant some Thessalian statues erected to the honour of their best dancers; and that he wondered

how his brother philosopher could declare against the opinions of those two persons, professed so much to admire, Homer and the latter of which compares valour and dexterity together, and says, that 'the gods have best titude on some men, and on others a dispendance.'

Lastly, he puts him in mind that Socrates the judgement of Apollo, was the wisest of not only a professed admirer of this exercise but learned it himself when he was an old man.

The morose philosopher is so much affected with these and some other authorities, that he is converted to his friend, and desires he would go with him when he went to his next ball.

I love to shelter myself under the example of great men; and I think I have sufficient reason that it is not below the dignity of these speculations to take notice of the following letter I suppose, is sent me by some substantial person about 'Change.

" SIR,

" I AM a man in years, and by an happy try in the world have acquired enough to give my children a liberal education, though I am stranger to it myself. My eldest daughter sixteen, has for some time been under Monsieur Rigadoon, a dancing-master, and I was prevailed upon by her to go last night to one of his balls. I met, Sir, that having never been at any such place, I was very much pleased and surprised at his entertainment which he called a ball. There were several young men and ladies, whose limbs seemed to have no other master

what the music gave them. After this part was over, they began a diversion which they call country dancing, and wherein there were also some things not disagreeable, and divers emblematical figures, composed, as I guess, by wise men for the instruction of youth.

"Among the rest, I observed one, which I think they call 'Hunt the Squirrel,' in which, while the woman flies, the man pursues her; but as soon as she turns, he runs away, and she is obliged to follow.

"The moral of this dance does, I think, very aptly recommend modesty and discretion to the female sex.

"But as the best institutions are liable to corruptions, so, Sir, I must acquaint you, that very great abuses are crept into this entertainment. I was amazed to see my girl handed by and handing young fellows with so much familiarity; and I could not have thought it had been in the child. They very often made use of a most impudent and lascivious step, called 'setting,' which I know not how to describe to you, but by telling you that it is the very reverse of 'back to back.' At last an impudent young dog bid the fiddlers play a dance called 'Moll Pately,' and after having made two or three apers, ran to his partner, locked his arms in hers, and whisked her round cleverly above ground in such manner, that I, who sate upon one of the west benches, saw further above her shoe than I think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure these enormities; wherefore, just as the girl was going to be made a whirligig, I ran in, and on the child, and carried her home.

Sir, I am not yet old enough to be a fool. I suppose this diversion might be at first invented to keep good understanding between young men and women, and so far I am not against it; but I shall allow of these things. I know not what you

will say to this case at present but am sure th  
had you been with me, you would have seen mat  
of great speculation. I am,

"Yours," &c.

I must confess I am afraid that my corresponde  
had too much reason to be a little out of humour  
the treatment of his daughter ; but I conclude th  
he would have been much more so, had he seen a  
of those kissing dances, in which Will Honeycom  
assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a minn  
on the fair-one's lips, or they will be too quick f  
the music, and dance quite out of time.

I am not able, however, to give my final senten  
against this diversion ; and am of Mr. Cowley's op  
nion, that so much of dancing, at least as belongs  
the behaviour and a handsome carriage of the body  
is extremely useful, if not absolutely necessary.

We generally form such ideas of people at fir  
sight, as we are hardly ever persuaded to lay asid  
afterwards : for this reason, a man would wish t  
have nothing disagreeable or uncomely in his ap  
proaches, and to be able to enter a room with  
good grace.

I might add, that a moderate knowledge in th  
little rules of good-breeding, gives a man some as  
surance, and makes him easy in all companies. Fo  
want of this, I have seen a professor of a libera  
science at a loss to salute a lady ; and a most excel  
lent mathematician not able to determine whethe  
he should stand or sit while my lord drank to him.

It is the proper business of a dancing-master to re  
gulate these matters : though I take it to be a ju  
observation, that unless you add something of you  
own to what these fine gentlemen teach you, an  
which they are wholly ignorant of themselves, yo

will much sooner get the character of an affected fop than of a well-bred man.

As for country dancing, it must indeed be confessed that the great familiarities between the two sexes on this occasion may sometimes produce very dangerous consequences: and I have often thought that few ladies' hearts are so obdurate as not to be melted by the charms of music, the force of motion, and an handsome young fellow, who is continually playing before their eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect use of all his limbs.

But as this kind of dance is the particular invention of our own country, and as every one is more or less a proficient in it, I would not discountenance it; but rather suppose it may be practised innocently by others, as well as myself, who am often partner to my landlady's eldest daughter.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Having heard a good character of the collection of pictures which is to be exposed to sale on Friday next; and concluding from the following letter that the person who collected them is a man of no unelegant taste, I will be so much his friend as to publish it, provided the reader will only look upon it as filling up the place of an advertisement:

"SIR,

"As you are a Spectator, I think we who make it our business to exhibit any thing to public view, ought to apply ourselves to you for your approbation. I have travelled Europe to furnish out a show for you, and have brought with me what has been admired in every country through which I passed. You have declared in many papers, that your great-

est delights are those of the eye, which I do not but I shall gratify with as beautiful objects as ever beheld. If castles, forests, ruins, fine and graceful men, can please you, I dare I give you much satisfaction, if you will appear at auction on Friday next. A sight is, I suppose, grateful to a Spectator, as a treat to another; and therefore I hope you will pardon this invitation,

“SIR,

“Your most obedient humble servant

“J. GRAHAM

“From the Three Chairs, in the  
Piazza, Covent Garden, May 16, 1711.”

R

No. 68. FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1711

*Nos duo turba sumus. —*

OID. MET. I.

We two are a multitude.

ONE would think that the larger the company which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; instead of this, we find that conversation is as much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude meet together upon a subject of discourse, their debates are taken chiefly with forms and general positions; they come into a more contracted assembly of men

women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion as conversation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a scope to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the first who observed that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and, indeed, there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher: I mean, the little apocryphal treatise, entitled *The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach*. How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour; and laid down that precept, which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, That we should have many well-wishers, but few friends! "Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have

but one counsellor of a thousand \*." With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends! And with what strokes of nature, I could almost say of humour, has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested friend! "If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend, who, being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach." Again, "Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face †." What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse? "Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends." In the next words he particularizes one of those fruits of friendship which is described at length by the two famous authors abovementioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime. "A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is unvaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour, that is his friend, be also ‡." I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our

\* Ecclus. vi. 5, 6.

† Ibid. vi. 15—18.

‡ Ibid. vi. 7, et seqq.



existence in this world ; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, that a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in a heathen writer : “ Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him : a new friend is as new wine ; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure \*.” With what strength of allusion and force of thought has he described the breaches and violations of friendship !—“ Whoso casteth a stone at the birds, frayeth them away ; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favour. If thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation : except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound ; for, for these things every friend will depart †.” We may observe in this and several other precepts in this author, those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject : “ Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him ; but if thou bewrayeth his secrets, follow no more after him : for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy friend ; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shall not get him again : follow after him no more, for he is too far off ; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound it may be bound up,

\* Ecclus. ix. 10.

† Ibid. xxii. 20, 21, 22.

and after reviling there may be reconciliation ; but he that bewrayeth secrets, is without hope \*."

Among the several qualifications of a good friend this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal : to these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and, as Cicero calls it, *Morui comitas*, 'a pleasantness of temper.' If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications, a certain equability or evenness of behaviour. A man often contracts a friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year's conversation ; when on a sudden some latent ill humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species, in the following epigram :

*Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.*

EP. XII. 47.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant, fellow ;  
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,  
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who, by these changes and vicissitudes of humour, is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious : and as most men are at some times in admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well

\* Ecclus. xxvii. 16, et seqq.

when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.

C

## No. 69. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1711.

*Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ :  
Arboræ factus alibi, atque injussa virescant  
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,  
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi ?  
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus  
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum.  
Continuò has leges æternaque fœdera certis  
Imponit Natura locis.—*

VIRG. GEORG. i. 54.

This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres, suits ;  
That other loads the trees with happy fruits ;  
A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground :  
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd ;  
India, black ebon and white iv'ry bears ;  
And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears :  
Thus Pontus sends her beaver-stones from far ;  
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war :  
Epirus, for th'Elean chariot, breeds,  
In hopes of palms, a race of running steeds.  
This is th'orig'nal contract ; these the laws  
Imposed by Nature, and by Nature's cause.

DRYDEN.

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the

whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world ; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians ; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews ; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times ; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo ; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous

and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes: the infusion of a China plant is sweetened by the pith of an Indian cane: the Philippine islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of a hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Hindostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistances of art, can make no further

advances towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate. Our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines. Our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan. Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth. We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew, calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the spice-islands, our hot-beds; the Persians, our silk-weavers; and the Chinese, our potters. Nature, indeed, furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which gave them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of Nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to

reat. Our English merchant converts the tin  
own country into gold, and exchanges his wool  
abies. The Mahometans are clothed in our  
sh manufacture, and the inhabitants of the  
sone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

ien I have been upon the 'Change, I have often  
d one of our old kings standing in person where  
represented in effigy, and looking down upon  
wealthy concourse of people with which that  
is every day filled. In this case, how would  
surprised to hear all the languages of Europe  
n in this little spot of his former dominions,  
o see so many private men, who, in his time,  
l have been the vassals of some powerful baron,  
isting like princes for greater sums of money  
were formerly to be met with in the royal trea-

Trade, without enlarging the British territo-  
as given us a kind of additional empire. It has  
plied the number of the rich, made our landed  
s infinitely more valuable than they were for-  
, and added to them an accession of other estates  
nable as the lands themselves.

C

No. 70. MONDAY, MAY 21, 1711.

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*Interdum vulgus rectum videt.*

HOR. EP. II. 1. 63.

Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. Moliere, as we are told by Monsieur Boileau, used to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his house-keeper, as she sate with him at her work by the chimney-corner; and could foretell the success of his play in the theatre, from the reception it met at his fireside, for he tells us the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shows the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, so far as the language of their poems is understood, will please a reader of plain common sense, who



It neither relish nor comprehend an epigram of Juvenal, or a poem of Cowley ; so, on the contrary, a vulgar song or ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers ; they are not unqualified for the entertainment by the affectation of ignorance ; and the reason is, because the same paintings of nature, which offend the most refined reader, will appear beautiful to the most ordinary reader.

The old song of Chevy-Chase is the favourite ballad of the common people of England ; and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse of Poetry, speaks of it in the following words : ' I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, but I found not my heart more moved than with a madrigal ; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder in a rougher voice than rude style, which being so compared in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous splendour of Pindar ? ' For my own part, I am so much an admirer of this antiquated song, that I will give my reader a critique upon it, without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern critics have laid it down as a rule, That an heroic poem should be founded upon the most important precept of morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this manner. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much among themselves, Homer gave the Persian emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer\*, in order

\* This anachronism with respect to Homer cannot escape notice. Homer flourished 850 years before the Christian æra, and

to establish among them an union which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such discords. At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the barons\*, who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country. The poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch nobleman. That he designed this for the instruction of his poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his readers :

God save the king, and bless the land  
In plenty, joy, and peace ;  
And grant henceforth that foul debate  
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

The next point observed by the greatest heroic poets, hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honour to their country : thus Virgil's hero was the founder of Rome, Homer's a prince of

according to others 980, which calculation places him near the age of Solomon.

\* There is here a similar chronological inaccuracy with respect to Chevy-Chase. The dissensions of the barons were long over before the event which is commonly supposed to have given occasion to this ballad. The battle of Otterburn, usually called Chevy-Chase, was fought A. D. 1388, in the reigns of Richard II. of England, and Robert II. of Scotland. Others with less probability have brought down the action to the reigns of Henry IV. of England, and James I. of Scotland.

ce; and, for this reason, Valerius Flaccus and us, who were both Romans, might be justly de- for having chosen the expedition of the Golden æ, and the Wars of Thebes, for the subjects of epic writings.

is poet before us has not only found out a hero s own country, but raises the reputation of it by al beautiful incidents. The English are the first take the field and the last who quit it. The fish bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, the ch two thousand. The English keep the field fifty-three; the Scotch retire with fifty-five; all rest on each side being slain in battle. But the ; remarkable circumstance of this kind is the dif- it manner in which the Scotch and English kings ive the news of this fight, and of the great men's hs, who commanded in it:

This news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's king did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news, King James did say,  
Scotland can witness be,  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came  
Within as short a space\*,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

Now God be with him, said our king,  
Sith 'twill no better be,  
I trust I have within my realm  
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,  
But I will vengeance take,  
And be revenged on them all  
For brave Lord Percy's sake.

\* Impossible! for it was more than three times the distance.

This vow full well the king performed  
After on Humble-down,  
In one day fifty knights were slain,  
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest of small account  
Did many thousands die, &c.

At the same time that our poet shows a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people :

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of the company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to a hero. One of us two, says he, must die: I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: however, says he, it is pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes: rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight :

Ere thus I will out-braved be,  
One of us two shall die ;  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,  
And great offence to kill  
Any of these our harmless men,  
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,  
And set our men aside :  
Accurst be he, Lord Percy said,  
By whom this is deny'd.

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parley, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall:

With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart  
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,  
Fight on, my merry-men all,  
For why, my life is at an end,  
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Merry-men, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's *Æneid* is very much to be admired, where Camilla, in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only, like the hero of whom we are now speaking, how the battle should be continued after her death:

*Tum sic expirans, &c.*

VIRG. *ÆN.* xi. 820.

A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;  
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies,  
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,  
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:  
'Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,  
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.  
Bear my last words to Turnus; fly with speed,  
And bid him timely to my charge succeed;  
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:  
Farewell' —

DRYDEN.

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner; though our poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse:

Lord Percy sees my fall.

—*Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas  
Ausonii vidére.* — VIRG. ÆN. XII. 936.

The Latin chiefs have seen me beg my life.

DRYDEN.

Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate: I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought:

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
The dead man by the hand,  
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life  
Would I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake;  
For sure a more renowned knight  
Mischance did never take.

That beautiful line, 'Taking the dead man by the hand,' will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father:

*At verò ut cultum vidit morientis et ora,  
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris;  
Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit.*

VIRG. ÆN. I. 821.

The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;  
He grieved, he wept, then grasp'd his hand and said,  
Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid  
To worth so great! —

DRYDEN.

I shall take another opportunity to consider the other parts of this old song.

. 71. TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1711.

—*Scribere jussit amor.*

OID. EPIST. iv. 10.

Love bade me write.

ire conquest of our passions is so difficult a  
at they who despair of it should think of a  
ult task, and only attempt to regulate them.  
e is a third thing which may contribute not  
ie ease, but also to the pleasure, of our life;  
is, refining our passions to a greater elegance  
eeive them from Nature. When the passion  
this work is performed in innocent, though  
uncultivated minds, by the mere force and  
f the object. There are forms which natu-  
ite respect in the beholders, and at once in-  
l chastise the imagination. Such an impres-  
is gives an immediate ambition to deserve, in  
lease. This cause and effect are beautifully  
by Mr. Dryden in the fable of Cymon and  
1. After he has represented Cymon so stupid,

le whistled as he went, for want of thought ;

him fall into the following scene, and shows  
nce upon him so excellently, that it appears  
l as wonderful :

pen'd on a summer's holiday,  
o the greenwood shade he took his way ;  
arter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake ;  
half before, and half behind his back.  
adg'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
hristled as he went, for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,  
 The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd ;  
 Where in a plain, defended by the wood,  
 Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,  
 By which an alabaster fountain stood :  
 And on the margin of the fount was laid  
 Attended by her slaves, a sleeping maid,  
 Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with sport,  
 To rest by cool Eurotas they resort :  
 The dame herself the goddess well express'd,  
 Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,  
 Than by the charming features of her face,  
 And e'en in slumber a superior grace ;  
 Her comely limbs composed with decent care,  
 Her body shaded with a slight cymar ;  
 Her bosom to the view was only bare :  
 The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,  
 To meet the fanning wind her bosom rose ;  
 The fanning wind and purling streams continue her repose  
 The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,  
 And gaping mouth, that testified surprise ;  
 Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,  
 New as he was to love, and novice in delight :  
 Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,  
 His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh ;  
 Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring sense  
 First found his want of words, and fear'd offence :  
 Doubted for what he was he should be known,  
 By his clown-accent, and his country tone.

But lest this fine description should be excepted against, as the creation of that great master, Dryden, and not on account of what has really happened in the world, I shall give you verbatim epistle of an enamoured footman in the country to his mistress. Their surnames shall not be inserted, cause their passion demands a greater respect than due to their quality. James is servant in a great family, and Elizabeth waits upon the daughter of as numerous, some miles off of her lover. James, when he beheld Betty, was vain of his strength, a run-wrestler, and quarrelsome cudgel-player ; Betty



public dancer at may-poles, a romp at stool-ball : he always following idle women, she playing among the easants : he a country bully, she a country coquette. But love has made her constantly in her mistress's chamber, where the young lady gratifies a secret passion of her own, by making Betty talk of James ; and James is become a constant waiter near his master's apartment, in reading as well as he can, romances. I cannot learn who Molly is, who it seems walked ten miles to carry the angry message which gave occasion to what follows :—

“ TO ELIZABETH.

“ MY DEAR BETTY,

“ REMEMBER your bleeding lover who lies bleeding at the wounds Cupid made with the arrows he threw at the eyes of Venus, which is your sweet reason.

“ Nay more, with the token you sent me for my love and service offered to your sweet person, which as your base respects to my ill conditions, when, as ! there is no ill conditions in me, but quite contrary ; all love and purity, especially to your sweet reason ; but all this I take as a jest.

“ But the sad and dismal news which Molly brought me struck me to the heart, which was it seems, and is, your ill conditions for my love and respects to you.

“ For she told me, if I came forty times to you, she would not speak with me, which words I am sure is a great grief to me.

“ Now, my dear, if I may not be permitted to see your sweet company, and to have the happiness of speaking with your sweet person, I beg the favour of you to accept of this my secret mind and thoughts, which hath so long lodged in my breast, the which if

you do not accept, I believe will go nigh to my heart,

"For indeed, my dear, I love you above beauties I ever saw in all my life.

"The young gentleman, and my master's tcr, the Londoner that is come down to marry, sate in the arbour most part of last night. O Betty, must the nightingales sing to those who for money, and not to us true lovers! Oh, n Betty, that we could meet this night where w do in the wood!

"Now, my dear, if I may not have the blessing of kissing your sweet lips, I beg I may have the pleasure of kissing your fair hand, with a few lines from your dear self, presented by whom you please think fit. I believe, if time would permit me, I write all day; but the time being short, and little, no more from your never-failing lover till

"JAMES ———

"May 14, 1711."

Poor James! since his time and paper were so

\* This man's name was James Hirst. He was a servant to Hon. Edward Wortley, Esq. and, in delivering a parcel of to his master, gave by mistake this letter, which he had prepared for his sweetheart, and kept in its stead one from his master's. He quickly returned to rectify the blunder, but too late. Unfortunately, the letter to Betty was the first that presented itself to Mr. Wortley, who had indulged his curiosity in reading the love-tale of his enamoured footman. James returned to have it returned in vain. 'No, James,' said his master, 'shall be a great man, and this letter must appear in *The Spectator*.'

James succeeded in putting an end to Betty's ill condition, and obtained her consent to marry him; but the marriage was prevented by her sudden death. James Hirst, soon after, from his attachment and love for Betty, married her sister, and died about the year 1791, by Pennistone, in the neighbourhood of Wortley, Leeds. Betty's sister and successor was probably the Mother who walked ten miles to carry the angry message which occasioned the preceding letter.

I that have more than I can use well of both, will put the sentiments of his kind letter, the style of which seems to be confused with scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not understand, into what he meant to express.

“DEAR CREATURE,

“CAN you then neglect him who has forgot all his recreations and enjoyments, to pine away his life in thinking of you? When I do so, you appear more amiable to me than Venus does in the most beautiful description that was ever made of her. All this kindness you return with an accusation, that I do not love you: but the contrary is so manifest, that I cannot think you in earnest. But the certainty given me in your message by Molly, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all comfort. She says you will not see me: if you can have so much cruelty, at least write to me, that I may kiss the impression made by your fair hand. I love you above all things, and, in my condition, what you look upon with indifference is to me the most exquisite pleasure or pain. Our young lady and a fine gentleman from London, who are to marry for mercenary ends, walk about our gardens, and hear the voice of evening nightingales, as if for fashion-sake they courted those solitudes, because they have heard lovers do so. Oh Betty! could I hear these rivulets murmur, and birds sing, while you stood near me, how little sensible should I be that we are both servants, that there is any thing on earth above us! Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till death itself.

“JAMES.”

N. B. By the words ill-conditions, James means—in a woman, coquetry; in a man, inconstancy.

No. 72. WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1711.

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—*Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos  
Stat fortuna domûs, et avi numerantur avorum.*

VIRG. ÆN. IV. 206.

Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,  
'The fortune of the family remains,  
And grandsires' grandsons the long list contains.

DRYDEN.

HAVING already given my reader an account of several extraordinary clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature ; but I have lately received information of a club, which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my reader than it was to myself ; for which reason I shall communicate it to the public as one of the greatest curiosities in its kind.

A friend of mine, complaining of a tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the Everlasting club. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to inquire into the nature of a club that had such a sounding name ; upon which my friend gave me the following account :—

The Everlasting club consists of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in a such a manner, that the club sits day and night from one end of the year to another ; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a

of the Everlasting club never wants company though he is not upon duty himself, he is find some who are ; so that if he be disposed a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds if friends to his mind.

a maxim in this club, that the steward never as they succeed one other by way of rotation is to quit the great elbow-chair which at the upper end of the table, till his success a readiness to fill it : insomuch that there has a *sede vacante* in the memory of man.

club was instituted towards the end, or, as them say, about the middle, of the civil wars, tinued without interruption till the time of at fire \*, which burnt them out, and dis- hem for several weeks. The steward at that intained his post till he had like to have been p with a neighbouring house, which was de- f in order to stop the fire ; and would not e chair at last, till he had emptied all the upon the table, and received repeated direc- on the club to withdraw himself. This stew- frequently talked of in the club, and looked every member of it as a greater man than us captain mentioned in my Lord Clarendon, s burnt in his ship because he would not quit ut orders. It is said, that towards the close being the great year of jubilee, the club had consideration whether they should break up ue their session ; but, after many speeches ates, it was at length agreed to sit out the ntury. This resolution passed in a general *mine contradicente*.

ig given this short account of the institution

\* Anno 1666.

and continuation of the Everlasting club, I should here endeavour to say something of the manners and characters of its several members, which I shall do according to the best light I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that, since their first institution, they have smoked fifty ton of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hogsheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of small beer. There has been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said, that they observe the law in Ben Jonson's club\*, which orders the fire to be always kept in, *focus perennis esto*, as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness of the club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a vestal, whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire which burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above an hundred times.

The Everlasting club treats all other clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the Kit-Cat and October as of a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse, as much as I have been able to learn of it, turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together, without stirring out of the club; of others who have smoked a hundred pipes at a sitting; of others, who have not missed their morning's draught for twenty years together. Sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in King Charles's reign; and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games at whist, which have been miraculously recovered by members of the

\* See the *Leges Convivales* of this club, in Langbaine's *Lives of English Poets*, &c. Art. Ben. Jonson.

when in all human probability the case was  
 æ.

delight in several old catches, which they sing  
 urs to encourage one another to moisten their  
 d grow immortal by drinking ; with many  
 ifying exhortations of the like nature.

are four general clubs held in a year, at  
 mes they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters,  
 the old fire-maker, or elect a new one, settle  
 tions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other ne-  
 b

enior member has outlived the whole club  
 er, and has been drunk with the grandfathers  
 of the present sitting members.

### 73. THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1711.

— *O Dea, certè !*

VIRG. ÆN. I. 332.

O goddess ! for no less you seem.

ry strange to consider, that a creature like  
 ho is sensible of so many weaknesses and im-  
 ons, should be actuated by a love of fame :  
 æ and ignorance, imperfection and misery,  
 ontend for praise, and endeavour, as much as  
 , to make themselves objects of admiration.  
 notwithstanding man's essential perfection is  
 y little, his comparative perfection may be  
 siderable. If he looks upon himself in an  
 ed light, he has not much to boast of ; but,  
 VI. F

if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in other men. This wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool, when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

But, however unreasonable and absurd this passion for admiration may appear in such a creature as man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the consequences it produces are so good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by Cicero, that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are the most actuated by ambition; and, if we look into the two sexes, I believe we shall find this principle of action stronger in women than in men.

The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves admiration: and I think we may observe, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than what we find in the generality of our own sex. How



many instances have we of chastity, fidelity, devotion! How many ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands, which are the great qualities and achievements of womankind! as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and set themselves a name.

But as this passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable; so nothing is more destructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain part of the sex, whom, for certain reasons which the reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the name of idols. An idol is wholly taken up in the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers. For this reason, your idols appear in all public places and assemblies, in order to seduce men to their worship. The playhouse is very frequently filled with idols; several of them are carried in procession every evening about the stage, and several of them set up their worship even in churches. They are to be accosted in the language proper to the Deity. Life and death are in their power: joys of heaven, and pains of hell, are at their disposal: paradise is in their arms, and eternity at every moment that you are present with them. Captures, transports, and ecstasies, are the rewards which they confer: sighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them. Their smiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to despair. I shall only add under this head, that Ovid's book of the Art of Love is a kind

of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worship which are made use of to an idol.

It would be as difficult a task to reckon up these different kinds of idols, as Milton's was to number those that were known in Canaan and the lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like Moloch, in fires and flames. Some of them, like Baal, love to see their votaries cut and slashed, and shedding their blood for them. Some of them, like the idol in the Apocrypha, must have treats and collations prepared for them every night. It has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their incensed worshippers like the Chinese idols, who are whipped and scourged when they refuse to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those idolaters who devote themselves to the idols I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of idolaters. For, as others fall out because they worship different idols, these idolaters quarrel because they worship the same.

The intention therefore of the idol is quite contrary to the wishes of the idolater; as the one desires to confine the idol to himself, the whole business and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humour of an idol is prettily described in a tale of Chaucer. He represents one of them sitting at a table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favour, and paying their adorations. She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot which was under the table. Now which of these three, says the old bard, do you think was the favourite? In troth, says he, not one of all the three.

The behaviour of this old idol in Chaucer, puts me in mind of the beautiful Clarinda, one of the

greatest idols among the moderns. She is worshipped once a week by candle-light, in the midst of a large congregation, generally called an assembly. Some of the gayest youths in the nation endeavour to plant themselves in her eye, while she sits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her idolaters, she bestows a mark of her favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her presense. She asks a question of one, tells a story to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of snuff from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his success, and encouraged to renew his devotions at the same canonical hour that day sevensnight.

An idol may be undeified by many accidental causes. Marriage, in particular, is a kind of counter-spotheosis, or a deification inverted.—When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.

Old age is likewise a great decayer of your idol. The truth of it is there is not a more unhappy being than a superannuated idol, especially when she has contracted such airs and behaviour as are only graceful when her worshippers are about her.

Considering therefore that in these and many other cases the woman generally outlives the idol, I must return to the moral of this paper, and desire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired; in order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them.

## No. 74. FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1711.

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— *Pendent opera interrupta* —

VIRG. *ÆN.* iv. 88.

The works unfinished and neglected lie.

IN my last Monday's paper I gave some general instances of those beautiful strokes which please the reader in the old song of Chevy-Chase; I shall here, according to my promise, be more particular, and show that the sentiments in that ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets: for which reason I shall quote several passages of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several passages of the *Æneid*; not that I would infer from thence, that the poet, whoever he was, proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same kind of poetical genius, and by the same copyings after nature.

Had this old song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some readers; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir Philip Sidney like the sound of a trumpet; it is only nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes which are the most unprejudiced, or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Sir Philip Sidney, in the judgement which he has passed as to the rude style and evil apparel of this

stiquated song; for there are several parts in it here not only the thought but the language is majestic, and the numbers sonorous; at least, the appeal is much more gorgeous than many of the poets' use of in Queen Elizabeth's time, as the reader will see in several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that stanza,

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
 Earl Percy took his way!  
 The child may rue that is unborn  
 The hunting of that day!

his way of considering the misfortunes which this title would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles which took their rise from this quarrel of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

*Audiet pugnas vitio parentum  
 Rara juvenus.*

HOR. OD. i. 2. 23.

Posterity, thinn'd by their fathers' crimes,  
 Shall read, with grief, the story of their times.

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas?

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
 A vow to God did make,  
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
 Three summer's days to take.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
 All chosen men of might,  
 Who knew full well, in time of need,  
 To aim their shafts aright.



The hounds ran swiftly through the woods  
 The nimble deer to take,  
 And with their cries the hills and dales  
 An echo shrill did make.

— *Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,  
 Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum !  
 Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.*

VIRG. GEORG. iii. 48.

Cithæron loudly calls me to my way :  
 Thy hounds, Taygetus, open, and pursue their prey :  
 High Epidaurus urges on my speed,  
 Famed for his hills, and for his horses' breed :  
 From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound ;  
 For Echo hunts along, and propagates the sound.

DRYDEN.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
 His men in armour bright ;  
 Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
 All marching in our sight.

All men of pleasant Tividale,  
 Fast by the river Tweed, &c.

The country of the Scotch warrior, described in these two last verses, has a fine romantic situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse. If the reader compares the foregoing six lines of the song with the following Latin verses, he will see how much they are written in the spirit of Virgil :

*Adversi campo apparent : hastasque reductis  
 Protendunt longè dextris, et spicula vibrant :—  
 Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ  
 Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis  
 Hernica saxa colunt :—qui rosea rura Velini ;  
 Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,  
 Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque et flumen Himellæ :  
 Qui Tyberim Fabarimque bibunt.—*

ÆN. xi. 605. vii. 682, 712.

Advancing in a line, they couch their spears—  
 — Præneste sends a chosen band,  
 With those who plough Saturnia's Sabine land :  
 Besides the succours which cold Anien yields :

The rocks of Hernicus—besides a band,  
 That followed from Velinum's dewy land—  
 And mountaineers that from Severus came:  
 And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica;  
 And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,  
 And where Himella's wanton waters play:  
 Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie  
 By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli.

DRYDEN.

But to proceed :

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
 Most like a baron bold,  
 Rode foremost of the company,  
 Whose armour shone like gold.

*Turnus, ut antevolans tardum præcesserat agmen, &c.*

*Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis*

*Aureus—*

ÆN. ix. 47. 269.

Our English archers bent their bows,  
 Their hearts were good and true;  
 At the first flight of arrows sent,  
 Full threescore Scots they slew.

They closed full fast on ev'ry side,  
 No slackness there was found;  
 And many a gallant gentleman  
 Lay gasping on the ground.

With that there came an arrow keen  
 Out of an English bow,  
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,  
 A deep and deadly blow.

Æneas was wounded after the same manner by an  
 unknown hand in the midst of a parley.

*Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,  
 Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,  
 Incertum quâ pulsa manu—*

ÆN. xii. 318.

Thus, while he spake, unmindful of defence,  
 A winged arrow struck the pious prince;  
 But whether from a human hand it came,  
 Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame.

DRYDEN. -

But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other poet, and is such a one as would have shined in Homer or in Virgil:

So thus did both these nobles die,  
 Whose courage none could stain;  
 An English archer then perceived  
 The noble Earl was slain.  
 He had a bow bent in his hand,  
 Made of a trusty tree,  
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
 Unto the head drew he.  
 Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
 So right his shaft he set,  
 The gray-goose wing that was thereon  
 In his heart-blood was wet.  
 This fight did last from break of day  
 Till setting of the sun;  
 For when they rung the ev'ning bell  
 The battle scarce was done.

One may observe, likewise, that in the catalogue of the slain, the author has followed the example of the greatest ancient poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
 Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field  
 One foot would never fly,  
 Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,  
 His sister's son was he;  
 Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,  
 Yet saved could not be.

The familiar sound in these names destroys the ma-



jeaty of the description; for this reason I do not mention this part of the poem but to show the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of Virgil.

—*Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus  
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus æqui.  
Diss aliter visum.*—

ÆN. ii. 426.

Then Ripheus fell in the unequal fight,  
Just of his word, observant of the right:  
Heav'n thought not so.—

DRYDEN.

In the catalogue of the English who fell, Witherington's behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am satisfied your little buffoon readers, who have seen that passage ridiculed in Hudibras, will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

Then stept a gallant 'squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, I would not have it told  
To Henry our king for shame,  
That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on.

We meet with the same heroic sentiment in Virgil.

*Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam  
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui  
Non sumus?*—

ÆN. xii. 229.

For shame, Rutilians, can you bear the sight  
Of one exposed for all, in single fight?  
Can we before the face of heav'n confess  
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?

DRYDEN.

What can be more natural, or more moving, than the circumstances in which he describes the behaviour of those women who had lost their husbands on this fatal day?

Next day did many widows come  
Their husbands to bewail;  
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail.  
Their bodies bathed in purple blood.  
They bore with them away;  
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,  
When they were clad in clay.

Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been written in the Gothic manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgement would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil.

C

## No. 75. SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1711.

*Omnia Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.*

HOR. EPIST. I. 17. 23.

All fortune fitted Aristippus well.

CREECH.

It is with some mortification that I suffered the rail-ry of a fine lady of my acquaintance, for calling, one of my papers \*, Dorimant a clown. She was unmerciful as to take advantage of my invincible cisturnity, and, on that occasion, with great freedom consider the air, the height, the face, the gesture him who could pretend to judge so arrogantly gallantry. She is full of motion, janty and lively her impertinence, and one of those that commonly as among the ignorant, for persons who have a eat deal of humour. She had the play of Sir Fop-ig in her hand, and after she had said it was happy her there was not so charming a creature as Dorimant now living, she began with a theatrical air and ne of voice to read, by way of triumph over me, me of his speeches. 'Tis she! that lovely air, at easy shape, those wanton eyes, and all those elting charms about her mouth, which Medley spoke; I'll follow the lottery, and put in for a prize with y friend Bellair.'

In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly;  
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

\* Spect. No. 65.

Then turning over the leaves, she reads alternately, and speaks,

And you and Loveit to her cost shall find  
I fathom all the depths of woman-kind.

Oh the fine gentleman ! But here, continues she, is the passage I admire most, where he begins to tease Loveit, and mimic Sir Fopling. Oh, the pretty satire in his resolving to be a coxcomb to please, since noise and nonsense have such powerful charms.

I, that I may successful prove,  
Transform myself to what you love.

Then how like a man of the town, so wild and gay is that !

The wise will find a diff'rence in our fate,  
You wed a woman, I a good estate.

It would have been a very wild endeavour for a man of my temper to offer any opposition to so nimble a speaker as my fair enemy is ; but her discourse gave me very many reflections, when I had left her company. Among others, I could not but consider, with some attention, the false impressions the generality, the fair sex more especially, have of what should be intended, when they say a 'fine gentleman;' and could not help revolving that subject in my thoughts, and settling, as it were, an idea of that character in my own imagination.

No man ought to have the esteem of the rest of the world, for any actions which are disagreeable to those maxims which prevail, as the standards of behaviour, in the country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal rules of reason and good sense, must be excluded from any place in the car-

of a well-bred man. I did not, I confess, ex-  
myself enough on this subject, when I called  
ant a clown, and made it an instance of it, that  
ed the orange-wench, Double Tripe: I should  
howed, that humanity obliges a gentleman to  
o part of human-kind reproach, for what they,  
they reproach, may possibly have in common  
he most virtuous and worthy amongst us. When  
leman speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself  
to no purpose. The clothing of our minds  
ly ought to be regarded before that of our  
. To betray in a man's talk a corrupted imagi-  
, is a much greater offence against the conver-  
of gentlemen, than any negligence of dress  
able. But this sense of the matter is so far  
eing received among people even of condition,  
ocifer passes for a fine gentleman. He is loud,  
ty, gentle, soft, lewd, and obsequious, by turns,  
; a little understanding and great impudence  
t him at the present moment. He passes  
; the silly part of our women for a man of wit,  
e he is generally in doubt. He contradicts  
shrug, and confutes with a certain sufficiency,  
fessing such or such a thing is above his capa-

What makes his character the pleasanter is,  
e is a professed deluder of women; and be-  
the empty coxcomb has no regard to any thing  
of itself sacred and inviolable. I have heard  
narried lady of fortune say, it is a pity so fine  
leman as Vocifer is so great an atheist. The  
s of such inconsiderable creatures, that infest  
ces of assembling, every reader will have in  
e from his own observation; but would it not  
rth considering what sort of figure a man who  
l himself upon those principles among us, which  
reeable to the dictates of honour and religion,

would make in the familiar and ordinary occurrences of life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several duties of life better than Ignotus. All the under parts of his behaviour, and such as are exposed to common observation, have their rise in him from great and noble motives. A firm and unshaken expectation of another life makes him become this; humanity and good nature, fortified by the sense of virtue, has the same effect upon him as the neglect of all goodness has upon many others. Being firmly established in all matters of importance, that certain inattention which makes men's actions look easy, appears in him with greater beauty: by a thorough contempt of little excellences, he is perfectly master of them. This temper of mind leaves him under no necessity of studying his air, and he has this peculiar distinction, that his negligence is unaffected.

He that can work himself into a pleasure in considering this being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an advantage by its discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful unconcern, and gentleman-like ease. Such a one does not behold his life as a short, transient, perplexing, state, made up of trifling pleasures and great anxieties; but sees it in quite another light; his griefs are momentary and his joys immortal. Reflection upon death is not a gloomy and sad thought of resigning every thing that he delights in, but it is a short night followed by an endless day. What I would here contend for is, that the more virtuous the man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the character of genteel and agreeable. A man whose fortune is plentiful shows an ease in his countenance, and confidence in his behaviour, which he that is under wants and difficulties cannot assume. It is thus with the

te of the mind: he that governs his thoughts with everlasting rules of reason and sense, must have nothing so inexpressibly graceful in his words and actions, that every circumstance must become him. The change of persons or things around him does not at all alter his situation, but he looks disinterested in the occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest purpose of his life is to maintain an indifference both to it and all its enjoyments. In a word, to be a fine gentleman, is to be a generous and a brave man. What can make a man so much constant good humour, and shine, as we call it, and to be supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the best thing that could possibly befall him, or else He whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all !

R

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No. 76. MONDAY, MAY 28, 1711.

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*Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.*

HOR. EPIST. i. 8. 17,

As you your fortune bear, we will bear you.

CREECH.

There is nothing so common as to find a man, whom the general observation of his carriage you take to be of an uniform temper, subject to such unaccountable starts of humour and passion, that he is as much unlike himself, and differs as much from the man you first thought him, as any two distinct persons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the want

of forming some law of life to ourselves, or fixing some notion of things in general, which may affect us in such manner as to create proper habits both in our minds and bodies. The negligence of this leaves us exposed not only to an unbecoming levity in our usual conversation, but also to the same instability in our friendships, interests, and alliances. A man who is but a mere spectator of what passes around him, and not engaged in commerces of any consideration, is but an ill judge of the secret motions of the heart of man, and by what degrees it is actuated to make such visible alterations in the same person: but at the same time, when a man is no way concerned in the effect of such inconsistencies, in the behaviour of men of the world, the speculation must be in the utmost degree both diverting and instructive; yet, to enjoy such observations in the highest relish, he ought to be placed in a post of direction, and have the dealing of their fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with some pieces of secret history, which an antiquary, my very good friend, lent me as a curiosity. They are memoirs of the private life of Pharamond of France. 'Pharamond,' says my author, 'was a prince of infinite humanity and generosity, and at the same time the most pleasant and facetious companion of his time. He had a peculiar taste in him, which would have been unlucky in any prince but himself; he thought there could be no exquisite pleasure in conversation, but among equals; and would pleasantly bewail himself that he always lived in a crowd, but was the only man in France that could never get into company. This turn of mind made him delight in midnight rambles, attended only with one person of his bed-chamber. He would in these excursions get acquainted with men, whose temper he had a mind to try, and recommend them privately to the parti-



cular observation of his first minister. He generally found himself neglected by his new acquaintance as soon as they had hopes of growing great: and used on such occasions to remark, that it was a great injustice to tax princes of forgetting themselves in their high fortunes, when there were so few that could with constancy bear the favour of their very creatures.' My author in these loose hints has one passage that gives us a very lively idea of the uncommon genius of Pharamond. He met with one man whom he had put to all the usual proofs he made of those he had a mind to know thoroughly, and found him for his purpose. In discourse with him one day, he gave him an opportunity of saying how much would satisfy all his wishes. The prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the sum, and spoke to him in this manner: 'Sir, you have twice what you desired, by the favour of Pharamond; but look to it, that you are satisfied with it, for it is the last you shall ever receive. I from this moment consider you as mine; and, to make you truly so, I give you my royal word you shall never be greater or less than you are at present. Answer me not,' concluded the prince smiling, 'but enjoy the fortune I have put you in, which is above my own condition; for you have hereafter nothing to hope or to fear.'

His majesty having thus well chosen and bought a friend and companion, he enjoyed alternately all the pleasures of an agreeable private man, and a great and powerful monarch. He gave himself, with his companion, the name of the merry tyrant; for he punished his courtiers for their insolence and folly, not by any act of public disfavour, but by humorously practising upon their imaginations. If he observed a man untractable to his inferiors, he would find an opportunity to take some favourable notice of him, and render him insupportable. He knew all

his own looks, words, and actions, had their interpretations ; and his friend Monsieur Eucrate, for so he was called, having a great soul without ambition, he could communicate all his thoughts to him, and fear no artful use would be made of that freedom. It was no small delight, when they were in private, to reflect upon all which had passed in public.

Pharamond would often, to satisfy a vain fool of power in his country, talk to him in a full court, and with one whisper make him despise all his old friends and acquaintance. He was come to that knowledge of men by long observation, that he would profess altering the whole mass of blood in some temper, by thrice speaking to them. As fortune was in his power, he gave himself constant entertainment in managing the mere followers of it with the treatment they deserved. He would, by a skilful cast of his eye and half a smile, make two fellows, who hated, embrace and fall upon each other's necks with as much eagerness as if they followed their real inclinations, and intended to stifle one another. When he was in high good humour, he would lay the scene with Eucrate, and on a public night exercise the passions of his whole court. He was pleased to see an haughty beauty watch the looks of the man she had long despised, from observation of his being taken notice of by Pharamond ; and the lover conceive higher hopes, than to follow the woman he was dying for the day before. In a court, where men speak affection in the strongest terms, and dislike in the faintest, it was a comical mixture of incidents to see disguises thrown aside in one case, and increased on the other, according as favour or disgrace attended the respective objects of men's approbation or disesteem. Pharamond, in his mirth upon the meanness of mankind, used to say, ' As he could take away a man's five senses, he could give him a hundred.

the man in disgrace shall immediately lose all his natural endowments, and he that finds favour have the attributes of an angel.' He would carry it so far as to say, 'It should not be only so in the opinion of the lower part of his court, but the men themselves shall think thus meanly or greatly of themselves, as they are out or in the good graces of Court.'

A monarch who had wit and humour like Pharamond, must have pleasures which no man else can have opportunity of enjoying. He gave fortune none but those whom he knew could receive it without transport. He made a noble and generous use of his observations, and did not regard his ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but as they were useful to his kingdom. By this means, the king appeared in every officer of state; and no man had a participation of the power, who had not a similitude of the virtue of Pharamond.

R

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No. 77. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1711.

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*Non contrivere licet, nec urbe totâ  
Quisquam est tam propè, tam proculque nobis.*

MART. EP. i. 87.

What correspondence can I hold with you,  
Who are so near, and yet so distant too?

My friend Will Honeycomb is one of those sort of men who are very often absent in conversation, and what the French call *à reveur* and *à distrait*. A little before our club-time last night, we were walking together in Somerset-garden, where Will had picked

up a small pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to a friend of his, an eminent virtuoso. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop with my face towards the west, which Will knowing to be my usual method of asking what's o'clock, in an afternoon, immediately pulled out his watch, and told me we had seven minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when, to my great surprise, I saw him squir away his watch a considerable way into the Thames, and, with great sedateness in his looks, put up the pebble, he had before found, in his fob. As I have naturally an aversion to much speaking, and do not love to be the messenger of ill news, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his mistake in due time, and continued my walk, reflecting on these little absences and distractions in mankind, and resolving to make them a subject of a future speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my design, when I considered that they were very often blemishes in the characters of men of excellent sense; and helped to keep up the reputation of that Latin proverb, which Mr. Dryden has translated in the following lines:

Great wit to madness sure is near ally'd,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide \*.

My reader does, I hope, perceive, that I distinguish a man who is absent because he thinks of something else, from one who is absent because he thinks of nothing at all. The latter is too innocent a creature to be taken notice of; but the distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these reasons:

\* *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ demientię.*—Seneca De Tranquil. Anim. cap. xv.

Either their minds are wholly fixed on some particular science, which is often the case of mathematicians and other learned men ; or are wholly taken up with some violent passion, such as anger, fear, or love, which ties the mind to some distant object ; or, lastly, these distractions proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleness in a man's temper, which, while it raises up infinite numbers of ideas in the mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing, therefore, is more unnatural than the thoughts and conceptions of such a man, which are seldom occasioned either by the company he is in, or any of those objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful woman, it is an even wager that he is solving a proposition in Euclid ; and while you may imagine he is reading the Paris Gazette, it is far from being impossible that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country-house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to expose this weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same infirmity myself. The method I took to conquer it was a firm resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see, or hear. There is a way of thinking, if a man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of any thing. I can at present observe those starts of good sense, and struggles of unimproved reason in the conversation of a clown, with as much satisfaction as the most shining periods of the most finished orator ; and can make a shift to command my attention at a puppet-show or an opera, as well as at Hamlet or Othello. I always make one of the company I am in ; for, though I say little myself, my attention to others, and those nods of approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently show that I am among them. Whereas Will Honeycomb, though a fellow

of good sense, is every day doing and saying a hundred things, which he afterwards confesses, with a well-bred frankness, were somewhat *mal à propos*, and undesigned.

I chanced the other day to go into a coffee-house, where Will was standing in the midst of several auditors, whom he had gathered round him, and was giving them an account of the person and character of Moll Hinton. My appearance before him just put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually present. So that keeping his eyes full upon me, to the great surprise of his audience, he broke off his first harangue, and proceeded thus: — ‘Why now there’s my friend,’ mentioning me by name, ‘he is a fellow that thinks a great deal, but never opens his mouth; I warrant you he is now thrusting his short face into some coffee-house about ‘Change. I was his bail in the time of the Popish plot, when he was taken up for a jesuit.’ If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly, without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole company must necessarily have found me out; for which reason, remembering the old proverb, ‘Out of sight out of mind,’ I left the room; and, upon meeting him an hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of good humour, in what part of the world I lived, that he had not seen me these three days.

Monsieur Bruyere has given us the character of an absent man with a great deal of humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable extravagance; with the heads of it I shall conclude my present paper.

‘Menalcas,’ says that excellent author, ‘comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his night-cap on; and, examining himself further, finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck his sword

on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed, he goes to court, comes into the drawing-room, and, walking bolt-upright under a branch of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall laughing, but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person that is the jest of the company. Coming down to the court gate he finds a coach, which, taking for his own, he whips into it, and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the stair-case, and runs through all the chambers with the greatest familiarity; reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in; Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, nurses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; Menalcas is no less so, but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly undeceived.

When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water; it is his turn to throw; he has the box in one hand, and his glass in the other; and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription. A nobleman receives one of them, and, upon opening it, reads as follows: 'I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter.' His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, 'My lord, I received your grace's commands, with an entire submis-

sion to'—. If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate. It is true the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner, and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has a hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him. The truth of it is, his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any man, nor any thing else. He came once from his country-house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded. They held a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his purse; he did so, and coming home told his friends he had been robbed; they desired to know the particulars, 'Ask my servants,' says Menalcas, 'for they were with me.'

X



## No. 78. WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1711.

*Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses ?*

Could we but call so great a genius ours !

THE following letters are so pleasant, that I doubt not but the reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this day's entertainment, but taking the sentence from the end of the Cambridge letter, and placing it at the front of my paper, to show the author I wish him my communion with as much earnestness as he invites me to his.

“ SIR,

“ I SEND you the inclosed, to be inserted, if you think them worthy of it, in your Spectators ; in which so surprising a genius appears, that it is no wonder if all mankind endeavours to get somewhat to a paper which will always live.

“ As to the Cambridge affair, the humour was really carried on in the way I describe it. However, you have a full commission to put out or in, and to do whatever you think fit with it. I have already had the satisfaction of seeing you take that liberty with some things I have before sent you. Go on, Sir, and prosper. You have the best wishes of,

“ SIR,

“ Your very affectionate,

“ and obliged humble servant.”

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“You well know it is of great consequence to clear titles, and it is of importance that it be done in the proper season ; on which account this is to assure you, that the club of Ugly Faces was instituted originally at Cambridge, in the merry reign of King Charles II. As in great bodies of men it is not difficult to find members enough for such a club, so I remember it was then feared, upon their intention of dining together, that the hall belonging to Clare-hall, the ugliest then in the town, though now the neatest, would not be large enough handsomely to hold the company. Invitations were made to great numbers, but very few accepted them without much difficulty. One pleaded, that being at London, in a bookseller's shop, a lady going by with a great belly longed to kiss him. He had certainly been excused, but that evidence appeared, that indeed one in London did pretend she longed to kiss him, but that it was only a pickpocket, who during his kissing her stole away all his money. Another would have got off by a dimple in his chin ; but it was proved upon him, that he had, by coming into a room, made a woman miscarry, and frightened two children into fits. A third alleged, that he was taken by a lady for another gentleman, who was one of the handsomest in the university ; but, upon inquiry it was found that the lady had actually lost one eye, and the other was very much upon the decline. A fourth produced letters out of the country in his vindication, in which a gentleman offered him his daughter, who had lately fallen in love with him, with a good fortune ; but it was made appear, that the young lady was amorous, and had like to have run away with her father's coachman, so that it was supposed that her pretence

of falling in love with him, was only in order to be well married. It was pleasant to hear the several excuses which were made, insomuch that some made as much interest to be excused, as they would from serving sheriff; however, at last the society was formed, and proper officers were appointed; and the day was fixed for the entertainment, which was in venison season. A pleasant fellow of King's-college, commonly called Crab, from his sour look, and the only man who did not pretend to get off, was nominated for chaplain; and nothing was wanting but some one to sit in the elbow chair, by way of president, at the upper end of the table; and there the business stuck, for there was no contention for superiority there. This affair made so great a noise, that the King, who was then at Newmarket, heard of it, and was pleased merrily and graciously to say, 'He could not be there himself, but he would send them a brace of bucks.'

"I would desire you, Sir, to set this affair in a true light, that posterity may not be misled in so important a point: for when the wise man who shall write your true history shall acquaint the world that you had a diploma sent from the Ugly club at Oxford, and that by virtue of it you were admitted into it, what a learned war will there be among future critics about the original of that club, which both universities will contend so warmly for? And perhaps some hardy Cantabrigian author may then boldly affirm, that the word Oxford was an interpolation of some Oxonian instead of Cambridge. This affair will be best adjusted in your lifetime; but I hope your affection to your mother will not make you partial to your aunt.

"To tell you, Sir, my own opinion: Though I cannot find any ancient records of any acts of the society of the Ugly Faces, considered in a public capacity; yet, in a private one, they have certainly antiquity on

their side. I am persuaded they will hardly give place to the Loungers, and the Loungers are of the same standing with the university itself.

"Though we well know, Sir, you want no motives to do justice, yet I am commissioned to tell you, that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at Cambridge: and I believe I may venture safely to deliver this as the wish of our whole university."

"Cambridge."

TO MR. SPECTATOR.

"The humble Petition of WHO and WHICH,

"SHOWETH,

"THAT your poor petitioners being in a forlorn and destitute condition, know not to whom we should apply ourselves for relief, because there is hardly any man alive who has not injured us. Nay, we speak it with sorrow, even you yourself, whom we should suspect of such a practice the last of all mankind, can hardly acquit yourself of having given us some cause of complaint. We are descended of ancient families, and kept up our dignity and honour many years, till the jack-sprat THAT supplanted us. How often have we found ourselves slighted by the clergy in their pulpits, and the lawyers at the bar? Nay, how often have we heard, in one of the most polite and august assemblies in the universe, to our great mortification, these words, 'That THAT that noble lord urged;' which, if one of us had had justice done, would have sounded nobler thus, 'that WHICH that noble lord urged.' Senates themselves, the guardians of British liberty, have degraded us, and preferred THAT to us; and yet no decree was ever given against us. In the very acts of parliament, in which the utmost right should be done to every body, word, and thing, we find ourselves often either not

used, or used one instead of another. In the first and best prayer children are taught, they learn to misuse us: 'Our Father WHICH art in heaven,' should be, 'Our Father WHO art in heaven;' and even a Convocation, after long debates, refused to consent to an alteration of it. In our General Confession we say, 'Spare thou them, O God, WHICH confess their faults,' which ought to be 'who confess their faults.' What hopes then have we of having justice done us, when the makers of our very prayers and laws, and the most learned in all faculties, seem to be in a confederacy against us, and our enemies themselves must be our judges.

"The Spanish proverb says, *Il sabio muda conscio, il necio no*; i. e. 'A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will.' So that we think you, Sir, a very proper person to address to, since we know you to be capable of being convinced, and changing your judgement. You are well able to settle this affair, and to you we submit our cause. We desire you to assign the butts and bounds of each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by our counsel, but that we fear in their very pleadings they would betray our cause; besides, we have been oppressed so many years, that we can appear no other way but *in formâ pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to right and justice shall appertain.

"And your petitioners," &c.

R.

## No. 79. THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1711.

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*Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.*

HOR. EPIST. i. 16. 52.

The good, for virtue's sake, abhor to sin.

CREECH.

I HAVE received very many letters of late from my female correspondents, most of whom are very angry with me for abridging their pleasures, and looking severely upon things in themselves indifferent. But I think they are extremely unjust to me in this imputation. All that I contend for is, that those excellences, which are to be regarded but in the second place, should not precede more weighty considerations. The heart of man deceives him in spite of the lectures of half a life spent in discourses on the subjection of passion; and I do not know why one may not think the heart of woman as unfaithful to itself. If we grant an equality in the faculties of both sexes, the minds of women are less cultivated with precepts, and consequently may, without disrespect to them, be accounted more liable to illusion, in cases wherein natural inclination is out of the interests of virtue. I shall take up my present time in commenting upon a billet or two which came from ladies, and from thence leave the reader to judge whether I am in the right or not in thinking it is possible fine women may be mistaken. The following address seems to have no other design in it but to tell me the writer will do what she pleases for all me.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I am young, and very much inclined to follow the paths of innocence ; but at the same time, as I have a plentiful fortune and am of quality, I am unwilling to resign the pleasures of distinction, some little satisfaction in being admired in general, and much greater in being beloved by a gentleman whom I design to make my husband. But I have a mind to put off entering into matrimony till another winter is over my head, which, whatever, musty Sir, you may think of the matter, I design to pass away in hearing music, going to plays, visiting and all other satisfactions which fortune and youth, protected by innocence and virtue, can procure for,

“ SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ M. T.

“ My lover does not know I like him, therefore saving no engagements upon me, I think to stay and now whether I may not like any one else better.”

I have heard Will Honeycomb say, ‘ A woman seldom writes her mind but in her postscript.’ I think his gentlewoman has sufficiently discovered hers in his. I will lay what wager she pleases against her present favourite, and can tell her, that she will like ten more before she is fixed, and then will take the worst man she ever liked in her life. There is no end of affection taken in at the eyes only ; and you may as well satisfy those eyes with seeing, as control any passion received by them only. It is from loving by sight, that coxcombs so frequently succeed with women ; and very often a young lady is

bestowed by her parents to a man who weds her as innocence itself, though she has, in her own heart, given her approbation of a different man in every assembly she was in the whole year before. What is wanting among women as well as among men, is the love of laudable things, and not to rest only in the forbearance of such as are reproachful.

How far removed from a woman of this light imagination is Eudisia ! Eudisia has all the arts of life and good-breeding with so much ease, that the virtue of her conduct looks more like an instinct than choice. It is as little difficult to her to think justly of persons and things, as it is to a woman of different accomplishments to move ill or look awkward. That which was, at first the effect of instruction, is grown into a habit ; and it would be as hard for Eudisia to indulge a wrong suggestion of thought, as it would be to Flavia, the fine dancer, to come into a room with an unbecoming air.

But the misapprehensions people themselves have of their own state of mind, is laid down with much discerning in the following letter, which is but an extract of a kind epistle from my charming mistress Hecatissa, who is above the vanity of external beauty, and is the better judge of the perfections of the mind.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I WRITE this to acquaint you, that very many ladies, as well as myself, spend many hours more than we used at the glass, for want of the female library, of which you promised us a catalogue. I hope, Sir, in the choice of authors for us, you will have a particular regard to books of devotion. What they are, and how many, must be your chief care ; for upon the propriety of such writings depends a



great deal. I have known those among us who think, if they every morning and evening spend an hour in their closet, and read over so many prayers in six or seven books of devotion, all equally nonsensical, with a sort of warmth, that might as well be raised by a glass of wine or a dram of citron, they may all the rest of their time go on in whatever their particular passion leads them to. The beauteous Philautia, who is, in your language, an idol, is one of these votaries; she has a very pretty furnished closet, to which she retires at her appointed hours.—This is her dressing-room, as well as chapel; she has constantly before her a large looking-glass; and upon the table, according to a very witty author,

Together lie her prayer-book and paint,  
At once t'improve the sinner and the saint.

“It must be a good scene, if one could be present at it, to see this idol by turns lift up her eyes to heaven, and steal glances at her own dear person. It cannot but be a pleasant conflict between vanity and humiliation. When you are upon this subject, choose books which elevate the mind above the world, and give a pleasing indifference to little things in it. For want of such instructions I am apt to believe so many people take it in their heads to be sullen, cross, and angry, under pretence of being abstracted from the affairs of this life, when at the same time they betray their fondness for them by doing their duty as a task, and pouting and reading good books for a week together. Much of this I take to proceed from the indiscretion of the books themselves, whose very titles of weekly preparations, and such limited godliness, lead people of ordinary capacities into great errors, and raise in them a mechanical religion, entirely distinct from morality. I know a

lady so given up to this sort of devotion, that, though she employs six or eight hours of the twenty-four at cards, she never misses one constant hour of prayer, for which time another holds her cards, to which she returns with no little anxiousness till two or three in the morning. All these acts are but empty shows, and, as it were compliments made to virtue; the mind is all the while untouched with any true pleasure in the pursuit of it. From hence I presume it arises, that so many people call themselves virtuous, from no other pretence to it but an absence of ill. There is Dulcianara, is the most insolent of all creatures to her friends and domestics, upon no other pretence in nature, but that, as her silly phrase is, 'no one can say black is her eye.' She has no secrets, forsooth, which should make her afraid to speak her mind, and therefore she is impertinently blunt to all her acquaintance, and unseasonably imperious to all her family. Dear Sir, be pleased to put such books in our hands, as may make our virtue more inward, and convince some of us, that, in a mind truly virtuous, the scorn of vice is always accompanied with the pity of it. This and other things are impatiently expected from you by our whole sex; among the rest by,

"SIR,

"Your most humble servant,

R

"B. D."

## No. 80. FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1711.

*Cælum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*

HOR. EPIST. i. 11. 27.

Those that beyond-sea go, will sadly find,  
They change their climate only not their mind.

CREECH.

the year 1688, and on the same day of that year re born in Cheapside, London, two females of exquisite feature and shape ; the one we shall call Brutta, the other Phillis. A close intimacy between their parents made each of them the first acquaintance the other knew in the world. They played, dressed alike, acted visitings, learned to dance and make compliments together. They were inseparable companions in all the little entertainments their tender years were capable of: which innocent happiness continued till the beginning of their fifteenth year, when it happened that Mrs. Phillis had a head-ache on, which became her so well, that, instead of being beheld any more with pleasure for their amity each other, the eyes of the neighbourhood were turned to remark them with comparison of their vanity. They now no longer enjoyed the ease of mind and pleasing indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their words and actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every excellence in their speech and behaviour was looked upon as an act of emulation to surpass the other. These beginnings of disinclination soon improved into a formality of behaviour, a general coldness, and by natural progress into an irreconcilable hatred.

These two rivals for the reputation of beauty were

in their stature, countenance, and mien, so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their absence, the words in which you described the one must give you an idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, though extremely different when together. What made their enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their sex was, that, in detraction from each other, neither could fall upon terms which did not hit herself as much as her adversary. Their nights grew restless with meditation of new dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new devices to recall admirers, who observed the charms of the one rather than those of the other, on the last meeting. Their colours failed at each other's appearance, flushed with pleasure at the report of a disadvantage, and their countenances withered upon instances of applause. The decencies to which women are obliged, made these virgins stifle their resentment so far as not to break into open violences, while they equally suffered the torments of a regulated anger. Their mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the quarrel, and supported the several pretensions of the daughters with all that ill-chosen sort of expense which is common with people of plentiful fortunes and mean taste. The girls preceded their parents like queens of May, in all the gaudy colours imaginable, on every Sunday to church, and were exposed to the examination of the audience for superiority of beauty.

During this constant struggle it happened, that Phillis one day at public prayers smote the heart of a gay West Indian, who appeared in all the colours which can affect an eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This American, in a summer-island suit, was too shining and too gay to be resisted by Phillis, and too intent upon her charms to be diverted by any of the laboured attractions of Brunetta.

soon after, Brunetta had the mortification to see her rival disposed of in a wealthy marriage, while she was only addressed to in a manner that showed she was the admiration of all men, but the choice of none. Phillis was carried to the habitation of her spouse in Barbadoes. Brunetta had the ill-nature to inquire for her by every opportunity, and had the misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous slaves, fanned into slumbers by successive hands of them, and carried from place to place in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence. Brunetta could not endure these repeated injuries, but employed all her arts and charms in laying snares for any of condition of the same island, out of a mere ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her design, and was taken to wife by a gentleman whose estate was continuous to that of her enemy's husband. It would be needless to enumerate the many occasions on which these irreconcilable beauties laboured to excel each other ; but in process of time it happened, that a ship put into the island consigned to a friend of Phillis, who had directions to give her the refusal of all goods for apparel, before Brunetta could be alarmed of their arrival. He did so ; and Phillis was dressed in a few days in a brocade more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that latitude. Brunetta languished at the sight, and could by no means come up to the bravery of her antagonist. She communicated her anguish of mind to a faithful friend, who by an interest in the wife of Phillis's merchant, procured a remnant of the same silk for Brunetta. Phillis took pains to appear in all public places where she was sure to meet Brunetta ; Brunetta was now prepared for the result, and came to a public ball in a plain black silk mantua, attended by a beautiful negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade with which Phillis was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company ;

upon which the unhappy Phillis swooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her house. As soon as she came to herself, she fled from her husband's house, went on board a ship in the road, and is now landed in inconsolable despair at Plymouth.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the above melancholy narration, it may perhaps be a relief to the reader to peruse the following expostulation :

“ TO MR. SPECTATOR.

“ The just remonstrance of affronted THAT.

“ THOUGH I deny not the petition of Mr. WHO and WHICH, yet you should not suffer them to be rude, and to call honest people names : for that bears very hard ‘on some of those rules of decency which you are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault, and correct speeches in the senate, and at the bar, but let them try to get themselves so often and with so much eloquence repeated in a sentence, as a great orator doth frequently introduce me.

‘ Mylords! says he, with humble submission, That That I say is this ; That, That That gentleman has advanced, is not That, That he should have proved to your lordships.’ Let those two questionnaire petitioners try to do thus with their Whos and their Whiches.

‘ What great advantage was I of to Mr. Dryden in his Indian Emperor.

‘ You force me still to answer you in That.’

to furnish out a rhyme to Morat ? and what a poor figure would Mr. Bayes have made without his ‘Egad and all That ?’ How can a judicious man distinguish one thing from another, without saying ‘This here,’ or ‘That there ?’ And how can a sober man, without using the expletive of oaths, in which indeed the

rakes and bullies have a great advantage over others, make a discourse of any tolerable length, without 'That is;' and if he be a very grave man indeed, without, 'That is to say?' And, how instructive as well as entertaining are those usual expressions in the mouths of great men, 'Such things as That,' and 'The like of That?'

"I am not against reforming the corruptions of speech you mention, and own there are proper seasons for the introduction of other words besides That; but I scorn as much to supply the place of a Who or a Which at every turn, as they are unequal always to fill mine; and I expect good language and civil treatment, and hope to receive it for the future: That, That I shall only add is, That I am,

"Yours,

R

"THAT."

# No. 81. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1711.

*Qualis ubi, audito venantium murmure, tigris  
Horruit in maculas.—*

STAT. THEB. ii. 128.

As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,  
Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin.

ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theatre in the Hay-market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle-boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon inquiry I found that the body of Amazons on my right hand, were whigs, and those on my left, tories; and that those who had placed themselves in the middle boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed, in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now



all gone over to the whig or tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men, whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain that there are several women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country.—Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that Rosalinda, a famous whig partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the tory part of her forehead; which, being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given a handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and, like the ranging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled, by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry, or, as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this paper,

—She swells with angry pride,  
And calls forth all her spots on every side.\*

When I was in the theatre the time above mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the patches on both sides, and found the tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the whig; but, to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they out-numbered the enemy.

This account of party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatred and animosities that reign among men, and, in a great measure, deprives the fair sex of

\* Davideis, Book iii. page 409. vol. ii. 1710. 8vo.

those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that, if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be showing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under the public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person,

which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, show themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedæmonians\*. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shown them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience: 'And as for you,' says he, 'I shall advise you in very few words. Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other.'

## C

\* Thucyd. 'Hist.' lib. ii. p. 130, edit. H. Steph. 1568, folio.

## No. 82. MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1711.

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— *Caput dominâ venale sub hastâ.*

JUV. SAT. iii. 33.

His fortunes ruined, and himself a slave.

PASSING under Ludgate \* the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity, which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the grate, the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box: I was out of countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a crown. I went away, reflecting upon the strange constitution of some men, and how meanly they behave themselves in all sorts of conditions. The person who begged of me is now, as I take it, fifty: I was well acquainted with him till about the age of twenty-five; at which time a good estate fell to him by the death of a relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good fortune, he ran into all the extravagances imaginable; was frequently in drunken disputes, broke drawers' heads, talked and swore loud, was unmannerly to those above him, and insolent to those below him. I could not but remark, that it was the same baseness of spirit which worked in his behaviour in both fortunes: the same little mind was insolent in riches, and shameless in poverty. This accident made me muse upon the circumstance of being in debt in general, and solve in

\* Ludgate was a prison for such debtors as were freemen of the city of London: it was taken down in the year 1762, and the prisoners removed to the London workhouse.

my mind what tempers were most apt to fall into this error of life, as well as the misfortune it must needs be to languish under such pressures. As for myself, my natural aversion to that sort of conversation which makes a figure with the generality of mankind, exempts me from any temptations to expense; and all my business lies within a very narrow compass, which is only to give an honest man who takes care of my estate proper vouchers for his quarterly payments to me, and observe what linen my laundress brings and takes away with her once a-week. My steward brings his receipt ready for my signing; and I have a pretty implement with the respective names of shirts, cravats, handkerchiefs, and stockings, with proper numbers, to know how to reckon with my laundress. This being almost all the business I have in the world for the care of my own affairs, I am at full leisure to observe upon what others do with relation to their equipage and economy.

When I walk the street and observe the hurry about me in this town.

Where, with like haste, through different ways they run;  
Some to undo, and some to be undone;

I say, when I behold this vast variety of persons and humours, with the pains they both take for the accomplishment of the ends mentioned in the above verses of Denham \*, I cannot much wonder at the endeavour after gain, but am extremely astonished that men can be so insensible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible a man who is given to contract debts should not know that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to, in his debtor's honour, liberty, and

\* From his poem entitled *Cooper's Hill*.

fortune: one would think he did not know that his creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, 'That he is unjust,' without defamation; and can seize his person, without being guilty of an assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be ashamed or afraid to see any one man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. There are indeed circumstances wherein men of honest natures may become liable to debts, by some unadvised behaviour in any great point of their life, or mortgaging a man's honesty as a security for that of another, and the like: but these instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they cannot come within general considerations. For one such case as one of these, there are ten, where a man, to keep up a farce of retinue and grandeur within his own house, shall shrink at the expectation of surly demands at his doors. The debtor is the creditor's criminal; and all the officers of power and state, whom we behold make so great a figure, are no other than so many persons in authority to make good his charge against him. Human society depends upon his having the vengeance law allots him; and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour, as much as the murderer does his life to his prince.

Our gentry are, generally speaking, in debt: and many families have put it into a kind of method of being so from generation to generation. The father mortgages when his son is very young: and the boy is to marry, as soon as he is at age, to redeem it and find portions for his sisters. This, forsooth, is no great inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a public table, or feed dogs, like a worthy English

gentleman, till he has out-run half his estate, and leave the same encumbrance upon his first-born, and so on; till one man of more vigour than ordinary goes quite through the estate, or some man of sense comes into it, and scorns to have an estate in partnership, that is to say, liable to the demand or insult of any man living. There is my friend Sir Andrew, though for many years a great and general trader, was never the defendant in a lawsuit; in all the perplexity of business, and the iniquity of mankind at present, no one had any colour for the least complaint against his dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its proportion as laudable, in a citizen, as it is in a general never to have suffered a disadvantage in fight. How different from this gentleman is Jack Truepenny, who has been an old acquaintance of Sir Andrew and myself from boys, but could never learn our caution. Jack has a whorish unresisting good-nature, which makes him incapable of having a property in any thing. His fortune, his reputation, his time, and his capacity, are at any man's service that comes first. When he was at school, he was whipped thrice a-week for faults he took upon him to excuse others; since he came into the business of the world, he has been arrested twice or thrice a-year for debts he had nothing to do with, but as surety for others; and I remember, when a friend of his had suffered in the vice of the town, all the physic his friend took was conveyed to him by Jack, and inscribed 'a bolus or an electuary for Mr. Trupenny.' Jack had a good estate left him, which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to demands upon it. This easiness and credulity destroy all the other merit he has; and he has all his life been a sacrifice to others, without ever receiving thanks, or doing one good action.

I will end this discourse with a speech which I



heard Jack make to one of his creditors, of whom he deserved gentler usage, after lying a whole night in custody at his suit.

‘Sir, your ingratitude for the many kindnesses I have done you, shall not make me unthankful for the good you have done me, in letting me see there is such a man as you in the world. I am obliged to you for the diffidence I shall have all the rest of my life: I shall hereafter trust no man, so far as to be in his debt.’

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No. 83. TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1711.

— *Animum picturâ pascit inani.*

VIRG. ÆN. i. 464.

And with the shadowy picture feeds his mind.

WHEN the weather hinders me from taking my diversions without doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three select friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under covert. My principal entertainments of this nature are pictures, insomuch that when I have found the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By this means, when the heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth swims in rain, and all nature wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas,

and disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons.

I was some weeks ago in a course of these diversions ; which had taken such an entire possession of my imagination, that they formed in it a short morning's dream, which I shall communicate to my reader, rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision, than as a finished piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long, spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.

On the side of the living, I saw several persons busy in drawing, colouring, and designing. On the side of the dead painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceeding slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolved to examine the several artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied myself to the side of the living. The first I observed at work in this part of the gallery was Vanity, with his hair tied behind him in a riband, and dressed like a Frenchman. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air which he bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The *toujours gai* appeared even in his judges, bishops, and privy-councillors. In a word, all his men were *petits maitres*, and all his women *coquettes*. The drapery of his figures was extremely well suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could be mixed together ; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left hand of Vanity stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a German, and

had a very hard name that sounded something like Stupidity.

The third artist that I looked over was Fantasque, dressed like a Venetian scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at chimera, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream : and one could say nothing more of his finest figures, than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his pictures so unfinished, that the beauty in the picture, which was designed to continue as a monument of it to posterity, faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to despatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was Avarice.

Not far from this artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name of Industry. His figures were wonderfully laboured. If he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face ; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that seemed to show themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them ; and were so inflamed by the sunshine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out ' Fire.'

The five foregoing artists were the most considerable on this side the gallery ; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who

was very busy in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before overcharged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every colour it touched. Though this workman did so much mischief on the side of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was Envy.

Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once: for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. Raphael's figures stood in one row, Titian's in another, Guido Rheni's in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by Hannabal Carrache, another by Correggio, and another by Rubens. To be short, there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their being to these several masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, complexions, and clothes; so that they looked like different nations of the same species.

Observing an old man, who was the same person I before mentioned, as the only artist that was at work on this side of the gallery, creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand touches, scarce produced any visible effect in the picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated touch after touch without rest or intermis-

sion, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a figure. He also added such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from the master's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be Time.

Whether it were because the thread of my dream was at an end I cannot tell, but, upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left me.

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No. 84. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1711.

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—*Quis talia fando*  
*Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssci,*  
*Temperet à lachrymis ?—*

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 6.

Who can such woes relate, without a tear,  
 As stern Ulysses must have wept to hear?

LOOKING over the old manuscript wherein in the private actions of Pharamond are set down by way of table-book, I found many things which gave me great delight; and, as human life turns upon the same principles and passions in all ages, I thought it very proper to take minutes of what passed in that age, for the instruction of this. The antiquary who lent me these papers, gave me a character of Eucrate, the favourite of Pharamond, extracted from an author

who lived in that court. The account he gives both of the prince and this his faithful friend, will not be improper to insert here, because I may have occasion to mention many of their conversations, into which these memorials of them may give light.

‘ Pharamond, when he had a mind to retire for an hour or two from the hurry of business and fatigue of ceremony, made a signal to Eucrate, by putting his hand to his face, placing his arm negligently on a window, or some such action as appeared indifferent to all the rest of the company. Upon such notice, unobserved by others, for their intire intimacy was always a secret, Eucrate repaired to his own apartment to receive the king. There was a secret access to this part of the court, at which Eucrate used to admit many whose mean appearance in the eyes of the ordinary waiters and door-keepers, made them be repulsed from other parts of the palace. Such as these were let in here by order of Eucrate, and had audiences of Pharamond. This entrance Pharamond called ‘ the gate of the unhappy ;’ and the tears of the afflicted who came before him, he would say, were bribes received by Eucrate ; for Eucrate had the most compassionate spirit of all men living, except his generous master, who was always kindled at the least affliction which was communicated to him. In the regard for the miserable, Eucrate took particular care that the common forms of distress, and the idle pretender to sorrow, about courts, who wanted only supplies to luxury, should never obtain favour by his means : but the distresses which arise from the many inexplicable occurrences that happen among men, the unaccountable alienation of parents from their children, cruelty of husbands to wives, poverty occasioned from shipwreck or fire, the falling out of friends, or such other terrible disasters, to which the life of man is exposed ; in cases of this nature,

Eucrate was the patron ; and enjoyed this part of the royal favour so much without being envied, that it was never inquired into, by whose means what no one else cared for doing was brought about.

‘ One evening when Pharamond came into the apartment of Eucrate, he found him extremely dejected ; upon which he asked, with a smile that was natural to him, ‘ What is there any one too miserable to be relieved by Pharamond, that Eucrate is melancholy ? ’ ‘ I fear there is,’ answered the favourite : ‘ a person without, of a good air, well dressed, and though a man in the strength of his life, seems to faint under some inconsolable calamity. All his features seem suffused with agony of mind ; but I can observe in him that it is more inclined to break away in tears than rage. I asked him what he would have. He said he would speak to Pharamond. I desired his business. He could hardly say to me, Eucrate, carry me to the king, my story is not to be told twice ; I fear I shall not be able to speak it at all.’ Pharamond commanded Eucrate to let him enter ; he did so, and the gentleman approached the king with an air which spoke him under the greatest concern in what manner to demean himself. The king, who had a quick discerning, relieved him from the oppression he was under ; and with the most beautiful complacency said to him ‘ Sir, do not add to that load of sorrow I see in your countenance the awe of my presence. Think you are speaking to your friend. If the circumstances of your distress will admit of it you shall find me so.’ To whom the stranger : ‘ Oh, excellent Pharamond ! name not a friend to the unfortunate Spinamont\*. I had one,

\* Mr. Thornhill, the gentleman here alluded to, under the fictitious or translated of name Spinamont, killed Sir Cholmondley Deering, of Kent, Bart. in a duel, May 9, 1711.

but he is dead by my own hand ; but, oh, Pharamond ! though it was by the hand of Spinamont, it was by the guilt of Pharamond. I come not, oh excellent prince to implore your pardon ; I come to relate my sorrow, a sorrow too great for human life to support ; from henceforth shall all occurrences appear dreams, or short intervals of amusement, from this one affliction which has seized my very being. Pardon me, oh Pharamond, if my griefs give me leave, that I lay before you, in the anguish of a wounded mind, that you, good as you are, are guilty of the generous blood spilt this day by this unhappy hand. Oh that it had perished before that instant ! Here the stranger paused, and recollecting his mind, after some little meditation, he went on in a calmer tone and gesture as follows :

‘ There is an authority due to distress, and as none of human race is above the reach of sorrow, none should be above the hearing the voice of it ; I am sure Pharamond is not. Know then, that I have this morning unfortunately killed in a duel the man whom of all men living I most loved. I command myself too much in your royal presence, to say Pharamond gave me my friend ! Pharamond has taken him from me ! I will not say, shall the merciful Pharamond destroy his own subjects ? Will the father of his country murder his people. But the merciful Pharamond does destroy his subjects, the father of his country does murder his people. Fortune is so much the pursuit of mankind, that all glory and honour is in the power of a prince, because he has the distribution of their fortunes. It is therefore the inadvertency, negligence, or guilt of princes to let any thing grow into custom which is against their laws. A court can make fashion and duty walk together ; it can never, without the guilt of a court, happen, that it shall not be unfashionable to do what is unlaw-



ful. But, alas ! in the dominions of Pharamond, by the force of a tyrant custom, which is misnamed a point of honour, the duellist kills his friend whom he loves ; and the judge condemns the duellist while he approves his behaviour. Shame is the greatest of all evils. What avail laws, when death only attends the breach of them, and shame obedience to them ? As for me, oh Pharamond, were it possible to describe the nameless kinds of compunctions and tender-  
nesses I feel, when I reflect upon the little accidents in our former familiarity, my mind swells into sorrow which cannot be resisted enough to be silent in the presence of Pharamond.' With that he fell into a flood of tears, and wept aloud. ' Why should not Pharamond hear the anguish he can only relieve others from in time to come ? Let him hear from me, what they feel who have given death by the false mercy of his administration, and form to himself the vengeance called for by those who have perished by his negligence.'

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## No. 85. THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1711.

*Interdum speciosa locis, morataque rectè  
Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere et arte,  
Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliùsque moratur,  
Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*

HOR. ARS POET. 319.

—When the sentiments and manners please,  
And all the characters are wrought with ease:  
Your play, though void of beauty, force, and art,  
More strongly shall delight, and warm the heart;  
Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,  
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.

FRANCIS

It is the custom of the Mahometans, if they see any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some piece of their Alcoran. I must confess I have so much of the Mussulman in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable circumstances it may appear: for as no mortal author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may sometime or other be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a prelate; and know a friend of mine, who, for these several years, has converted the essays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a poem of an eminent author on a victory, I met with several fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had

been employed in squibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its subject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr. Baxter under a Christmas-pye. Whether or no the pastry-cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious viand, I know not : but, upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an idea of the author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have often profitted by these accidental readings, and have sometimes found very curious pieces that are either out of print, or not to be met with in the shops of our London booksellers. For this reason, when my friends take a survey of my library, they are very much surprised to find upon the shelf of folios, two long band-boxes standing upright among my books ; till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep erudition and abstruse literature. I might likewise mention a paper-kite, from which I have received great improvement ; and a hat-case, which I would not exchange for all the beavers in Great-Britain. This my inquisitive temper, or rather impertinent humour of prying into all sorts of writing, with my natural aversion to loquacity, gives me a good deal of employment when I enter any house in the country : for I cannot for my heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last piece that I met with upon this occasion gave me a most exquisite pleasure. My reader will think I am not serious, when I acquaint him that the piece I am going to speak of, was the old ballad of the Two Children in the Wood, which is one of the darling songs of the common people, and has been the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age.

This song is a plain simple copy of nature, destitute of all the helps and ornaments of art : the tale of

it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet, because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion. The incidents grow out of the subject, and are such as are the most proper to excite pity; for which reason, the whole narration has something in it very moving, notwithstanding the author of it, whoever he was, has delivered it in such an abject phrase and poorness of expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a design of turning it into ridicule. But though the language is mean, the thoughts, as I have before said, from one end to the other, are natural, and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not judges of language, or those who, notwithstanding they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taste of nature. The condition, speech, and behaviour, of the dying parents, with the age, innocence, and distress of the children, are set forth in such tender circumstances, that it is impossible for a reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumstance of the robin-red-breast, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and, to show the genius of the author amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest of the Latin poets has made use of upon a parallel occasion; I mean, that passage in Horace where he describes himself, when he was a child, fallen asleep in a desert wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles that took pity on him.

*Me fabulosæ vulture in Appulo,  
 Altricis extra limen Apuliae,  
 Iusto fatigatumque somno  
 Fronde novâ puerum palumbæ  
 Texere—*

OD. III. 4. 9.

Me when a child, as tired with play,  
Upon the Apulian hills I lay,  
In careless slumbers bound ;  
The gentle doves protecting found,  
And cover'd me with myrtle leaves.

I have heard that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest critics as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. Dryden, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour.

I might likewise refer my reader to Moliere's thoughts on this subject, as he has expressed them in the character of the Misanthrope ; but those only who are endowed with a true greatness of soul and genius, can divest themselves of the little images of ridicule, and admire nature in her simplicity and nakedness. As for the little conceited wits of the age, who can only show their judgement by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire these productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions, that, with all the beauties of nature, have also the additional advantages of art.

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## No. 86. FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1711.

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*Heu quàm difficile est, crimen non prodere vultu !*

OID. MET. ii. 447.

How in the looks does conscious guilt appear !

ADDISON.

THERE are several arts which all men are in some measure masters of, without having been at the pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a grammarian and a logician, though he may be wholly unacquainted with the rules of grammar or logic, as they are delivered in books and systems. In the same manner, every one is in some degree a master of that art which is generally distinguished by the name of Physiognomy ; and naturally forms to himself the character or fortune of a stranger, from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured man ; and, upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons, before we have heard them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are.

Every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man a scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die, in dumb show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a notion of

every man's humour or circumstances by his looks, that I have sometimes employed myself from Charing-Cross to the Royal-Exchange in drawing the characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a man with a sour rivell'd face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife: and, when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, think on the happiness of his friends, his family, and relations.

I cannot recollect the author of a famous saying to a stranger, who stood silent in his company, 'Speak, that I may see thee.' But, with submission, I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance. In this case, however, I think the air of the whole face is much more expressive than the lines of it. The truth of it is, the air is generally nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible.

Those who have established physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging men's tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. Martial has a pretty epigram on this subject.

*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus :  
Rem magnam præstas, Zoïle, si bonus es.*

EPIG. xii. 54.

Thy beard and head are of a different dye ;  
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye :  
With all these tokens of a knave complete,  
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat.

I have seen a very ingenious author on this subject, who founds his speculations on the supposition, that, as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likeness to that of an ox, a sheep, a lion, a hog, or any other creature ; he hath the same resemblance in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those pas-

sions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly, he gives the prints of several faces that are of a different mould, and by a little overcharging the likeness, discovers the figures of these several kinds of brutal faces in human features\*. I remember, in the life of the famous Prince of Condé, the writer observes, the face of that prince was like the face of an eagle, and that the prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this case, therefore, we may be sure that he had in his mind some general implicit notion of this art of physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his courtiers told him his face was made like an eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his looks which showed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal descent. Whether or no the different motions of the animal spirits, in different passions, may have an effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habitations, I shall leave to the consideration of the curious. In the mean time, I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lie to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, and in spite of all those marks and signatures which Nature seems to have set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those, who, instead of being exasperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those beauties which are more lasting and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable piece of deformity; and

\* This doubtless refers to *Baptista della Porta's* famous book *De humana Physiognomia*: which has run through many editions both in Latin and Italian. He died in 1615.



have observed a certain cheerfulness in as bad a system of features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such cases the soul and the body do not seem to be fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary instance of this nature. There chanced to be a great physiognomist in his time at Athens, who had made strange discoveries of men's tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. Socrates's disciples, that they might put this artist to the trial, carried him to their master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a short examination of his face, the Physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falsehood and vanity of his art. But Socrates told them that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular vices which the physiognomist had discovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the strong dispositions he was born with, by the dictates of philosophy\*.

We are indeed told by an ancient author†, that Socrates very much resembled Silenus in his face; which we find to have been very rightly observed from the statutes and busts of both that are still extant, as well as on several antique seals and precious stones, which are frequently enough to be met with

\* Cicer. Tusc. Qu. 5. et De Fato.

† Plat. Conviv.

in the cabinets of the curious. But, however observations of this nature may sometimes hold, a wise man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred against a person of worth, or fancy a man to be proud or ill-natured by his aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real character? Dr. Moore, in his admirable System of Ethics, reckons this particular inclination to take a prejudice against a man for his looks, among the smaller vices in morality, and, if I remember, gives it the name of a *prosopolepsia*.\*

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No. 87. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1711.

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—*Nimium ne crede colori.*

VIRG. ECL. ii. 17.

Trust not too much to an enchanting face.

DRYDEN.

It has been the purpose of several of my speculations to bring people to an unconcerned behaviour, with relation to their persons, whether beautiful or

\* A Greek word, used in the N. T. Rom. ii. 11, and Eph. vi. 9; where it is said that 'God is no respecter of persons.' Here it signifies a prejudice against a person formed from his countenance, &c. too hastily.

defective. As the secrets of the Ugly Club were exposed to the public, that men might see there were some noble spirits in the age, who were not at all displeased with themselves upon considerations which they had no choice in ; so the discourse concerning Idols tended to lessen the value people put upon themselves from personal advantages and gifts of nature. As to the latter species of mankind, the beauties, whether male or female, they are generally the most untractable people of all others. You are so excessively perplexed with the particularities in their behaviour, that, to be at ease, one would be apt to wish there were no such creatures. They expect so great allowances, and give so little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the main, a man with a better person than ordinary and a beautiful woman might be very happily changed for such to whom Nature has been less liberal. The handsome fellow is usually so much a gentleman, and the fine woman has something so becoming, that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my choice to mix with cheerful ugly creatures, rather than gentlemen who are graceful enough to omit or do what they please ; or beauties who have charms enough to do and say what would be disobliging in any but themselves.

Diffidence and presumption, upon account of our persons, are equally faults ; and both arise from the want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know, ourselves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed I did not imagine these little considerations and coquetries could have the ill consequence as I find they have by the following letters of my correspondents, where it seems beauty is thrown into the accompt, in matters of sale, to those who receive no favour from the charmers.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ AFTER I have assured you I am in every respect one of the handsomest young girls about town, I need be particular in nothing but the make of my face, which has the misfortune to be exactly oval. This I take to proceed from a temper that naturally inclines me both to speak and to hear.

“ With this account you may wonder how I can have the vanity to offer myself as a candidate, which I now do, to a society where the Spectator and Hecatissa have been admitted with so much applause. I don't want to be put in mind how very defective I am in every thing that is ugly : I am too sensible of my own unworthiness in this particular, and therefore I only propose myself as a foil to the club.

“ You see how honest I have been to confess all my imperfections, which is a great deal to come from a woman, and what I hope you will encourage with the favour of your interest.

“ There can be no objection made on the side of the matchless Hecatissa, since it is certain I shall be in no danger of giving her the least occasion of jealousy : and then a joint-stool in the very lowest place at the table, is all the honour that is coveted by

“ Your most humble

“ and obedient servant,

“ June 4.”

“ ROSALINDA.

“ P. S. I have sacrificed my necklace to put into the public lottery against the common enemy. And last Saturday about three o'clock in the afternoon, I began to patch indifferently on both sides of my face.”

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“UPON reading your late dissertation concerning idols, I cannot but complain to you that there are, in six or seven places of this city, coffee-houses kept by perons of that sisterhood. These idols sit and receive all day long the adoration of the youth within such and such districts. I know, in particular, goods are not entered as they ought to be at the custom-house, nor law-reports perused at the Temple, by reason of one beauty who detains the young merchants too long near 'Change, and another fair one who keeps the students at her house when they should be at study. It would be worth your while to see how the idolaters alternately offer incense to their idols, and what heart-burnings arise in those who wait for their turn to receive kind aspects from those little thrones, which all the company, but these lovers, call the bars. I saw a gentleman turn as pale as ashes, because an idol turned the sugar in a tea-dish for his rival, and carelessly called the boy to serve him, with 'Sirrah! why don't you give the gentleman the box to please himself?' Certain it is, that a very hopeful young man was taken with leads in his pockets below bridge, where he intended to drown himself, because his idol would wash the dish in which she had just before drank tea, before she would let him use it.

“I am, Sir, a person past being amorous, and do not give this information out of envy or jealousy; but I am a real sufferer by it. These lovers take any thing for tea and coffee; I saw one yesterday surfeit to make his court, and all his rivals, at the same time, loud in the commendation of liquors that went against every body in the room that was not in love. While

these young fellows resign their stomachs with their hearts, and drink at the idol in this manner, we who come to do business, or talk politics, are utterly poisoned. They have also drams for those who are more enamoured than ordinary; and it is very common for such as are too low in constitution to ogle the idol upon the strength of tea, to fluster themselves with warmer liquors: thus all pretenders advance, as fast as they can, to a fever or a diabetes. I must repeat to you, that I do not look with an evil eye upon the profit of the idols or the diversions of the lovers; what I hope from this remonstrance, is only that we plain people may not be served as if we were idolaters; but that from the time of publishing this in your paper, the idols would mix ratsbane only for their admirers, and take more care of us who don't love them.

"London, June 7, 1711."

R

"I am, SIR,

"Yours,

"T. T."

No. 88. MONDAY, JUNE 11, 1711.

*Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?*

VIRG. ECL. iii. 16.

What will not masters do, when servants thus presume?

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I HAVE no small value for your endeavours to lay before the world what may escape their observation, and yet highly conduces to their service

You have, I think, succeeded very well on many subjects ; and seem to have been conversant in very different scenes of life. But in the considerations of mankind, as a Spectator, you should not omit circumstances which relate to the inferior part of the world, any more than those which concern the greater. There is one thing in particular which I wonder you have not touched upon, and that is, the general corruption of manners in the servants of Great Britain. I am a man that have travelled and seen many nations, but have for seven years last past resided constantly in London, or within twenty miles of it. In this time I have contracted a numerous acquaintance among the best sort of people, and have hardly found one of them happy in their servants. This is matter of great astonishment to foreigners and all such as have visited foreign countries; especially since we cannot but observe that there is no part of the world where servants have those privileges and advantages as in England. They have no where else such plentiful diet, large wages, or indulgent liberty. There is no place wherein they labour less, and yet where they are so little respectful, more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so frequently change their masters. To this I attribute in a great measure, the frequent robberies and losses which we suffer on the high road and in our own houses. That indeed which gives me the present thought of this kind is, that a careless groom of mine has spoiled me the prettiest pad in the world, with only riding him ten miles ; and I assure you, if I were to make a register of all the horses I have known thus abused by negligence of servants, the number would mount a regiment. I wish you would give us your observations, that we may know how to treat these rogues, or that we masters may enter into measures to reform them. Pray give us

a speculation in general about servants, and you make me

“ Yours,

“ May 30, 1711.”

“ PHILO-BRITANNICUS.

“ P. S. Pray do not omit the mention of grooms in particular.”

This honest gentleman, who is so desirous that I should write a satire upon grooms, has a great deal of reason for his resentment; and I know no evil which touches all mankind so much as this of the misbehaviour of servants.

The complaint of this letter runs wholly upon men-servants; and I can attribute the licentiousness which has at present prevailed among them, to nothing but what a hundred before me have ascribed it to, the custom of giving board-wages. This one instance of false economy is sufficient to debauch the whole nation of servants, and makes them as it were but for some part of their time in that quality. They are either attending in places where they meet and run into clubs, or else, if they wait at taverns, they eat after their masters, and reserve their wages for other occasions. From hence it arises, that they are but in a lower degree what their masters themselves are; and usually affect an imitation of their manners: and you have, in liveries, beaus, fops, and coxcombs, in as high perfection as among people that keep equipages. It is a common humour among the retinue of people of quality, when they are in their revels, that is, when they are out of their masters' sight, to assume in a humorous way the names and titles of those whose liveries they wear. By which means characters and distinctions become so familiar to them, that it is to this, among other causes, one may



impute a certain insolence among our servants, that they take no notice of any gentleman, though they know him ever so well, except he is an acquaintance of their master's.

My obscurity and taciturnity leave me at liberty without scandal to dine, if I think fit, at a common ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous house of entertainment.—Falling in the other day at a victualling-house near the house of peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my lord bishop swore he would throw her out at window if she did not bring up more mild beer, and that my lord duke would have a double mug of purl. My surprise was increased, in hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs, by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility ; till of a sudden one came running in, and cried the house was rising. Down came all the company together, and away ! The alehouse was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to such an earl, three quarts to my new lord for wetting his title, and so forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowds of servants, and their insolence, near the courts of justice, and the stairs towards the supreme assembly, where there is an universal mockery of all order, such riotous clamour and licentious confusion, that one would think the whole nation lived in jest, and there were no such thing as rule and distinction among us.

The next place of resort, wherein the servile world are let loose, is at the entrance of Hyde Park, while the gentry are at the ring. Hither people bring their lacqueys out of state, and here it is that all they say at their tables, and act in their houses, is communicated to the whole town. There are men

of wit in all conditions of life; and, mixing with these people at their diversions, I have heard coquettes and prudes as well rallied, and insolence and pride exposed, allowing for their want of education, with as much humour and good sense as in the politest companies. It is a general observation, that all dependents run in some measure into the manners and behaviour of those whom they serve. You shall frequently meet with lovers and men of intrigue among the lacqueys as well as at White's or in the side-boxes. I remember some years ago an instance of this kind. A footman to a captain of the guards used frequently, when his master was out of the way, to carry on amours and make assignations in his master's clothes. The fellow had a very good person, and there are very many women that think no further than the outside of a gentleman: besides which, he was almost as learned a man as the colonel \* himself: I say, thus qualified, the fellow could scrawl *billets-doux* so well, and furnish a conversation on the common topics, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good business on his hands. It happened one day, that, coming down a tavern stairs in his master's fine guard-coat with a well-dressed woman masked, he met the colonel coming up with other company; but with a ready assurance he quitted his lady, came up to him, and said, 'Sir, I know you have too much respect for yourself to cane me in this honourable habit. But you see there is a lady in the case, and I hope on that score also, you will put off your anger till I have told you all another time.' After a little pause the colonel cleared up his countenance, and with an air of familiarity whispered his man apart, 'Sirrah, bring the

\* In the Spect. in folio, and in the edit. of 1712, in 8vo. this officer is styled both captain and colonel.

lady with you to ask pardon for you:' then aloud, 'Look to it, Will, I'll never forgive you else.' The fellow went back to his mistress, and telling her, with a loud voice and an oath, that was the honestest fellow in the world, conveyed her to a hackney-coach.

But the many irregularities committed by servants in the places above mentioned, as well as in the theatres, of which masters are generally the occasions, are too various not to need being resumed on another occasion.

R

## No. 89. TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1711.

— *Petite hinc, juvenesque, senesque,  
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.  
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? Quasi magnum.  
Nempe diem donas? Sed cum lux altera venit,  
Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras  
Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultra.  
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno,  
Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum.*

PERS. SAT. V. 64.

*Pers.* From thee both old and young, with profit, learn  
The bounds of good and evil to discern.

*Corn.* Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,  
And to to-morrow would the search delay:  
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

*Pers.* But is one day of ease too much to borrow?

*Corn.* Yes, sure; for yesterday was once to-morrow.  
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd,  
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd:  
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,  
And wilt be ever to begin thy task!  
Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, are curst,  
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.

DEYDEN.

As my correspondents upon the subject of love are very numerous, it is my design, if possible, to range them under several heads, and address myself to them at different times. The first branch of them, to whose service I shall dedicate this paper, are those that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for spinning out the time of courtship to an immoderate length, without being able either to close with their lovers or to dismiss them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints against this sort

f women. In one of them no less a man than a rother of the coif \* tells me, that he began his suit *icesimo nono Caroli secundi*, before he had been a welvemonth at the Temple ; that he prosecuted it or many years after he was called to the bar ; that t present he is a serjeant at law ; and, notwithstanding he hoped that matters would have been long since rought to an issue, the fair one still demurs.—I am o well pleased with this gentleman's phrase, that I hall distinguish this sect of women by the title of Demurrers. I find by another letter from one who alls himself Thyrsis, that his mistress has been de-aurring above these seven years. But among all my laintiffs of this nature, I most pity the unfortunate 'hilander, a man of a constant passion and plentiful orte, who sets forth that the timorous and irreso-ate Sylvia has demurred till she is past child-bearing. trephon appears by his letter to be a very choleric ver, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurs ut of self-interest. He tells me with great passion hat she has bubbled him out of his youth ; that she rilled him on to five and fifty ; and that he verily elieves she will drop him in his old age, if she can nd her account in another. I shall conclude this arrative with a letter from honest Sam Hopewell, very pleasant fellow, who it seems has at last mar-ied a Demurrer. I must only premise, that Sam, ho is a very good bottle-companion, has been the iversio of his friends, upon account of his passion, ver since the year one thousand six hundred and ighty-one.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ You know very well my passion for Mrs. Martha, and what a dance she has led me. She took

\* i. e. A serjeant at law.

me out at the age of two and twenty, and dodged with me above thirty years. I have loved her till she is grown as gray as a cat, and am with much ado become the master of her person, such as it is at present. She is however in my eye a very charming old woman. We often lament that we did not marry sooner, but she has nobody to blame for it but herself. You know very well that she would never think of me whilst she had a tooth in her head. I have put the date of my passion, *anno amoris trigesimo primo*, instead of a poesy on my wedding ring. I expect you should send me a congratulatory letter, or if you please, an epithalamium upon this occasion.

“ Mrs. Martha’s and yours eternally,

“ SAM HOPEWELL.”

In order to banish an evil out of the world that does not only produce great uneasiness to private persons, but has also a very bad influence on the public, I shall endeavour to show the folly of demurring, from two or three reflections which I earnestly recommend to the thoughts of my fair readers.

First of all, I would have them seriously think on the shortness of their time. Life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she has done deliberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the Flood, a lady might sacrifice half a century to a scruple, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had she nine hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the Jews before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the stage and make room for others.

In the second place, I would desire my female readers to consider, that, as the term of life is short,

that of beauty is much shorter. The finest skin wrinkles in a few years, and loses the strength of its colourings so soon that we have scarce time to admire it. I might embellish this subject with roses and rainbows, and several other ingenious conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another opportunity.

There is a third consideration which I would likewise recommend to a demurrer, and that is, the great danger of her falling in love when she is about three-score, if she cannot satisfy her doubts and scruples before that time. There is a kind of latter spring, that sometimes gets into the blood of an old woman, and turns her into a very odd sort of an animal. I would therefore have the Demurrer consider what a strange figure she will make, if she chances to get over all difficulties, and comes to a final resolution in that unseasonable part of her life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural modesty in the sex which renders a retreat from the first approaches of a lover both fashionable and graceful. All that I intend is, to advise them, when they are prompted by reason and inclination, to demur only out of form, and so far as decency requires. A virtuous woman should reject the first offer of marriage, if a good man does that of a bishoprick; but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. I would in this particular propose the example of Eve to all her daughters, as Milton has represented her in the following passage, which I cannot forbear transcribing here, though only the twelve last lines are to my present purpose.

The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;  
Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
Man-like, but different sex ; so lovely fair,

That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
 And in her looks; which from that time infused  
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before:  
 And into all things from her air inspired  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.

She disappear'd, and left me dark; I waked  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable. On she came,  
 Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninformed  
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:  
 Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love.  
 I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud:

'This turn hath made amends: Thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!  
 Giver of all things fair; but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself.'—

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,  
 The more desirable, or, to say all,  
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd.  
 I follow'd her: she what was honour knew,  
 And with obsequious majesty approved  
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
 I led her blushing like the morn.—

PARADISE LOST, viii. 469—511.

L



n. 90. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1711.

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—*Magnus sine viribus ignis*  
*Incassum furit*—

VIRG. GEORG. iii. 99.

In all the rage of impotent desire,  
 They feel a quenchless flame, a fruitless fire.

HE is not, in my opinion, a consideration more  
 tual to extinguish inordinate desires in the soul of  
 , than the notions of Plato and his followers upon  
 subject. They tell us, that every passion which  
 een contracted by the soul during her residence  
 e body, remains with her in a separate state ; and  
 the soul in the body, or out of the body, differs  
 ore than the man does from himself when he is  
 is house or in open air. When, therefore, the  
 me passions in particular have once taken root,  
 spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her  
 arably, and remain in her for ever, after the body  
 st off and thrown aside. As an argument to con-  
 this their doctrine, they observe, that a lewd  
 h, who goes on in a continued course of voluptu-  
 ess, advances by degrees into a libidinous old  
 ; and that the passion survives in the mind when  
 altogether dead in the body ; nay, that the de-  
 grows more violent, and, like all other habits,  
 ers strength by age, at the same time that it has  
 iver of executing its own purposes. If, say they,  
 oul is the most subject to these passions at a time  
 1 she has the least instigation from the body, we  
 well suppose she will still retain them when she  
 tirely divested of it. The very substance of the

soul is festered with them ; the gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured ; the inflammation will rage to all eternity.

In this therefore, say the Platonists, consists the punishment of a voluptuous man after death. He is tormented with desires which it is impossible for him to gratify ; solicited by a passion that has neither objects nor organs adapted to it : he lives in a state of invincible desire and impotence, and always burns in the pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this reason, says Plato, that the souls of the dead appear frequently in cemeteries, and hover about the places where their bodies are buried, as still hankering after their old brutal pleasures, and desiring again to enter the body that gave them an opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent divines have made use of this Platonic notion, so far as it regards the subsistence of our passions after death, with great beauty and strength of reason. Plato indeed carries his thought very far when he grafts upon it his opinion of ghosts appearing in places of burial. Though, I must confess, if one did believe that the departed souls of men and women wandered up and down these lower regions, and entertained themselves with the sight of their species, one could not devise a more proper hell for an impure spirit than that which Plato has touched upon.

The ancients seem to have drawn such a state of torments in the description of Tantalus, who was punished with the rage of an eternal thirst, and set up to the chin in water that fled from his lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

Virgil, who has cast the whole system of Platonic philosophy, so far as it relates to the soul of man, into beautiful allegories, in the sixth book of his *Æneid*

gives us the punishment of a voluptuary after death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of:

— *Lucent genialibus altis*

*Aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae  
Regifico luxu : Furiarum maxima juxta  
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas ;  
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.*

ÆN. vi. 603.

They lie below on golden beds display'd ;  
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made :  
The queen of Furies by their side is set,  
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat ;  
Which, if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,  
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.

DRYDEN.

That I may a little alleviate the severity of this my speculation, which otherwise may lose me several of my polite readers, I shall translate a story that has been quoted upon another occasion by one of the most learned men of the present age, as I find it in the original. The reader will see it is not foreign to my present subject, and I dare say will think it a very representation of a person lying under the torments of such a kind of tantalism, or Platonic hell, that which we have now under consideration. Monsieur Pontignan, speaking of a love-adventure that happened to him in the country, gives the following account of it \*.

'When I was in the country last summer, I was often in company with a couple of charming women, who had all the wit and beauty one could desire in female companions, with a dash of coquetry that from time to time gave me a great many agreeable torments. I followed after my way, in love with both of them, and had

The substance of the story here paraphrased, is taken from a book entitled 'Academie Galante,' printed at Paris and in London in 1682, and afterwards at Amst. in 1708. See that edit. and first Dutch edit. p. 160.

such frequent opportunities of pleading my passion to them when they were asunder, that I had reason to hope for particular favours from each of them. As I was walking one evening in my chamber with nothing about me but my night-gown, they both came into my room, and told me they had a very pleasant trick to put upon a gentleman that was in the same house, provided I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me such a plausible story, that I laughed at their contrivance, and agreed to do whatever they should require of me. They immediately began to swaddle me up in my night-gown, with long pieces of linen, which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in above a hundred yards of swathe. My arms were pressed to my sides, and my legs closed together by so many wrappers one over another, that I looked like an Egyptian mummy. As I stood bolt upright upon one end in this antique figure, one of the ladies burst out a laughing. 'And now, Pontignan,' says she, 'we intend to perform the promise that we find you have extorted from each of us. You have often asked the favour of us, and I dare say you are a better bred cavalier than to refuse to go to bed to ladies that desire it of you.' After having stood a fit of laughter, I begged them to uncase me, and do with me what they pleased. 'No, no,' say they, 'we like you very well as you are;' and upon that ordered me to be carried to one of their houses, and put to bed in all my swaddles. The room was lighted up on all sides, and I was laid very decently between a pair of sheets, with my head, which was indeed the only part I could move, upon a very high pillow: this was no sooner done, but my two female friends came into bed to me in their finest night-clothes. You may easily guess at the condition of a man that saw a couple of the most beautiful women in the world undrest and a-bed with him, without being able to stir

hand or foot. I begged them to release me, and struggled all I could to get loose, which I did with so much violence, that about midnight they both leaped out of the bed, crying out they were undone. But seeing me safe, they took their posts again, and renewed their raillery. Finding all my prayers and endeavours were lost, I composed myself as well as I could, and told them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall asleep between them, and by that means disgrace them for ever. But, alas! this was impossible; could I have been disposed to it, they would have prevented me by several little ill-natured caresses and endearments which they bestowed upon me. As much devoted as I am to womankind, I would not pass such another night to be master of the whole sex. My reader will doubtless be curious to know what became of me the next morning. Why truly my bed-fellows left me about an hour before day, and told me, if I would be good and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up as soon as it was time for me to rise. Accordingly about nine o'clock in the morning an old woman came to unswathe me. I bore all this very patiently, being resolved to take my revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no measures with them as soon as I was at liberty; but upon asking my old woman what was become of the two ladies, she told me she believed they were by that time within sight of Paris, for that they went away in a coach and six before five o'clock in the morning."

L

No. 91. THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1711.

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*In furias ignemque ruunt : amor omnibus idem.*

VIRG. GEORG. iii. 244.

—They rush into the flame ;  
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same.

DRYDEN.

THOUGH the subject I am now going upon would be much more properly the foundation of a comedy, I cannot forbear inserting the circumstances which pleased me in the account a young lady gave me of the loves of a family in town, which shall be nameless ; or rather, for the better sound and elevation of the history, instead of Mr. and Mrs. Such-a-one, I shall call them by feigned names. Without further preface, you are to know, that within the liberties of the city of Westminster lives the Lady Honoria, a widow about the age of forty, of a healthy constitution, gay temper, and elegant person. She dresses a little too much like a girl, affects a childish fondness in the tone of her voice, sometimes a pretty sullenness in the leaning of her head, and now and then a down-cast of her eyes on her fan. Neither her imagination nor her health would ever give her to know that she is turned of twenty ; but that in the midst of these pretty softnesses, and airs of delicacy and attraction, she has a tall daughter within a fortnight of fifteen, who impertinently comes into the room, and towers so much towards woman, that her mother is always checked by her presence, and every charm of Honoria droops at the entrance of Flavia. The agreeable Flavia would be what she is not, as well as her mother Honoria ; but all their

beholders are more partial to an affectation of what a person is growing up to, than of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It is therefore allowed to Flavia to look forward but not to Honoria to look back. Flavia is no way dependent on her mother with relation to her fortune, for which reason they live almost upon an equality in conversation ; and as Honoria has given Flavia to understand, that it is ill-bred to be always calling mother, Flavia is as well pleased never to be called child. It happens by this means, that these ladies are generally rivals in all places where they appear ; and the words mother and daughter never pass between them but out of spite. Flavia one night at a play observing Honoria draw the eyes of several in the pit, called to a lady who sat by her, and bid her ask her mother to lend her her snuff-box for one moment. Another time, when a lover of Honoria was on his knees beseeching the favour to kiss her hand, Flavia, rushing into the room, kneeled down by him and asked blessing. Several of these contradictory acts of duty have raised between them such a coldness, that they generally converse when they are in mixed company by way of talking at one another, and not to one another. Honoria is ever complaining of a certain sufficiency in the young women of this age, who assume to themselves an authority of carrying all things before them as if they were possessors of the esteem of mankind, and all who were but a year before them in the world were neglected or deceased. Flavia, upon such a provocation, is sure to observe that there are people who can resign nothing, and know not how to give up what they know they cannot hold ; that there are those who will not allow youth their follies, not because they are themselves past them, but because they love to continue in them. These beauties rival each other

on all occasions, not that they have always had the same lovers, but each has kept up a vanity to show the other the charms of her lover. Dick Crastin and Tom Tulip, among many others, have of late been pretenders in this family: Dick to Honoria, Tom to Flavia. Dick is the only surviving beau of the last age, and Tom almost the only one that keeps up that order of men in this.

I wish I could repeat the little circumstance of a conversation of the four lovers with the spirit in which the young lady I had my account from, represented it at a visit where I had the honour to be present; but it seems Dick Crastin, the admirer of Honoria, and Tom Tulip, the pretender to Flavia, were purposely admitted together by the ladies, that each might show the other that her lover had the superiority in the accomplishments of that sort of creature whom the sillier part of women call a fine gentleman. As this age has a much more gross taste in courtship, as well as in every thing else, than the last had, these gentlemen are instances of it in their different manner of application. Tulip is ever making allusions to the vigour of his person, the sinewy force of his make; while Crastin professes a wary observation of the turns of his mistress's mind.—Tulip gives himself the air of a resistless ravisher, Crastin practises that of a skilful lover. Poetry is the inseparable property of every man in love; and as men of wit write verses on those occasions, the rest of the world repeat the verses of others. These servants of the ladies were used to imitate their manner of conversation, and allude to one another, rather than interchange discourse in what they said when they met. Tulip the other day seized his mistress's hand, and repeated, out of Ovid's *Art of Love*,



'Tis I can in soft battles pass the night,  
Yet rise next morning vigorous for the fight,  
Fresh as the day, and active as the light.

Upon hearing this, Crastin, with an air of deference, played with Honoria's fan and repeated,

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,  
That can, with a resistless charm, impart  
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart :  
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,  
Between declining virtue and desire,  
Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away  
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day \*.

When Crastin had uttered these verses with a tenderness which at once spoke passion and respect, Honoria cast a triumphant glance at Flavia, as exulting in the elegance of Crastin's courtship, and upbraiding her with the homeliness of Tulip's. Tulip understood the reproach, and in return began to applaud the wisdom of old amorous gentlemen, who turned their mistress's imagination as far as possible from what they had long themselves forgot, and ended his discourse with a sly commendation of the doctrine of Platonic love ; at the same time he ran over, with a laughing eye, Crastin's thin legs, meagre looks, and spare body. The old gentleman immediately left the room with some disorder, and the conversation fell upon untimely passion, after-love, and unseasonable youth. Tulip sung, danced, moved before the glass, and his mistress half a minuet, hummed

Celia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen !

When there came a servant with a letter to him, which was as follows :

\* These verses on Sir Charles Sedley are from Lord Rochester's imitation of Horace, 1 Sat. x.

‘ SIR,

‘ I UNDERSTAND very well what you meant by your mention of Platonic love. I shall be glad to meet you immediately in Hyde-park, or behind Montague house, or attend you to Barn-elms, or any other fashionable place that’s fit for a gentleman to die in, that you shall appoint for,

‘ SIR,

‘ Your most humble servant.

‘ RICHARD CRASTIN.’

Tulip’s colour changed at the reading of this epistle ; for which reason his mistress snatched it to read the contents. While she was doing so, Tulip went away ; and the ladies now agreeing in a common calamity, bewailed together the danger of their lovers. They immediately undressed to go out, and took hackneys to prevent mischief : but, after alarming all parts of the town, Crastin was found by his widow in his pumps at Hyde-park, which appointment Tulip never kept, but made his escape into the country. Flavia tears her hair for his inglorious safety, curses and despises her charmer, is fallen in love with Crastin : which is the first part of the history of the Rival Mother.

R

No. 92. FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1711.

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— *Convivæ propè dissentire videntur,  
Poscentes vario multùm diversa palato.  
Quid dem? Quid non dem?—*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 2. 61.

IMITATED.

—What would you have me do,  
When out of twenty I can please not two?—  
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;  
The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg;  
Hard task to hit the palate of such guests.

POPE.

LOOKING over the late packets of letters which have  
been sent to me, I found the following one :

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ YOUR paper is a part of my tea-equipage; and  
my servant knows my humour so well, that calling  
my breakfast this morning, it being past my usual  
hour, she answered, the Spectator was not yet come  
; but that the tea-kettle boiled and she expected it  
any moment. Having thus in part signified to you  
the esteem and veneration which I have for you, I  
it put you in mind of the catalogue of books  
which you have promised to recommend to our sex;  
I have deferred furnishing my closet with authors,  
I receive your advice in this particular, being  
daily disciple and humble servant.

“ LEONORA.”

In answer to my fair disciple, whom I am very proud of, I must acquaint her and the rest of my readers, that since I have called out for help in my catalogue of a lady's library, I have received many letters upon that head, some of which I shall give an account of.

In the first class, I shall take notice of those which come to me from eminent booksellers, who every one of them mention with respect the authors they have printed, and consequently have an eye to their own advantage more than to that of the ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it absolutely necessary for women to have true notions of right and equity, and that therefore they cannot peruse a better book than Dalton's Country Justice. Another thinks they cannot be without The Complete Jockey. A third, observing the curiosity and desire of prying into secrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair sex, is of opinion this female inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their advantage, and therefore recommends to me Mr. Mede upon the Revelations. A fourth lays it down as an unquestioned truth, that a lady cannot be thoroughly accomplished who has not read The Secret Treaties and Negotiations of the Marshal d'Estrades. Mr. Jacob Tonson, junior, is of opinion, that Bayle's Dictionary might be of very great use to the ladies, in order to make them general scholars. Another, whose name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every woman with child, should read Mr. Wall's History of Infant Baptism: as another is very importunate with me to recommend to all my female readers The Finishing Stroke; being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme, &c.

In the second class, I shall mention books which are recommended by husbands, if I may believe the writers of them. Whether or no they are real hus-

ands or personated ones, I cannot tell; but the books they recommend are as follow:—A Paraphrase of the History of Susannah. Rules to keep Lent. The Christian's Overthrow prevented. A Dissuasive from the Play-house. The Virtues of Camphire, with Directions to make Camphire Tea. The Pleasures of Country Life. The Government of the Tongue. A letter, dated from Cheapside, desires me that I would advise all young wives to make themselves mistresses of Wingate's Arithmetic, and concludes with a Postscript, that he hopes I will not forget The Countess of Kent's Receipts.

I may reckon the ladies themselves as a third class among these my correspondents and privy-counsellors. In a letter from one of them, I am advised to place Pharamond at the head of my catalogue, and, I think proper, to give the second place to Casandra\*. Coquetilla begs me not to think of nailing women upon their knees with manuals of devotion, or of scorching their faces with books of housewifery. Florella desires to know if there are any books written against prudes, and entreats me, if there be, to give them a place in my library. Plays of all sorts have their several advocates: All for Love is mentioned in above fifteen letters; Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow, in a dozen; The innocent Adultery is likewise highly approved of: Mithridates, King of Pontus, has many friends; Alexander the Great and Aurengezebe have the same number of voices; but Theodosius, or the Force of Love, carries it from all the rest.

I should, in the last place, mention such books as have been proposed by men of learning, and those

\* Two celebrated French Romances, written by M. La Calprenède.

who appear competent judges of this matter ; and must here take occasion to thank A. B. whoever it is that conceals himself under those two letters, for his advice upon this subject. But, as I find the work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the thoughts of my judicious contemporaries, and have time to examine the several books they offer to me : being resolved, in an affair of this moment, to proceed with the greatest caution.

In the meanwhile, as I have taken the ladies under my particular care, I shall make it my business to find out in the best authors, ancient and modern, such passages as may be for their use, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their taste ; not questioning but the valuable part of the sex will easily pardon me, if from time to time I laugh at those little vanities and follies which appear in the behaviour of some of them, and which are more proper for ridicule than a serious censure. Most books being calculated for male readers, and generally written with an eye to men of learning, makes a work of this nature the more necessary ; besides, I am the more encouraged, because I flatter myself that I see the sex daily improving by these my speculations. My fair readers are already deeper scholars than the beaux. I could name some of them who talk much better than several gentleman that make a figure at Will's ; and, as I frequently receive letters from the fine ladies and pretty fellows, I cannot but observe that the former are superior to the others, not only in the sense but in the spelling. This cannot but have a good effect upon the female world, and keep them from being charmed by those empty coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the women, though laughed at among the men.

I am credibly informed that Tom Tattle passes for an impertinent fellow, that Will Trippet begins to be looked at, and that Frank Smoothly himself is within a month of a coxcomb, in case I think fit to continue this paper. For my part, as it is my business in some measure to detect such as would lead astray weak minds by their false pretences to wit and judgement, honour and gallantry, I shall not fail to lend the best assistance I am able to the fair sex for the continuation of these discoveries.

L

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No. 93. SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1711.

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— *Spatio brevi*

*Spem longam reseces : dum loquimur, fugerit invida*

*Ætas : carpe diem, quàm minimum credula postero.*

HOR. OD. i. 11. 6.

Thy lengthen'd hope with prudence bound,

Proportion'd to the flying hour :

While thus we talk in careless ease,

Our envious minutes wing their flight ;

Then swift the fleeting pleasure seize,

Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light.

FRANCIS.

All of us complain of the shortness of time, saith a philosopher, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose in doing nothing that we ought to do. We say complaining our days are few, and acting as if there would be no end of them. That philosopher has described our inconsistency

VI.

O

with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad, in most parts of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wish away whole years: and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who



are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action ; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party ; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man ; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced ; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation ; I mean, that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him : it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no

sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that Presence which every where surrounds him ; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do ; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage ? But, because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method, therefore, that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine ; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases,

and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste of music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors. But this I shall only

touch upon, because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another paper for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the pursuit of knowledge.

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No. 94. MONDAY, JUNE 18, 1711.

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— *Hoc est*

*Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.*

MART. EP. X. 23.

The present joys of life we doubly taste,  
By looking back with pleasure to the past.

THE last method which I proposed in my Saturday's paper, for filling up those empty spaces of life which are so tedious and burthensome to idle people, is the employing ourselves in the pursuit of knowledge. I remember Mr. Boyle, speaking of a certain mineral, tells us, that a man may consume his whole life in the study of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, there is not a single science, or any branch of it, that might not furnish a man with business for life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten subjects of the usefulness of knowledge, nor of the pleasure and perfection it gives the mind, nor on the methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular branch of it; all which have been the topics of many other writers: but shall indulge myself in a speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shown how the unemployed parts of life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to show how those parts of life which are exercised in study, reading, and the pursuits of knowledge, are long, but not tedious, and by that means discover a method of lengthening our lives, and at the same time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr. Locke observes, 'That we get the idea of time or duration, by reflecting on that train of ideas which succeed one another in our minds: that, for this reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no perception of time, or the length of it whilst we sleep; and that the moment wherein we leave off to think, till the moment we begin to think again, seems to have no distance.' To which the author adds, 'and so I doubt not but it would be to a waking man, if it were possible for him to keep only one idea in his mind, without variation and the succession of others; and we see, that one who fixes his thoughts very intently on one thing, so as to take but little notice of the succession of ideas that pass in his mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest contemplation, lets slip out of his account a good part of that duration, and thinks that time shorter than it is.'

We might carry this thought further, and consider a man as on one side, shortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant succession of ideas. Accordingly, Monsieur Malebranche, in his Inquiry after Truth, which was published several years before Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, tells us, 'that it is possible some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years; or look upon that space of

duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.'

This notion of Monsieur Malebranche is capable of some little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. Locke ; for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the succession of ideas in our mind, and this succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow that different beings may have different notions of the same parts of duration, according as their ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less degree of rapidity.

There is a famous passage in the Alcoran, which looks as if Mahomet had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the Angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of ; and, after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Alcoran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mahomet at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, which was thrown down at the very instant that the Angel Gabriel carried him away, before the water was all spilt\*.

There is a very pretty story in the Turkish Tales, which relates to this passage of that famous impostor, and bears some affinity to the subject we are now upon. A sultan of Egypt, who was an infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd : but conversing one day with a great doctor in the law, who

\* The Spectator's memory hath here deceived him ; no such passage is to be found in the Alcoran, though it possibly may in some of the histories of Mahomet's life.

the gift of working miracles, the doctor told he would quickly convince him of the truth of passage in the history of Mahomet, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon the sultan was directed to place himself by a tub of water, which he did accordingly ; and as stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, a holy man bid him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again. The king accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. The king immediately began to rage against his teacher for this piece of treachery and witchcraft ; at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he began to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country. Accordingly he applied himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood : these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the sea, where after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long, that he had by her seven sons and seven daughters. He was afterwards reduced to want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the sea-side, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the Mahometans, before he said his prayers. After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water, but he found himself standing by the side of the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having

sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude ; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and delusion ; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood ; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The Mahometan doctor took this occasion of instructing the sultan, that nothing was impossible with God ; and that He, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make a single day, nay, a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.

I shall leave my reader to compare these eastern fables with the notions of those two great philosophers whom I have quoted in this paper ; and shall only, by way of application, desire him to consider how we may extend life beyond its natural dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the pursuit of knowledge.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it ; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful amusing thoughts ; or, in other words, because one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of past life, in the who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, that of him who is grown old in ignorance and ! The latter is like the owner of a barren country fills his eye with the prospect of naked hill plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental ; the other beholds a beautiful spacious landscape divided into delightful g



green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

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No. 95. TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1711.

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*Curae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*

SENECA TRAG.

Light sorrows loose the tongue, but great enchain.

POPE.

HAVING read the two following letters with much pleasure, I cannot but think the good sense of them will be as agreeable to the town as any thing I could say either on the topics they treat of, or any other; they both allude to former papers of mine, and I do not question but the first, which is upon inward mourning, will be thought the production of a man who is well acquainted with the generous yearnings of distress in a manly temper, which is above the relief of tears. A speculation of my own on that subject I shall defer till another occasion.

The second letter is from a lady of a mind as great as her understanding. There is perhaps something in the beginning of it which I ought in modesty to conceal; but I have so much esteem for this correspondent, that I will not alter a tittle of what she writes, though I am thus scrupulous at the price of being ridiculous.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I WAS very well pleased with your discourse upon general mourning, and should be obliged to you

if you would enter into the matter more deeply, and give us your thoughts upon the common sense the ordinary people have of the demonstrations of grief, who prescribe rules and fashions to the most solemn affliction ; such as the loss of the nearest relations and dearest friends. You cannot go to visit a sick friend, but some impertinent waiter about him observes the muscles of your face as strictly as if they were prognostics of his death or recovery. If he happens to be taken from you, you are immediately surrounded with numbers of these spectators who expect a melancholy shrug of your shoulders, a pathetic shake of your head, and an expressive distortion of your face, to measure your affection and value for the deceased. But there is nothing, on these occasions, so much in their favour as immoderate weeping. As all their passions are superficial, they imagine the seat of love and friendship to be placed visibly in the eyes : they judge what stock of kindness you had for the living, by the quantity of tears you pour out for the dead ; so that if one body wants that quantity of salt-water another abounds with, he is in great danger of being thought insensible or ill-natured. They are strangers to friendship, whose grief happens not to be moist enough to wet such a parcel of handkerchiefs. But experience has told us, nothing is so fallacious as this outward sign of sorrow ; and the natural history of our bodies will teach us that this flux of the eyes, this faculty of weeping, is peculiar only to some constitutions. We observe in the tender bodies of children, when crossed in their little wills and expectations, how dissolvable they are into tears. If this were what grief is in men, nature would not be able to support them in the excess of it for one moment. Add to this observation, how quick is their transition from this passion to that of their joy ! I won't say we see often, in the next tender things

to children, tears shed without much grieving. Thus it is common to shed tears without much sorrow, and as common to suffer much sorrow without shedding tears. Grief and weeping are indeed frequent companions; but, I believe, never in their highest excesses. As laughter does not proceed from profound joy, so neither does weeping from profound sorrow. The sorrow which appears so easily at the eyes, cannot have pierced deeply into the heart. The heart, distended with grief, stops all the passages for tears or lamentations.

“ Now, Sir, what I would incline you to in all this is, that you would inform the shallow critics and observers upon sorrow, that true affliction labours to be invisible, that it is a stranger to ceremony, and that it bears in its own nature a dignity much above the little circumstances which are affected under the notion of decency. You must know, Sir, I have lately lost a dear friend, for whom I have not yet shed a tear, and for that reason your animadversions on that subject would be the more acceptable to,

“ SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ B. D.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ As I hope there are but few that have so little gratitude as not to acknowledge the usefulness of your pen, and to esteem it a public benefit; so I am sensible, be that as it will, you must nevertheless find the secret and incomparable pleasure of doing good, and be a great sharer in the entertainment you give. I acknowledge our sex to be much obliged, and I hope improved, by your labours, and even your intentions more particularly for our service. If it be true, as 'tis sometimes said, that our sex have an influence on the other, your paper may be a yet more

general good. Your directing us to reading, is certainly the best means to our instruction : but I think with you, caution in that particular very useful, since the improvement of our understandings may, or may not, be of service to us, according as it is managed. It has been thought we are not generally so ignorant as ill-thought, or that our sex does not so often want wit, judgement, or knowledge, as the right application of them. You are so well-bred, as to say your fair readers are already deeper scholars than the beaux, and that you could name some of them that talk much better than several gentlemen that make a figure at Will's. This may possibly be, and no great compliment, in my opinion, even supposing your comparison to reach Tom's and the Grecian. Sure you are too wise to think that a real commendation of a woman. Were it not rather to be wished we improved in our own sphere, and approved ourselves better daughters, wives, mothers, and friends ?

“ I cannot but agree with the judicious trader in Cheapside, though I am not at all prejudiced in his favour, in recommending the study of arithmetic ; and must dissent even from the authority which you mention, when it advises the making our sex scholars. Indeed a little more philosophy, in order to the subduing our passions to our reason, might be sometimes serviceable, and a treatise of that nature I should prove of, even in exchange for Theodosius, or the Force of Love ; but as I well know you want hints, I will proceed no further than to recommend the Bishop of Cambray's Education of a Daughter as 'tis translated into the only language I have knowledge of, though perhaps very much to its advantage. I have heard it objected against this piece, that its instructions are not of general use, only fitted for a great lady : but I confess I am of that opinion ; for I do not remember that the

any rules laid down for the expenses of a woman, in which particular only I think a gentlewoman ought to differ from a lady of the best fortune or highest quality, and not in their principles of justice, gratitude, sincerity, prudence, or modesty. I ought perhaps to make an apology for this long epistle; but, as I rather believe you a friend to sincerity than ceremony, shall only assure you I am,

“ SIR,

“ June the 15th.”

“ Your most humble servant,

“ ANNABELLA.”

T

No. 96. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1711.

—*Amicum*

*Mancipium domino, et frugi.*—

HOB. SAT. ii. 7. 2.

— The faithful servant, and the true.

CREECH.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I HAVE frequently read your discourse upon servants, and, as I am one myself, have been much offended, that in that variety of forms wherein you considered the bad, you found no place to mention the good. There is however one observation of yours I approve, which is, ‘ That there are men of wit and good sense among all orders of men, and that servants report most of the good or ill which is spoken of their masters.’ That there are men of sense who live in servitude, I have the vanity to say I have felt to my woeful experience. You attribute very justly the source of our general iniquity to board-

wages, and the manner of living out of a domestic way ; but I cannot give you my thoughts on this subject any way so well, as by a short account of my own life to this the forty-fifth year of my age ; that is to say, from my being first a footboy at fourteen, to my present station of a nobleman's porter in the year of my age above mentioned.

“ Know then, that my father was a poor tenant to the family of Sir Stephen Rackrent. Sir Stephen put me to school, or rather made me follow his son Harry to school, from my ninth year : and there, though Sir Stephen paid something for my learning, I was used like a servant, and was forced to get what scraps of learning I could by my own industry, for the school-master took very little notice of me. My young master was a lad of very sprightly parts ; and my being constantly about him, and loving him, was no small advantage to me. My master loved me extremely, and has often been whipped for not keeping me at a distance. He used always to say, that when he came to his estate, I should have a lease of my father's tenement for nothing. I came up to town with him to Westminster school ; at which time he taught me at night all he learnt ; and put me to find out words in the dictionary when he was about his exercise. It was the will of Providence that master Harry was taken very ill of a fever, of which he died within ten days after his first falling sick. Here was the first sorrow I ever knew ; and I assure you, Mr. Spectator, I remember the beautiful action of the sweet youth in his fever, as fresh as if it were yesterday. If he wanted any thing it must be given him by Tom. When I let any thing fall through the grief I was under, he would cry, ‘ Do not beat the poor boy : give him some more julep for me, nobody else shall give it me.’ He would strive to hide his being so bad, when he saw I could not bear his being in so much danger, and

comforted me, saying, 'Tom, Tom, have a good heart.' When I was holding a cup at his mouth, he fell into convulsions and at this very time I hear my dear master's last groan. I was quickly turned out of the room, and left to sob and beat my head against the wall at my leisure. The grief I was in was inexpressible, and every body thought it would have cost me my life. In a few days my old lady, who was one of the housewives of the world, thought of turning me out of doors, because I put her in mind of her son. Sir Stephen proposed putting me to prentice; but my lady being an excellent manager, would not let her husband throw away his money in acts of charity. I had sense enough to be under the utmost indignation to see her discard with so little concern one her son had loved so much; and went out of the house to ramble wherever my feet would carry me.

"The third day after I left Sir Stephen's family, I was strolling up and down the walks in the Temple. A young gentleman of the house, who, as I heard him say afterwards, seeing me half-starved and well-dressed, thought me an equipage ready to his hand, after very little inquiry more than 'Did I want a master?' bid me follow him: I did so; and in a very little while thought myself the happiest creature in the world. My time was taken up in carrying letters to wenches, or messages to young ladies of my master's acquaintance. We rambled from tavern to tavern, to the playhouse, the Mulberry-garden\*, and all places of resort, where my master engaged every night in some new amour, in which and drinking he spent all his time when he had money. During these extravagances, I had the pleasure of lying on the

\* The Mulberry-garden was a place of elegant entertainment near the present King's palace, at Pinlicko: somewhat like the modern Vauxhall.

stairs of a tavern half a night, playing at dice with other servants, and the like idlenesses. When my master was moneyless, I was generally employed in transcribing amorous pieces of poetry, old songs, and new lampoons. This life held till my master married, and he had then the prudence to turn me off, because I was in the secret of his intrigues.

"I was utterly at a loss what course to take next; when at last I applied myself to a fellow-sufferer, one of his mistresses, a woman of the town. She, happening at that time to be pretty full of money, clothed me from head to foot; and, knowing me to be a sharp fellow, employed me accordingly. Sometimes I was to go abroad with her, and when she had pitched upon a young fellow she thought for her turn, I was to be dropped as one she could not trust. She would often cheapen goods at the New Exchange\*; and when she had a mind to be attacked, she would send me away on an errand. When an humble servant and she were beginning a parley, I came immediately, and told her Sir John was come home; then she would order another coach to prevent being dogged. The lover makes signs to me as I get behind the coach, I shake my head it was impossible: I leave my lady at the next turning, and follow the cully; I know how to fall in his way on another occasion. Besides good offices of this nature, I writ all my mistress's love-letters; some from a lady that saw such a gentleman at such a place in such a coloured coat, some showing the terror she was in of a jealous husband; others explaining that the severity of parents was such, though her fortune was set that she was willing to run away with such a

\* The New Exchange was situated between Durham-yard and York-buildings in the Strand. It was the fashionable millinery wares till 1737, when it was taken down and dw houses were erected on the spot.



though she knew he was but a younger brother. In a word, my half education and love of idle books, made me outwrite all that made love to her by way of epistle ; and as she was extremely cunning, she did well enough in company by a skilful affectation of the greatest modesty. In the midst of all this I was surprised with a letter from her, and a ten pound note.

‘ HONEST TOM,

‘ You will never see me more ; I am married to a very cunning country gentleman, who might possibly guess something if I kept you still ; therefore farewell.’

“ When this place was lost also in marriage, I was resolved to go among quite another people, for the future, and got in butler to one of those families where there is a coach kept, three or four servants, a clean house, and a good general outside, upon a small estate. Here I lived very comfortably for some time, till I unfortunately found my master, the very gravest man alive, in the garret with the chambermaid. I knew the world too well to think of staying there ; and the next day pretended to have received a letter out of the country that my father was dying, and got my discharge with a bounty for my discretion.

“ The next I lived with was a peevish single man, whom I stayed with for a year and a half. Most part of the time I passed very easily ; for when I began to know him, I minded no more than he meant what he said ; so that one day in a good humour he said, ‘ I was the best man he ever had, by my want of respect to him.’

“ These, Sir, are the chief occurrences of my life ; and I will not dwell upon very many other places \

have been in, where I have been the strangest fellow in the world, where nobody in the world had such servants as they, where sure they were the unluckiest people in the world in servants, and so forth. All I mean by this representation is, to show you that we poor servants are not, what you called us too generally, all rogues ; but that we are what we are, according to the example of our superiors. In the family I am now in, I am guilty of no one sin but lying ; which I do with a grave face in my gown and staff every day I live, and almost all day long, in denying my lord to impertinent suitors, and my lady to unwelcome visitants. But, Sir, I am to let you know that I am, when I can get abroad, a leader of the servants : I am he that keeps time with beating my cudgel against the boards in the gallery at an opera : I am he that am touched so properly at a tragedy, when the people of quality are staring at one another during the most important incidents. When you hear in a crowd a cry in the right place, a hum where the point is touched in a speech, or a huzza set up where it is the voice of the people ; you may conclude it is begun or joined by,

“ SIR

“ Your more than humble servant,

T

“ THOMAS TRUSTY.”

No. 97. THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1711.

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*Projecere animas. —*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 436.

They prodigally threw their lives away.

AMONG the loose papers which I have frequently spoken of heretofore, I find a conversation between Pharamond and Eucrate upon the subject of duels, and the copy of an edict issued in consequence of that discourse.

Eucrate argued, that nothing but the most severe and vindictive punishment, such as placing the bodies of the offenders in chains, and putting them to death by the most exquisite torments, would be sufficient to extirpate a crime which had so long prevailed, and was so firmly fixed in the opinion of the world as great and laudable ; but the king answered, ‘ that indeed instances of ignominy were necessary in the cure of this evil ; but, considering that it prevailed only among such as had a nicety in their sense of honour, and that it often happened that a duel was fought to save appearances to the world, when both parties were in their hearts in amity and reconciliation to each other, it was evident that turning the mode another way would effectually put a stop to what had being only as a mode ; that to such persons, poverty and shame were torments sufficient ; that he would not go further in punishing in others, crimes which he was satisfied he himself was most guilty of, in that he might have prevented them by speaking his displeasure sooner.’ Besides which the king said ‘ he was in general averse to tortures, which was put-

ting human nature itself, rather than the criminal, to disgrace ; and that he would be sure not to use this means where the crime was but an ill effect arising from a laudable cause, the fear of shame.' The king, at the same time, spoke with much grace upon the subject of mercy ; and repented of many acts of that kind which had a magnificent aspect in the doing, but dreadful consequences in the example. ' Mercy to particulars,' he observed, ' was cruelty in the general. That though a prince could not revive a dead man by taking the life of him who killed him, neither could he make reparation to the next that should die by the evil example ; or answer to himself for the partiality in not pardoning the next as well as the former offender.—As for me,' says Pharamond, ' I have conquered France, and yet have given laws to my people. The laws are my methods of life ; they are not a diminution but a direction to my power. I am still absolute to distinguish the innocent and the virtuous, to give honours to the brave and generous : I am absolute in my good-will ; none can oppose my bounty, or prescribe rules for my favour. While I can, as I please, reward the good, I am under no pain that I cannot pardon the wicked : for which reason,' continued Pharamond, ' I will effectually put a stop to this evil, by exposing no more the tenderness of my nature to the importunity of having the same respect to those who are miserable by their fault, as those who are so by their misfortune. Flatterer concluded the king smiling, ' repeat to us prince that we are Heaven's vicegerents ; let us be so, and let the only thing out of our power be to do ill.'

Soon after the evening wherein Pharamond and Eucrate had this conversation, the following ed was published.

## PHARAMOND'S EDICT AGAINST DUELS.

PHARAMOND, KING OF THE GAULS, TO ALL HIS  
LOVING SUBJECTS SENDETH GREETING :—

“ WHEREAS it has come to our royal notice and observation, that, in contempt of all laws divine and human, it is of late become a custom among the nobility and gentry of this our kingdom, upon slight and trivial, as well as great and urgent, provocations, to invite each other into the field, there, by their own hands and of their own authority, to decide their controversies by combat; we have thought fit to take the said custom into our royal consideration, and find, upon inquiry into the usual causes whereon such fatal decisions have arisen, that by this wicked custom, mangre all the precepts of our holy religion and the rules of right reason, the greatest act of the human mind, forgiveness of injuries, is become vile and shameful; that the rules of good society and virtuous conversation are hereby inverted; that the loose, the vain, and the impudent, insult the careful, the discreet, and the modest; that all virtue is suppressed, and all vice supported, in the one act of being capable to dare to the death: We have also further, with great sorrow of mind, observed that this dreadful action, by long impunity, our royal attention being employed upon matters of more general concern, is become honourable, and the refusal to engage in it ignominious: In these our royal cares and inquiries we are yet further made to understand, that the persons of most eminent worth and most hopeful abilities, accompanied with the strongest passion for true glory, are such as are most liable to be involved in the dangers arising from this licence: Now taking the said

premises into our serious consideration, and well weighing that all such emergencies, wherein the mind is incapable of commanding itself, and where the injury is too sudden or too exquisite to be borne, are particularly provided for by laws heretofore enacted; and that the qualities of less injuries like those of ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to come under general rules; We do resolve to blot this fashion, or wantonness of anger, out of the minds of our subjects, by our royal resolutions declared in this edict as follow:

“ No person who either sends or accepts a challenge, or the posterity of either, though no death ensues thereupon, shall be, after the publication of this our edict, capable of bearing office in these our dominions.

“ The person who shall prove the sending or receiving a challenge, shall receive to his own use and property the whole personal estate of both parties; and their real estate shall be immediately vested in the next heir of the offenders in as ample manner as if the said offenders were actually deceased.

“ In cases where the laws, which we have already granted to our subjects, admit of an appeal for blood; when the criminal is condemned by the said appeal, he shall not only suffer death, but his whole estate, real, mixed, and personal, shall from the hour of his death be vested in the next heir of the person whose blood he spilt.

“ That it shall not hereafter be in our royal power, or that of our successors, to pardon the said offences, or restore the offenders in their estates, honour, or blood, for ever.

“ Given at our court at Blois, the 8th of February, 420, in the second year of our reign.”

## No. 98. FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1711.

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—*Tanta est quærendi cura decoris.*

JUV. SAT. vi. 500.

So studiously their persons they adorn.

THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory, I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago, it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men\*. The women were of such an enormous stature, that 'we appeared as grasshoppers before them†.' At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of; or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees

\* This refers to the commode, called by the French *fontange*, a kind of head-dress worn by the ladies at the beginning of the last century, which by means of wire bore up their hair and fore part of the cap, consisting of many folds of fine lace, to a prodigious height. The transition from this to the opposite extreme was very abrupt and sudden.

† Numbers xiii. 33.

new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifice of Nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans; I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe, that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it:

*Tot premitt ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum  
Ædificat caput: Andromachen à fronte videbis;  
Post minor est: aliam credas. —*

JUV. SAT. VI. 501.

With curls on curls they build her head before,  
And mount it with a formidable tower:  
A giantess she seems; but look behind,  
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.

DRYDEN.

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extra-



gance as in the fourteenth century ; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high, on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a pigmy without her head-dress, appeared like a colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin says, 'that these old-fashioned fontanges rose an ell above the head : that they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers.'

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode ; and succeeded so well in it, that as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people ; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared, to use the similitude of an ingenious writer, like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution ; and, whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, 'the women, that like snails in a fright had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over.' This

extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentre in his history of Bretagne, and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only time for the making of laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of Nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance as well as the highest station in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and really contrive to call off the eye from great and foolbeauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bone-lace.

L

No. 99. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1711.

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— *Turpi secernis honestum.*

HOR. SAT. i. 6. 63.

You know to fix the bounds of right and wrong.

THE club, of which I have often declared myself a member, were last night engaged in discourse upon that which passes for the chief point of honour among men and women; and started a great many hints upon the subject, which I thought were entirely new. I shall therefore methodize the several reflections that arose upon this occasion, and present my reader with them for the speculation of this day; after having premised, that if there is any thing in this paper which seems to differ with any passage of last Thursday's, the reader will consider this as the sentiments of the club, and the other as my own private thoughts, or rather those of Pharamond.

The great point of honour in men is courage, and in women chastity. If a man loses his honour in one rencounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another: a slip in a woman's honor is irrecoverable. I can give no reason for fixing the point of honour to these two qualities, unless it be that each sex sets the greatest value on the qualification which renders them the most amiable in the eyes of the contrary sex. Had men chosen for themselves without regard to the opinions of the fair sex, I should believe the choice would have fallen on wisdom or virtue; or had women determined their own point of honour, it

is probable that wit or good-nature would have carried it against chastity.

. Nothing recommends a man more to the female sex than courage: whether it be that they are pleased to see one who is a terror to others fall like a slave at their feet, or that this quality supplies their own principal defect, in guarding them from insults and avenging their quarrels: or that courage is a natural indication of a strong and sprightly constitution. On the other side, nothing makes woman more esteemed by the opposite sex than chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides chastity, with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity, and constancy, gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleased with a passage in the inscription on a monument erected in Westminster-abbey to the late Duke and Duchess of Newcastle: 'Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.'

In books of chivalry, where the point of honour is strained to madness, the whole story runs on chastity and courage. The damsel is mounted on a white palfrey, as an emblem of her innocence; and, to avoid scandal, must have a dwarf for her page. She is not to think of a man, till some misfortune has brought a knight-errant to her relief. The knight falls in love; and, did not gratitude restrain her from murdering her deliverer, would die at her feet by her disdain. However, he must waste many years in the desert, before her virgin heart can think of a surrender. The knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and stronger than himself, seeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head, and,

after seven years' rambling, returns to his mistress ; whose chastity has been attacked in the mean time by giants and tyrants, and undergone as many trials as her lover's valour.

In Spain, where there are still great remains of this romantic humour, it is a transporting favour for a lady to cast an accidental glance on her lover from a window, though it be two or three stories high ; as it is usual for a lover to assert his passion for his mistress in single combat with a mad bull.

The great violation of the point of honour from man to man, is giving the lie. One may tell another he whores, drinks, blasphemes, and it may pass unresented ; but to say he lies, though but in jest, is an affront that nothing but blood can expiate. The reason perhaps may be, because no other vice implies a want of courage so much as the making of a lie ; and therefore telling a man he lies, is touching him in the most sensible part of honour, and indirectly calling him a coward. I cannot omit under this head what Herodotus tells us of the ancient Persians, that, from the age of five years to twenty they instruct their sons only in three things, to manage the horse, to make use of the bow, and to speak truth.

The placing the point of honour in this false kind of courage, has given occasion to the very refuse of mankind, who have neither virtue nor common sense, to set up for men of honour. An English peer, who has not long been dead\*, used to tell a pleasant story of a French gentleman that visited him early one morning at Paris, and, after great professions of respect, let him know that he had it in his power to oblige him ; which, in short, amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his lordship the person's

\* The editor has been told this was William Cavendish, the first Duke of Devonshire, who died August 18, 1707.

name who jostled him as he came out from the opera; but, before he would proceed, he begged his lordship that he would not deny him the honour of making him his second. The English lord, to avoid being drawn into a very foolish affair, told him, that he was under engagements for his two next duels to a couple of particular friends. Upon which the gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his lordship would not take it ill if he meddled no further in an affair from whence he himself was to receive no advantage.

The beating down this false notion of honour in so vain and lively a people as those of France, is deservedly looked upon as one of the most glorious parts of their present king's reign. It is pity but the punishment of these mischievous notions should have in it some particular circumstances of shame and infamy: that those who are slaves to them may see, that, instead of advancing their reputation, they lead them to ignominy and dishonour.

Death is not sufficient to deter men who make it their glory to despise it; but if every one that fought a duel were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice.

When honour is a support to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged: but when the dictates of honour are contrary to those of religion and equity, they are the greatest deprivations of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and false ideas of what is good and laudable; and should therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human society.

L

No. 100. MONDAY, JUNE 25, 1711.

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*Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.*

HOR. SAT. I. 5. 44.

The greatest blessing is a pleasant friend.

MAN advanced in years, that thinks fit to look back on his former life, and calls that only life which was ~~used~~ with satisfaction and enjoyment, excluding all ~~arts~~ which were not pleasant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his infancy. Sickness, ill-mour, and idleness, will have robbed him of a great ~~are~~ of that space we ordinarily call our life. It is ~~therefore~~ the duty of every man that would be true himself, to obtain, if possible, a disposition to be ~~used~~, and place himself in a constant aptitude for ~~e~~ satisfactions of his being. Instead of this, you ~~rdly~~ see a man who is not uneasy in proportion to ~~i~~ advancement in the arts of life. An affected ~~acy~~ is the common improvement we meet with in ~~se~~ who pretend to be refined above others. They ~~not~~ aim at true pleasures themselves, but turn their ~~ughts~~ upon observing the false pleasures of other ~~m~~. Such people are valetudinarians in society, and ~~ey~~ should no more come into company than a sick ~~m~~ should come into the air. If a man is too weak ~~bear~~ what is a refreshment to men in health, he ~~ust~~ still keep his chamber. When any one in Sir ~~oger's~~ company complains he is out of order, he

immediately calls for some posset-drink for him ; for which reason, that sort of people who are ever bewailing their constitution in other places, are the cheerfullest imaginable when he is present.

It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse, by giving them the history of their pains and aches ; and imagine such narrations their quota of the conversation. This is of all other the meanest help to discourse, and a man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an account of his head-ache answered by another's asking what news in the last mail. Mutual good-humour is a dress we ought to appear in wherever we meet ; and we should make no mention of what concerns ourselves, without it be of matters wherein our friends ought to rejoice ; but indeed there are crowds of people who put themselves in no method of pleasing themselves or others ; such are those whom we usually call indolent persons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate state between pleasure and pain, and very much unbecoming any part of our life after we are out of the nurse's arms. Such an aversion to labour creates a constant weariness, and one would think should make existence itself a burden. The indolent man descends from the dignity of his nature, and makes that being which was rational merely vegetative. His life consists only in the mere increase and decay of a body, which, with relation to the rest of the world, might as well have been uninformed as the habitation of a reasonable mind.

Of this kind is the life of that extraordinary couple Harry Terset and his lady. Harry was in the days of his celibacy one of those pert creatures who have much vivacity and little understanding ; Mrs. Rebecca



Quickly, whom he married, had all that the fire of youth and a lively manner could do towards making an agreeable woman. These two people of seeming merit fell into each other's arms ; and passion being sated, and no reason or good sense in either to succeed it, their life is now at a stand ; their meals are insipid, and their time tedious ; their fortune has placed them above care, and their loss of taste reduced them below diversion. When we talk of these as instances of inexistence, we do not mean that, in order to live, it is necessary we should always be in jovial crews, or crowned with chaplets of roses, as the merry fellows among the ancients are described ; but it is intended, by considering these contraries to pleasure, indolence, and too much delicacy, to show that it is prudence to preserve a disposition in ourselves to receive a certain delight in all we hear and see.

This portable quality of good-humour seasons all the parts and occurrences we meet with, in such a manner, that there are no moments lost ; but they all pass with so much satisfaction, that the heaviest of loads, when it is a load, that of time, is never felt by us. Varilas has this quality to the highest perfection, and communicates it wherever he appears. The sad, the merry, the severe, the melancholy, show a new cheerfulness when he comes amongst them. At the same time, no one can repeat any thing that Varilas has ever said that deserves repetition ; but the man has that innate goodness of temper, that he is welcome to every body, because every man thinks he is so to him. He does not seem to contribute any thing to the mirth of the company ; and yet upon reflection you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimsically said of a gentleman, that if Varilas had wit, it would be the

best wit in the world. It is certain, when a well-corrected lively imagination and good-breeding are added to a sweet disposition, they qualify it to be one of the greatest blessings as well as pleasures of life.

Men would come into company with ten times the pleasure they do, if they were sure of hearing nothing which should shock them, as well as expected what would please them.—When we know every person that is spoken of is represented by one who has no ill-will, and every thing that is mentioned described by one that is apt to set it in the best light, the entertainment must be delicate, because the cook has nothing brought to his hand but what is the most excellent in its kind. Beautiful pictures are the entertainments of pure minds, and deformities of the corrupted. It is a degree towards the life of angels, when we enjoy conversation wherein there is nothing presented but in its excellence: and a degree towards that of demons, wherein nothing is shown but in its degeneracy.

T

## No. 101. TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1711.

*Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,  
Post ingentia facta, decorum in templa recepti ;  
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella  
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida conduunt ;  
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem  
Speratum meritis.—*

HOR. EPIST. ii. l. 5.

## IMITATED.

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,  
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,  
After a life of generous toils endured,  
The Gaul subdued, or property secured,  
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,  
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd ;  
Closed their long glories with a sigh to find  
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind.

POPE.

INSURE,' says a late ingenious author, 'is the  
a man pays to the public for being eminent.' It  
folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it,  
a weakness to be affected with it. All the illus-  
us persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age  
he world, have passed through this fiery persecu-  
. There is no defence against reproach but ob-  
ity ; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as  
res and invectives were an essential part of a Ro-  
i triumph.

f men of eminence are exposed to censure on one  
d, they are as much liable to flattery on the other.  
hey receive reproaches which are not due to them,  
7 likewise receive praises which they do not de-  
re. In a word, the man in a high post is never

regarded with an indifferent eye, but always considered as a friend or an enemy. For this reason persons in great stations have seldom their true characters drawn till several years after their deaths. Their personal friendships and enmities must cease, and the parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their faults or their virtues can have justice done them. When writers have the least opportunity of knowing the truth, they are in the best disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the privilege of posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons, and to set matters right between those antagonists, who by their rivalry for greatness divided a whole age into factions. We can now allow Cæsar to be a great man, without derogating from Pompey; and celebrate the virtues of Cato, without detracting from those of Cæsar. Every one that has been long dead has a due proportion of praise allotted him, in which, whilst he lived, his friends were too profuse, and his enemies too sparing.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, the last comet that made its appearance, in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approaches to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot iron, had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling, before it recovered its natural temper. In the like manner, if an Englishman considers the great ferment into which our political world is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred years. In such a tract of time it is possible that the heats of the present age may be extinguished, and our several classes of great men represented under their proper characters. Some eminent historian may then probably arise that will not write *recentibus odiis*, as Tacitus expresses it, with

he passions and prejudices of a contemporary author, but make an impartial distribution of fame among the great men of the present age.

I cannot forbear entertaining myself very often with the idea of such an imaginary historian describing the reign of Anne the first, and introducing it with a preface to his reader, that he is now entering upon the most shining part of the English story. The great rivals in fame will be then distinguished according to their respective merits, and shine in their proper points of light. Such an one, says the historian, though variously represented by the writers of his own age, appears to have been a man of more than ordinary abilities, great application, and uncommon integrity: nor was such an one, though of an opposite party and interest, inferior to him in any of these respects. The several antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or reduced by different parties, will then have the same number of admirers, and appear illustrious in the opinion of the whole British nation. The deserving man, who can now recommend himself to the esteem of but half his countrymen, will then receive the approbations and applauses of a whole age.

Among the several persons that flourish in this glorious reign, there is no question but such a future historian, as the person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the men of genius and learning, who have now any figure in the British nation. For my own part, I often flatter myself with the honourable mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a paragraph in my own imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in some page or other of this imaginary historian.

It was under this reign, says he, that the Spectator published those little diurnal essays which are still

extant. We know very little of the name or person of this author, except only that he was a man of a very short face, extremely addicted to silence, and so great a lover of knowledge, that he made a voyage to Grand Cairo for no other reason but to take the measure of a pyramid. His chief friend was one Sir Roger De Coverley, a whimsical country knight, and a Templar, whose name he has not transmitted to us. He lived as a lodger at the house of a widow-woman, and was a great humourist in all parts of his life. This is all we can affirm with any certainty of his person and character. As for his speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete words and obscure phrases of the age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the diversions and characters of the English nation in his time: not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of the author, who has doubtless strained many representations of things beyond the truth. For if we interpret his words in their literal meaning, we must suppose that women of the first quality used to pass away whole mornings at a puppet-show: that they attested their principles by their patches: that an audience would sit out an evening, to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not understand: that chairs and flower-pots were introduced as actors upon the British stage: that a promiscuous assembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight in masks within the verge of the Court; with many improbabilities of the like nature. We must therefore in these and the like cases, suppose that these remote hints and allusions aimed at some certain follies which were then in vogue, and which at present we have not any notion of. We may guess by several passages in the speculations, that there were writers who endeavoured to detract from the works of this author; but as no-

thing of this nature is come down to us, we cannot guess at any objections that could be made to his paper. If we consider his style with that indulgence which we must show to old English writers, or if we look into the variety of his subjects, with those several critical dissertations, moral reflections, \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \*  
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The following part of the paragraph is so much to my advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my reader will excuse me for not inserting it.

L

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No. 102. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1711.

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— *Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,  
 Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*

PHÆDR. FAB. XIV. 3.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.

I do not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own inten-

tions, so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postscript.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ WOMEN are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end therefore that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at Court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a-day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command: Handle your fans, Unfurl your fans, Discharge your fans, Ground your fans, Recover your fans, Flutter your fans. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

“ But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to Handle their fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in a readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week

“ The next motion is that of Unfurling the fan, in



which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

“ Upon my giving the word to Discharge their fans, they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise, but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care, in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or unsuitable occasions, to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly : I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is inclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

“ When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command in course is to Ground their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table, which stands by for that purpose, may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

“ When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time ; when on a sudden, like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit, they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out, Recover your fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

“ The fluttering of the fan is the last, and indeed the master-piece of the whole exercise ; but if a lady does not mis-spend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise ; for as soon as ever I pronounce, Flutter your fans, the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

“ There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan ; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it ; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have

from my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, intitled, *The Passions of the Fan*; which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your presence.

“ I am, &c.

“ P. S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

“ N. B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense.”

L

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No. 103. THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1711.

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—*Sibi quivis*  
*Speret idem, sudet multùm, frustra que laboret*  
*Ausus idem.*—

HOR. ARS POET. 240.

Such all might hope to imitate with ease:  
 Yet while they strive the same success to gain,  
 Should find their labour and their hopes are vain.

FRANCIS.

My friend the divine having been used with words of complaisance, which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only spoken of him, and that in his absence, was so extremely offended with the excessive way of speaking civilities among us, that he made a discourse against

it at the club, which he concluded with this remark, 'that he had not heard one compliment made in our society since its commencement.' Every one was pleased with his conclusion; and, as each knew his good-will to the rest, he was convinced that the many professions of kindness and service, which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the heart is well inclined; but are a prostitution of speech, seldom intended to mean any part of what they express, never to mean all they express. Our reverend friend, upon this topic, pointed to us two or three paragraphs on this subject in the first sermon of the first volume of the late archbishop's posthumous works\*, I do not know that I ever read any thing that pleased me more, and as it is the praise of Longinus, that he speaks of the sublime in a style suitable to it, so one may say of this author upon sincerity, that he abhors any pomp of rhetoric on this occasion, and treats it with a more than ordinary simplicity, at once to be a preacher and an example. With what command of himself does he lay before us, in the language and temper of his profession, a fault, which by the least liberty and warmth of expression would be the most lively wit and satire! But his heart was better disposed, and the good man chastised the great wit in such a manner, that he was able to speak as follows.

—"Amongst too many other instances of the great corruption and degeneracy of the age wherein we live, the great and general want of sincerity in conversation is none of the least. The world is grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that men's words are hardly any signification of their thoughts;

\* See Archbishop Tillotson's Sermon on Sincerity, from John, chap. i. ver. 47, being the last discourse he preached, July 29, 1694. He died Nov. 24, following.

and if any man measure his words by his heart, and speak as he thinks, and do not express more kindness to every man, than men usually have for any man, he can hardly escape the censure of want of breeding. The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost amongst us. There hath been a long endeavour to transform us into foreign manners and fashions, and to bring us to a servile imitation of none of the best of our neighbours, in some of the worst of their qualities. The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited, as I may say, of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion, and would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment: and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good countenance and a good conscience to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way.

“ And in truth it is hard to say, whether it should more provoke our contempt or our pity, to hear what solemn expressions of respect and kindness will pass between men, almost upon no occasion; how great honour and esteem they will declare for one whom perhaps they never saw before, and how entirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his service and interest, for no reason; how infinitely and eter-

nally obliged to him, for no benefit ; and how extremely they will be concerned for him, yea and afflicted too, for no cause. I know it is said, in justification of this hollow kind of conversation, that there is no harm, no real deceit in compliment, but the matter is well enough, so long as we understand one another ; *et verba valent ut nummi*, ‘ words are like money ;’ and when the current value of them is generally understood, no man is cheated by them. This is something, if such words were any thing ; but being brought into the accompt, they are mere ciphers. However it is still a just matter of complaint, that sincerity and plainness are out of fashion, and that our language is running into a lie ; that men have almost quite perverted the use of speech, and made words to signify nothing ; that the greatest part of the conversation of mankind is little else but driving a trade of dissimulation ; insomuch that it would make a man heartily sick and weary of the world, to see the little sincerity that is in use and practice among men.”

When the vice is placed in this contemptible light, he argues unanswerably against it, in words and thoughts so natural, that any man who reads them would imagine he himself could have been author of them.

“ If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better : for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to ? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it ;

d if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is covered to want it ; and then all his pains and our to seem to have it, are lost."

In another part of the same discourse he goes on show, that all artifice must naturally tend to the disappointment of him that practises it.

"Whatsoever convenience may be thought to be falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood."

R

No. 104. FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1711.

— *Qualis equos Thracissa fatigat*  
*Harpalyce.*—

VIRG. ÆN. i. 320.

With such array Harpalyce bestrode  
Her Thracian courser.

DRYDEN.

It would be a noble improvement, or rather a recovery of what we call good-breeding, if nothing were to pass amongst us for agreeable which was the least transgression against that rule of life called decorum. A regard to decency. This would command the respect of mankind, because it carries in it defence to their good opinion, as humility lodged in a worthy mind is always attended with a certain majesty, which no haughty soul, with all the arts  
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imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. Tully says, virtue and decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our imagination. As the beauty of the body always accompanies the health of it, so certainly is decency concomitant to virtue. As beauty of body, with an agreeable carriage, pleases the eye, and that pleasure consists in that we observe all the parts with a certain elegance are proportioned to each other ; so does decency of behaviour which appears in our lives obtain the approbation of all with whom we converse, from the order, consistency, and moderation of our words and actions. This flows from the reverence we bear towards every good man, and to the world in general ; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only show you arrogant but abandoned. In all these considerations we are to distinguish how one virtue differs from another. As it is the part of justice never to do violence, it is of modesty never to commit offence. In this last particular lies the whole force of what is called decency ; to this purpose that excellent moralist above mentioned talks of decency ; but this quality is more easily comprehended by an ordinary capacity, than expressed with all his eloquence. This decency of behaviour is generally transgressed among all orders of men ; nay, the very women, though themselves created it as it were for ornament, are often very much mistaken in this ornamental part of life. It would methinks be a short rule for behaviour, if every young lady in her dress, words, and actions, were only to recommend herself as a sister, daughter, or wife, and make herself the more esteemed in one of those characters. The care of themselves, with regard to the families in which women are born, is the best motive for their being courted to come into the alliance of other



houses. Nothing can promote this end more than a strict preservation of decency. I should be glad if a certain equestrian order of ladies, some of whom one meets in an evening at every outlet of the town, would take this subject into their serious consideration. In order thereunto the following letter may not be wholly unworthy their perusal.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ GOING lately to take the air in one of the most beautiful evenings this season has produced ; as I was admiring the serenity of the sky, the lively colours of the fields, and the variety of the landscape every way around me, my eyes were suddenly called off from these inanimate objects by a little party of horsemen I saw passing the road. The greater part of them escaped my particular observation, by reason that my whole attention was fixed on a very fair youth who rode in the midst of them, and seemed to have been dressed by some description in a romance. His features, complexion, and habit, had a remarkable effeminacy, and a certain languishing vanity appeared in his air. His hair, well curled and powdered, hung to a considerable length on his shoulders, and was wantonly tied, as if by the hands of his mistress, in a scarlet riband, which played like a streamer behind him ; he had a coat and waistcoat of blue camlet trimmed and embroidered with silver ; a cravat of the finest lace ; and wore, in a smart cock, a little beaver hat edged with silver, and made more sprightly by a feather. His horse too, which was a pacer, was adorned after the same airy manner, and seemed to share in the vanity of the rider. As I was pitying the luxury of this young person, who appeared to me to have been educated only as an object of sight, I perceived on my nearer

approach, and as I turned my eyes downward, a part of the equipage I had not observed before, which was a petticoat of the same with the coat and waist-coat. After this discovery, I looked again on the face of the fair Amazon who had thus deceived me, and thought those features which had before offended me by their softness, were now strengthened into as improper a boldness; and though her eyes, nose, and mouth seemed to be formed with perfect symmetry, I am not certain whether she, who in appearance was a very handsome youth, may not be in reality a very indifferent woman.

“There is an objection which naturally presents itself against these occasional perplexities and mixtures of dress, which is, that they seem to break in upon that propriety and distinction of appearance in which the beauty of different characters is preserved; and, if they should be more frequent than they are at present, would look like turning our public assemblies into a general masquerade. The model of this Amazonian hunting-habit for ladies, was, as I take it, first imported from France, and well enough expresses the gaiety of a people who are taught to do any thing, so it be with an assurance; but I cannot help thinking it sits awkwardly yet on our English modesty. The petticoat is a kind of encumbrance upon it; and if the Amazons should think fit to go on in this plunder of our sex’s ornaments, they ought to add to their spoils, and complete their triumph over us, by wearing the breeches.

“If it be natural to contract insensibly the manners of those we imitate, the ladies who are pleased with assuming our dresses will do us more honour than we deserve, but they will do it at their own expense. Why should the lovely Camilla deceive us in more shapes than her own, and affect to be

represented in her picture with a gun and a spaniel ; while her elder brother, the heir of a worthy family, is drawn in silks like his sister ? The dress and air of a man are not well to be divided ; and those who would not be content with the latter, ought never to think of assuming the former. There is so large a portion of natural agreeableness among the fair sex of our island, that they seem betrayed into these romantic habits without having the same occasion for them with their inventors : all that needs to be desired of them is, that they would be themselves, that is, what Nature designed them. And to see their mistake when they depart from this, let them look upon a man who affects the softness and effeminacy of a woman, to learn how their sex must appear to us when approaching to the resemblance of a man.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant.”

T

No. 105. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1711.

— *Id arbitror*

*Adprimè in vilâ esse utile, NE QUID NIMIS.*

TER. ANDR. ACT. I. SC. I. 33.

I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.

Too much of any thing, is good for nothing.

ENG. PROV.

My friend Will Honeycomb values himself very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has cost him many disasters in his youth ;

for Will reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women, and every rencounter among the men, as parts of his education ; and fancies he should never have been the man he is, had not he broke windows, knocked down constables, disturbed honest people with his midnight serenades, and beat up a lewd woman's quarters, when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature Will calls the studying of mankind ; and terms this knowledge of the town, the knowledge of the world. Will ingenuously confesses that for half his life his head ached every morning with reading of men overnight ; and at present comforts himself under certain pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the gallantries of the age. This Will looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kinds of science as the accomplishments of one whom he calls a scholar, a bookish man, or a philosopher.

For these reasons Will shines in mixed company, where he has the discretion not to go out of his depth, and has often a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a seeming one. Our club, however, has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as Will often insults us with the knowledge of the town, we sometimes take our revenge upon him by our knowledge of books.

He was last week producing two or three letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. The raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere man of the town : but, very unluckily, several of the words were wrong spelt. Will laughed this off at first as well as he could ; but, finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the Templar, he told us with a little passion, that he never liked pedantry in spelling, and that he spelt like a gentle-

man, and not like a scholar. Upon this Will had recourse to his old topic of showing the narrow-spiritedness, the pride, and ignorance of pedants; which he carried so far, that, upon my retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me upon that subject.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town. Bar him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the Court? He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of *ombre*. When he has gone thus far, he has shown you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any further conversation. What are these but rank pedants? and yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant who always talks in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodgements, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. I might like-

wise mention the law pedant, that is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster-hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the Gazette \*, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere any thing, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants, which I have mentioned, the book pedant is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised understanding, and a head which is full though confused, so that a man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of pedants among learned men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of solid and useful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuscript,

\* A newspaper, so called from gazette, the name of a piece of current money, which was the stated price at which it was originally sold.

you would take him for the glory of the commonwealth of letters, and the wonder of his age, when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole sentence in proper commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

L

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No. 106. MONDAY, JULY 2, 1711.

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— *Hinc tibi copia  
Manabit ad plenum, benigno  
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.*

HOR. OD. i. 17. 14.

Here plenty's liberal horn shall pour  
Of fruits for thee a copious show'r,  
Rich honours of the quiet plain.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of

the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he conghs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy



for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my answer told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that

understood a little of back-gammon. 'My friend,' says Sir Roger, 'found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he out-lives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.'

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow, for it was Saturday night, told us, the bishop of St. Asaph \* in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors.

\* Dr. William Fleetwood.

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who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice ; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example ; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

L

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No. 107. TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1711.

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*Æsopo ingentem statuem posuere Attici,  
Servumque collocarunt æternâ in basi,  
Patere honoris scirent ut cunctis viam.*

PHÆDR. EPILOG. l. 2.

The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal ; to show, that the way to honour lies open indifferently to all.

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom, and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in ser-

vants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's: It is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate, with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together: and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know, what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependants, lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favours rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants. He has ever been of opinion, that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat, which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties in this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good a husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life; I say he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to ob-

serve the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country : and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who staid in the family, was, that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good servant ; which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready, as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds, which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes, and shown to their undone patrons, that fortune was all the difference between them ; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting

figure resembled my friend Sir Roger ; and looking at the butler who stood by me for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said, there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning any thing further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

R

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No. 108. WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1711.

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*Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.*

PHÆDR. FAB. V. 2.

Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country-fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble\* had caught that very morning ; and that he

\* A Yorkshire gentleman, whose name was Mr. Thomas Morecraft.

presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

‘ SIR ROGER,

‘ I DESIRE you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black river. I observed with some concern the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your wip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John’s eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

‘ I am, SIR,

‘ Your humble servant,

‘ WILL WIMBLE.’

This extraordinary letter and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows.—Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendant of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country



with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentleman about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters ; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them ' how they wear ! ' These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours, make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazle twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttle-cocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in ; for which reason I was as much pleased with the

novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us ; and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good a heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles ; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or a merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications ?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of

by liberal art or profession, may be placed in such way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation.

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No. 109. THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1711.

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— *Abnormis sapiens.* —

HOR. SAT. ii. 2. 3.

Of plain good sense, untutor'd in the schools.

It was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and, as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent,

I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

‘It is,’ said he, ‘worth while to consider the force of dress; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Henry the Seventh’s time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader: besides, that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

‘This predecessor of ours you see is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt-yard, which is now a common street before Whitehall. You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, Sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy; however it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a

gallery where their mistress sate, for they were rivals, and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house\* is now.

' You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honour, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands the next picture. You see, Sir, my great great great grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country-wife, she brought ten children, and when I show you the library, you shall see in her own hand, allowing for the difference of the language, the best receipt now in England both for a hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

' If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing, in the middle, had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp, and so much money.

\* The Tilt-yard coffee house, still in being.

was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and above all the posture he is drawn in, which to be sure was his own choosing; you see he sits with one hand on a desk writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good-manners: he ruined every body that had any thing to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved, by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back, that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honour I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, because money was wanting at that time.

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: 'This man, pointing to him I looked at, I take to be the honour of our house: Sir Humphry de Coverley. He was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as gene-

rous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of the shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded, though he had great talents, to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbours.'

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars; 'for,' said he, 'he was sent out of the field upon a private message, the day before the battle of Worcester.' The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

R

## No. 110. FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1711.

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*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.*

VIRG. *ÆN.* ii. 755.

All things were full of horror and affright,  
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.

DRYDEN.

AT a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms \*, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason, as I have been told in the family, no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

\* Psal. cxlvii. 9.



was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but try it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time, the dark of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which at a time to time are heard from the tops of them, is exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and on a night heightens the awfulness of the place, and sets out her supernumerary horrors upon every object in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds are filled with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how, by the judicious use of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance. 'The ideas of goblins and sprites have little or no more to do with darkness than light: yet but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again as long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they will be so joined, that he can no more bear the one without the other.'

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk

of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without a head: and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family, that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter, had died. The knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of

mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity, have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable: he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us, that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent\*.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus†, not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words. “ Glaphyra, the daughter of king Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands, being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her, that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage, had a very odd kind of dream. She

\* Lucret. iv. 34, &c.

† Antiquit. Jud. lib. xvii. cap. 15. sect. 4, 5.

fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness ; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner ; ‘ Glaphyra,’ says he, ‘ thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity ? Have I not children by thee ? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother ? However, for the sake of our passed loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever.’ Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after.” I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings. Besides that the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of Divine Providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue.

L

No. 111. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1711.

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— *Inter silvas Academi quærere verum.*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 2. 45.

To search for truth in academic groves.

course of my last speculation led me insensibly a subject upon which I always meditate with delight; I mean, the immortality of the soul. I yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's walks, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was going over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of liberty, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs, drawn; first, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality, which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration. Secondly, from its passions and sentiments, especially from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon commission of vice. Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this great point. But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn

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from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it ; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created ? Are such abilities made for no purpose ? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass : in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of ; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of His infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries ?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

— *Hæres*

*Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.*

HOR. EPIST. II. 2. 175.

— Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood

Wave urges wave.

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver

it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silkworm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can He delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would He give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all His works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and

drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another to all eternity without a possibility of touching it\*; and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness!

### L

\* Those lines are what the geometricians call the *asymptotes* of the hyperbola, and the allusion to them here is perhaps one of the most beautiful that has ever been made.



## No. 112. MONDAY, JULY 9, 1711.

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμον ὡς διάκειται,  
Τιμῇ —

PYTHAG.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,  
Worship th' immortal gods.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-

table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular ; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer-book : and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms ; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself ; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it ; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces amen three or four times to the same prayer ; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who

are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils, that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, no body presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side: and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father, do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a-year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire; and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tythe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them almost in every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In

short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year ; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people ; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning ; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a-year who do not believe it.

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### No. 113. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1711.

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— *Hærent infixi pectore vultus.*

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 4.

Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth : which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, ' It is,' quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, ' very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the per-

verse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her: and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world.'

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided.—After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:

'I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year, I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man, who did not think ill of his own person, in taking that public occasion of showing

my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you, I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in Court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature, who was born for the destruction of all who beheld her, put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the Court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed, like a great surprised booby; and, knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I, but the whole Court, was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one

besides in the Court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, Sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidant who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

‘ However, I must needs say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger De Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won’t let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration

instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going tell you, when I came to her house, I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placcd herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her, and, upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind; and you must make love to her, as you



would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature.—But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is said!—after she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men——'

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, *dum tacet, hanc loquitur*; I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition:

*Quidquid agit Rufus. nihil est nisi Nævia Rufi.  
 Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur :  
 Cænat, propinat, poscit, negat, innuit, una est  
 Nævia ; si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.  
 Scriberet hesternâ patri cum luce salutem,  
 Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia ! lumen, ave.*

EPIC. i. 68.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,  
 Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk ;  
 Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,  
 Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.  
 He writ to his father, ending with this line,  
 I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

R

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## No. 114. WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1711.

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— *Paupertatis pudor et fuga.*—

HOR. EPIST. i. 18. 24.

— The dread of nothing more  
 Than to be thought necessitous and poor.

FOOLY.

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good-breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretending behaviour in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday, at Sir Roger's, a set of country gentlemen who dined with him : and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others, I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet methought

e did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, e was suspicious of every thing that was said, and, as e advanced towards being fuddled, his humour grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind, than any dislike he had taken at the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly indebted. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit is, that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury ; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a-year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house you see great plenty ; but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness which attends the table of him who lives within compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands, a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonour. Yet if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in

this fatal error ; if that may be called by so soft a name, which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a-year ; which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds ; but it is impossible to convince him, that, if he sold as much ; would pay off that debt, he would save four shillings in the pound \*, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune ; but then Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a-year, would be his equal. Rather than this should be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelvemonth charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbours, whose way of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, ' that to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils,' yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments. Fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessities, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his labourers, and be himself a labourer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it : and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision

\* Viz. the land-tax.

for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and oppression, have their seed in the dread of want ; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it ; but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant than the neglect of necessities would have been before.

Certain it is, that they are both out of nature, when she is followed with reason and good sense. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. Cowley with the greatest pleasure. His magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable men, as his understanding ; and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant author who published his works, to swell so much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his desires. By this means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That state of life which bears the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's great vulgar \*, is admirably described ; and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world, to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would methinks be no ill maxim of life, if, according to that ancestor of Sir Roger whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by his means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should

\* Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,  
Both the great vulgar and the small.

COWLEY'S PARAPHR. OF HORACE, OD. iii. 1.

get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design : but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary armour against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration and unworthy our esteem. It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world : but as I am now in a pleasing arbour surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life ; and am, at this present writing, philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley,

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat  
With any wish so mean as to be great ;  
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove  
The humble blessings of that life I love.

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No. 115. THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1711.

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— *Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano,*  
*Orandum est.*—

JUV. SAT. X. 356.

Pray for a sound mind in a sound body.

**BODILY** labour is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes, interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinity

tude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, Nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And, that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth, must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass



through before they are fit for use ! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty ; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chace, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall, is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable-doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that for distinction sake has a brass nail stuck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes ; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the

western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader would see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since under the title of the *Medicina Gymnastica* \*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and it pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin Treatise of Exercises that is written with great erudition †: It is there called the *σκιομαχία*, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the

\* By Francis Fuller, M.A.

† This is Hieronymus Mercurialis's celebrated book, *Artis Gymnasticæ apud Antiquos, &c. Libri sex. Venet. 1569. 4to. See lib. iv. cap. 5. and lib. vi. cap. 2.*

chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude : As I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties ; and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

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No. 116. FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1711.

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— *Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,  
Taygetique cunes.* —

VIRG. GEORG. iii. 43.

The echoing hills and chiding hounds invite.

THOSE who have searched into human nature observe that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul, as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastile seven years ; during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing

them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that, unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers, that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in ; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has, in his youthful days, taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed the knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts. His tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried in great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for foxhunting to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of

their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole cry makes up a complete consort. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility ; but desired him to tell his master, that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakspeare, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flew'd \*, so sanded † ; and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;  
Crook-kneed, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls,  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down ; and, upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by ; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers or uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-

\* Mouthcd, chapped. † Marked with small spots.

broke almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my arm; but to no purpose. All Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary notions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me if puss was gone that way. Upon my answering Yes, he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country-fellows muttering to his companion, 'that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying. Stole away.'

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chase without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that, instead of running straight forwards, or, in hunter's language, 'flying the country,' as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that difference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them. If they were at a fault, and an old hound of good reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three and been put up again as often, came still

nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five and twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry in view. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hallooing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet, on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and, alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon after delivered to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard; where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the knight, who could.

not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur Paschal, in his most excellent discourse on the Misery of Man, tells us, that all our endeavours after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear. He afterwards goes on to show that our love of sports comes from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon hunting. 'What,' says he, 'unless it be to drown thought, can make men throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?' The foregoing reflection is certainly just, when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable end from this exercise; I mean the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her orders. Had that incomparable person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas, through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body, which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life till that time, is but one continued account of the behaviour of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For my own part, I intend to hunt twice a-week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for



ending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following lines of Mr. Dryden:

The first physicians by debauch were made;  
Excess began, and Sloth sustains, the trade,  
By chase our long-lived fathers earn'd their food;  
Toil-strung the nerves, and purified the blood:  
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,  
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.  
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught,  
The wise for cure on exercise depend:  
God never made his work for man to mend.

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No. 117. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1711.

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— *Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.*

VIRG. ECL. viii. 106.

With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds.

**T**HERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only

from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches my mind is divided between two opposite opinions, or rather, to speak my thoughts freely, I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as witchcraft, but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger, by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway :

In a close lane, as I pursued my journey,  
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,  
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.  
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red ;  
Cold palsy shook her head ; her hands seem'd wither'd ;  
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt  
The tatter'd remnant of an old striped hanging,  
Which served to keep her carcase from the cold :

So there was nothing of a piece about her.  
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd  
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,  
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried Amen in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter to come so soon as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. 'Nay,' says Sir Roger, 'I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning.'

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broom-staff. At the same time,


he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sate in the chimney corner, which, as the knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a justice of peace to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbours' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty which was very acceptable.

In our return home Sir Roger told me, that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion



f so many evils, begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

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No. 118. MONDAY, JULY 16, 1711.

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— *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 73.

— The fatal dart

Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.

DRYDEN.

THIS agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks, which are struck out of a wood, in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city the charms of the country are so exquisite, that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and yet is not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the widow. 'This

woman,' says he, ' is of all others the most unintelligible ; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is, that she does not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them ; but, conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses, without fear of any ill consequence or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object, must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas ! why do I call her so ? because her superior merit is such, that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem : I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her. How often have I wished her unhappy, that I might have an opportunity of serving her ? and how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged ? Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account ; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal her confidant.

' Of all persons under the sun,' continued he, calling me by my name, ' be sure to set a mark upon confidants : they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them, is, that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favourite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says.

Let the ward be a beauty, her confidant shall treat you with an air of distance: let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behaviour of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer; and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general, and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidant. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented, and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that' — Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, 'What, not one smile?' We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the game. The knight whispered me, 'Hist, these are lovers.' The huntsman looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream, 'Oh thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with! But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish——Yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her William: her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee,

I will jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again.—Still do you hear me without one smile—It is too much to bear.’—He had no sooner spoke these words, but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water: at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain, and met her in an embrace. She, half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, ‘I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won’t drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holiday.’ The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, ‘Don’t, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful, and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake.’ ‘Look you there,’ quoth Sir Roger, ‘do you see there, all mischief comes from confidants! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dare not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father: I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty mischievous wench in the neighbourhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they have ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself: however, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, ‘Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.’ The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.



‘ However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her: whenever she is recalled to my imagination, my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is owing, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and, between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain: for I frequently find, that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh. However, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants: but has a glass-hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands every thing. I’d give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool.’

T

## No. 119. TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1711.

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*Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Metibae, putavi  
Stultus, ego huic nostrae similem. —*

VIRG. ECL. i. 20.

The city men call Rome, unskilful clown,  
I thought resembled this our humble town.

WARTON.

THE first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners, I do not mean morals, but behaviour and good-breeding, as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good-breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species 'who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally, by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities and restore it to its natural good sense

auty. At present, therefore, an unconstrained  
ge, and a certain openness of behaviour, are the  
; of good-breeding. The fashionable world is  
free and easy; our manners sit more loose  
us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable  
ence. In a word, good-breeding shows itself  
where, to an ordinary eye, it appears the least.  
After this we look on the people of mode in the  
ry, we find in them the manners of the last age.  
have no sooner fetched themselves up to the  
n of the polite world, but the town has drop-  
tem, and are nearer to the first state of nature  
o those refinements which formerly reigned in  
urt, and still prevailed in the country. One  
ow know a man that never conversed in the  
by his excess of good-breeding. A polite  
y squire shall make you as many bows in half  
r, as would serve a courtier for a week. There  
nitely more to do about place and precedence  
meeting of justices' wives, than in an assembly  
hesses.

s rural politeness is very troublesome to a man  
temper, who generally take the chair that is  
ne, and walk first or last, in the front or in the  
s chance directs. I have known my friend Sir  
's dinner almost cold before the company could  
the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit  
; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I  
een him forced to pick and cull his guests, as  
at at the several parts of his table that he might  
their healths according to their respective ranks  
alities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should  
hought had been altogether uninfected with ce-  
y, gives me abundance of trouble in this parti-

Though he has been fishing all the morning,  
I not help himself at dinner till I am served.  
we are going out of the hall, he runs behind

me ; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and, upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good-breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man to express every thing, that had the most remote appearance of being obscene, in modest terms and distant phrases ; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good-manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise : for which reason, as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another, conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme ; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good-breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country ; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it, they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good-breeding, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard behaviour and conversation, there is a third which turns upon dress. In this too the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaux are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.

L

No. 120. WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1711.

— *Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis  
Ingenium* —

VIRG. GEORG. i. 415.

— I deem their breasts inspired  
With a divine sagacity.—

My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near a hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house ; calls such a particular cock my

favourite ; and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country-life ; and, as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting, upon this occasion, the several remarks which I have met with in authors and comparing them with what falls under my own observation : the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind ; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles, or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are lust and hunger. The first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind, the latter, to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no further ; as insects and several kinds of fish : others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them ; as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich : others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model ? It cannot be imitation ; for though you hatch a crow under a

hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be reason ; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods ?

Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young ?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment, which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author ; and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually show the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. ‘A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch, and, as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking, and, for the time, seemed insensible of her own pain. On the removal, she kept her eyes fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one than the sense of her own torments.’

But, notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational

creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young ; for, so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves ; and, what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it : as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species : nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards ; for, in all family affection, we find, protection granted and favours bestowed are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shows itself in all occurrences of life ; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent but in what immediately regards his own preservation or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men ; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation :—



With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance ! when she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth ! when she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool and become incapable of producing an animal ! In the summer, you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together ; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison ! not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself, nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if, after the usual time of reckoning, the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence than is seen in the hatching of a chick ; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity, which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species, considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner. She is insensible of an increase or diminution in the number of those she lays. She does not distinguish between her own and those of

another species ; and, when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the First Mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

L

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No. 121. THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1711.

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— *Jovis omnia plena.*

VIRG. ECL. iii. 60.

— All things are full of Jove.

As I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country-house, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different workings of instinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it ; while the step-mother, with all imagin-

able anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different principle which acted in these different animals cannot be termed reason, so when we call it instinct, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last paper, it seems the immediate direction of Providence, and such an operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle in his learned *Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes*, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, '*Deus est anima brutorum*,' God himself is the soul of brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity in animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Tully has observed, that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of its own accord it applies itself to the teat. Dampier, in his *Travels*, tells us, that when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

But, notwithstanding animals have nothing like the use of reason, we find in them all the lower parts of our nature, the passions and senses, in their greatest strength and perfection. And here it is worth our observation, that all beasts and birds of prey are wonderfully subject to anger, malice, revenge, and all other violent passions that may animate them in search of their proper food; as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose safety lies chiefly in their flight, are suspicious, fearful,

and apprehensive of every thing they see or hear; whilst others, that are of assistance and use to man, have their natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domestic life. In this case, the passions generally correspond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a lion in so weak and defenceless an animal as a lamb; nor the meekness of a lamb in a creature so armed for battle and assault as the lion. In the same manner, we find that particular animals have a more or less exquisite sharpness and sagacity in those particular senses which most turn to their advantage, and in which their safety and welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great variety of arms with which Nature has differently fortified the bodies of several kinds of animals; such as claws, hoofs, and horns, teeth, and tusks, a tail, a sting, a trunk, or a proboscis. It is likewise observed by naturalists, that it must be some hidden principle, distinct from what we call reason, which instructs animals in the use of these their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best advantage; because they naturally defend themselves with that part in which their strength lies, before the weapon be formed in it; as is remarkable in lambs, which, though they are bred within doors, and never saw the actions of their own species, push at those who approach them with their foreheads, before the first budding of a horn appears.

I shall add to these general observations an instance, which Mr. Locke has given us of Providence, even in the imperfections of a creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal world. 'We may,' says he, 'from the make of an oyster or cockle, conclude, that it has not so many nor so quick senses as a man, or several other animals: nor, if it had, would it, in that state and incapacity of transferring itself from one place to another, be bettered by them.'

What good would sight and hearing do to a creature, that cannot move itself to or from the object, wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? and would not quickness of sensation be an inconvenience to an animal that must be still where chance has once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it?

I shall add to this instance out of Mr. Locke another out of the learned Dr. More, who cites it from Cardan, in relation to another animal which Providence has left defective, but at the same time has shown its wisdom in the formation of that organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. 'What is more obvious and ordinary than a mole? and yet what more palpable argument of Providence than she? the members of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life: for her dwelling being under ground where nothing is to be seen, Nature has so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that naturalists can scarce agree whether she have any sight at all, or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short tail and short legs, but broad fore-feet armed with sharp claws; we see by the event to what purpose they are, she so swiftly working herself under ground, and making her way so fast in the earth as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere thickness of her body; and her fore feet are broad, that she may scoop away much earth at a time; and little or no tail she has, because she courses it not on the ground, like the rat or mouse, of whose kindred she is; but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig herself a dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an element, which will not

yield easily as the air or the water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a train behind her; for her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out, before she had completed or got full possession of her works.'

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. Boyle's remark upon this last creature, who, I remember, somewhere in his works observes, that though the mole be not totally blind, as it is commonly thought, she has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects. Her eye is said to have but one humour in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal. Whenever she comes up into broad day she might be in danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper element. More sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such animals as seem the most imperfect works of nature; and if Providence shows itself even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover itself in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished and completed in their several faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are posted!

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a body of natural history, the best that could be gathered together from books and observations. If the several writers among them took each his particular species, and gave us a distinct account of its original, birth, and education; its policies, hostilities, and alliances; with the frame and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other animals, with their peculiar apti-

tudes for the state of being in which Providence has placed them ; it would be one of the best services their studies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the all-wise Contriver.

It is true, such a natural history, after all the disquisitions of the learned, would be infinitely short and defective. Seas and deserts hide millions of animals from our observation. Innumerable artifices and stratagems are acted in the ' howling wilderness ' and in the ' great deep,' that can never come to our knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more species of creatures which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with the help of the finest glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the consideration of such animals as lie within the compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a conclusion of the rest, that the same variety of wisdom and goodness runs through the whole creation, and puts every creature in a condition to provide for its safety and subsistence in its proper station.

Tully has given us an admirable sketch of natural history, in his second book concerning the Nature of the Gods ; and that in a style so raised by metaphors and descriptions, that it lifts the subject above raillery and ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice observations when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer.

L

No. 122. FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1711.

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*Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.*

FUEL. SYL. FRAG.

An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach.

A MAN's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart ; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected ; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time ; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

'The first of them,' says he, 'that has a spaniel by his side is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a-



year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a-week ; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man ; shoots flying ; and has been several times foreman of the petty-jury.

‘ The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for ‘ taking the law ’ of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution : his father left him four-score pounds a-year ; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.’

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will it seems had been giving his fellow-travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole : when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such a One, if he pleased, might ‘ take the law of him ’ for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot ; and after having paused some time told them with the air of a man who would not give his judgement rashly, that ‘ much might be

said on both sides.' They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The Court was sat before Sir Roger came ; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them ; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the Court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws ; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising, the Court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people, that Sir Roger ' was up.' The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it ; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most ; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home, we met with a very odd accident ; which I cannot forbear relating, because it

shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had it seems been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and, to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and, when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story, had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know

him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but, upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, that 'much might be said on both sides.'

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

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No. 123. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1711.

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*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,  
Rectique cultus pectora roborant :  
Utcunque defecere mores,  
Indecorant bene nata culpa.*

HOR. OD. iv. 4. 33.

Yet the best blood by learning is refined,  
And virtue arms the solid mind;  
Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,  
And the paternal stamp efface.

OLDISWORTH.

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young man who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but

took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole county.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers, who, either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thoughts prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large, under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel, than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a Court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had

raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about Court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty, an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, 'there is no dallying with life,' they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a-year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but, to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife, in whom all his happiness was wrapt up, died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking

together with their usual intimacy, Leontine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children; namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by

the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the inns of court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a-year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which, in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue, became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence, that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him in the country the next day: for it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation,



that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: 'I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father, by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary, that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself.' Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and, amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude, that were too big for utterance. To conclude: the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received, in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla, the just recompense, as well

as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

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No. 124. MONDAY, JULY 23, 1711.

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*Μίγα βιβλίον, μίγα κακόν.*

A great book is a great evil.

A MAN who publishes his works in a volume has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in loose tracts and single pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky volume, till after some heavy preamble, and several words of course, to prepare the reader for what follows. Nay, authors have established it as a kind of rule, that a man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe reader makes allowances for many rests and nodding-places in a voluminous writer. This gave occasion to the famous Greek proverb which I have chosen for my motto, that ‘a great book is a great evil.’

On the contrary, those who publish their thoughts in distinct sheets, and as it were by piece-meal, have none of these advantages. We must immediately fall into our subject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our papers are thrown by as dull and insipid. Our matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the turn it receives from our expressions. Were the books of our best authors thus to be retailed to the public, and every page submitted to the taste of forty or fifty

thousand readers, I am afraid we should complain of many flat expressions, trivial observations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the same time, notwithstanding some papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular sketches, it is often expected that every sheet should be a kind of treatise, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk: that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts; and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements, that are indulged to longer labours. The ordinary writers of morality prescribe to their readers after the Galenic way; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An essay-writer must practice in the chemical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their quintessence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny-paper. There would be scarce such a thing in nature as a folio; the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves; not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the difficulty of furnishing out separate papers of this nature has hindered authors from communicating their thoughts to the world after such a manner: though I must confess I am amazed that the press should be only made use of in this way by news-writers and the zealots of parties; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind to be instructed in wisdom and virtue than in politics, and to be made good fathers, husbands, and sons, than counsellors and statesmen. Had the philosophers and great men of antiquity, who took so much pains in order to instruct mankind, and leave the world wiser and better than they found it; had they, I say, been

possessed of the art of printing, there is no question but they would have made such an advantage of it, in dealing out their lectures to the public. Our common prints\* would be of great use were they thus calculated to diffuse good sense through the bulk of a people, to clear up their understandings, animate their minds with virtue, dissipate the sorrows of a heavy heart, or unbend the mind from its more severe employments with innocent amusements. When knowledge, instead of being bound up in books and kept in libraries and retirements, is thus obtruded upon the public; when it is canvassed in every assembly and exposed upon every table, I cannot forbear reflecting upon that passage in the Proverbs: 'Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates. In the city she uttereth her words, saying, How long ye simple ones will ye love simplicity? And the scorers delight in their scorning? And fools hate knowledge?'

The many letters which come to me from persons of the best sense in both sexes, for I may pronounce their characters from their way of writing, do not a little encourage me in the prosecution of this my undertaking: besides that my bookseller tells me, the demand for these my papers increases daily. It is at his instance that I shall continue my rural speculations to the end of this month; several having made up separate sets of them, as they have done before of those relating to wit, to operas, to points of morality, or subjects of humour.

I am not at all mortified, when sometimes I see my works thrown aside by men of no taste or learning. There is a kind of heaviness and ignorance

\* Newspapers:

that hangs upon the minds of ordinary men, which is too thick for knowledge to break through. Their souls are not to be enlightened.

—*Nox atra cavā circumvolat umbrā.*

VIRG. *ÆN.* ii. 360.

Black night enwraps them in her gloomy shade.

To these I must apply the fable of the mole, that after having consulted many oculists for the bettering of his sight, was at last provided with a good pair of spectacles; but, upon his endeavouring to make use of them, his mother told him very prudently, ‘That spectacles, though they might help the eye of a man, could be of no use to a mole.’ It is not therefore for the benefit of moles that I publish these my daily essays.

But besides such as are moles through ignorance, there are others who are moles through envy. As it is said in the Latin proverb, ‘That one man is a wolf to another;’ so, generally speaking, one author is a mole to another author. It is impossible for them to discover beauties in one another’s works; they have eyes only for spots and blemishes: they can indeed see the light, as it is said of the animals which are their name-sakes, but the idea of it is painful to them; they immediately shut their eyes upon it, and withdraw themselves into a wilful obscurity. I have already caught two or three of these dark undermining vermin, and intend to make a string of them, in order to hang them up in one of my papers, as an example to all such voluntary moles.

## No. 125. TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1711.

*Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella ;  
Neu patrice validas in viscera vertite vires.*

VIRG. *ÆN.* vi. 832.

This thirst of kindred blood, my sons, detest,  
Nor turn your force against your country's breast.

My worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Round-heads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint. The boy being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane ; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and, instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. ' Upon this,' says Sir Roger, ' I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane.' By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country ; how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gentle-

men hate one another; besides that they manifestly end to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgement befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them reater strangers and more averse to one another than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is every fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion and humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, 'that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because,' says he, 'if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.' We might here observe how admirably this precept of morality, which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object, answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about hundred years before this philosopher wrote\*;

\* Viz. by Jesus Christ. See Luke vi. 27—32, &c.

but, instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party-principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgements. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle, is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason, there is scarce a person of any figure in England, who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties.—Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides; and that is, the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising



suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulatus of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelfes and Gibellines, and France by those who were for and against the League: but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the 'love of their country.' I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, 'If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind.'

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association for the support of one another against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their com-

mon enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party ; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear : on the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow subjects as whigs or tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

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No. 126. WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1711.

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*Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.*

VIRG. ÆN. X. 108.

Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me.

DRYDEN.

IN my yesterday's paper, I proposed that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the confusion of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to

parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner.

‘ We whose names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare, that we do in our consciences believe two and two make four ; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavours to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places ; and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes.’

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavour to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other ; as also such infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage under colour of the public good ; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each side that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders ; we should soon see that furious party-spirit extinguished which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all

this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labours of this industrious animal, *Ægypt*, says the historian, would be over-run with crocodiles: for the *Ægyptians* are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations I have endeavoured, as much as I am able, to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular, because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve towards one another an outward show of good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools

that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humour fills the country with several periodical meetings of whig jockies and tory fox-hunters ; not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers, it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the landed and the other to the monied interest. This humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no further than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the knight is a much stronger tory in the country than in town; which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house, we did not so much as bait at a whig inn ; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer ; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the innkeeper ; and, provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations ; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and a hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into an house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party-humour.

Being upon the bowling-green at a neighbouring market-town the other day, for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a-week, I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised, that, notwithstanding he was a very fair bettor, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up, nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.

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No. 127. THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1711.

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— *Quantum est in rebus inane !*

PERS. SAT. l. 1.

How much of emptiness we find in things !

IT is our custom at Sir Roger's, upon the coming in of the post, to sit about a pot of coffee, and hear the old knight read Dyer's Letter : which he does with his spectacles upon his nose, and in an audible voice, smiling very often at those little strokes of satire which are so frequent in the writings of that author. I afterwards communicate to the knight such packets as I receive under the quality of Spectator. The following letter chancing to please him more than ordinary, I shall publish it at his request.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ You have diverted the town almost a whole month at the expense of the country. It is now high time that you should give the country their revenge. Since your withdrawing from this place, the fair sex are run into great extravagances. Their petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise every day more and more. In short, Sir, since our women know themselves to be out of the eye of the Spectator, they will be kept within no compass. You praised them a little too soon for the modesty of their head-dresses ; for, as the humour of a sick person is often driven out of one limb into another, their superfluity of ornaments, instead of be-

ing entirely banished, seems only fallen from their heads upon their lower parts. What they have lost in height they make up in breadth, and, contrary to all rules of architecture, widen the foundations at the same time that they shorten the superstructure. Were they like Spanish jennets, to impregnate by the wind, they could not have thought on a more proper invention. But as we do not hear any particular use in this petticoat, or that it contains any thing more than what was supposed to be in those of scantier make, we are wonderfully at a loss about it.

“The women give out, in defence of these wide bottoms, that they are airy, and very proper for the season ; but this I look upon to be only a pretence, and a piece of art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate summer these many years, so that it is certain the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather. Besides, I would fain ask these tender constitutioned ladies, why they should require more cooling than their mothers before them.

“I find several speculative persons are of opinion that our sex has of late years been very saucy, and that the hoop-petticoat is made use of to keep us at a distance. It is most certain that a woman’s honour cannot be better intrenched than after this manner, in circle within circle, amidst such a variety of outworks and lines of circumvallation. A female who is thus invested in whalebone, is sufficiently secured against the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of Sir George Etherege’s way of making ‘Love in a Tub\*,’ as in the midst of so many hoops.

\* See his play so called, Act iv. scene 6, where Dufoy, a Frenchman, is thrust into a tub without a bottom, which he carries about the stage on his shoulders, his head coming through a hole at the top.



“ Among these various conjectures there are men of superstitious tempers, who look upon the hoop-petticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the downfall of the French king, and observe that the farthingale appeared in England a little before the ruin of the Spanish monarchy \*. Others are of opinion that it foretells battle and bloodshed, and believe it of the same prognostication as the tail of a blazing star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a sign that multitudes are coming into the world rather than going out of it.

“ The first time I saw a lady dressed in one of these petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my own thoughts for walking abroad when she was ‘ so near her time,’ but soon recovered myself out of my error, when I found all the modish part of the sex as ‘ far gone’ as herself. It is generally thought some crafty women have thus betrayed their companions into hoops, that they might make them necessary to their own concealments, and by that means escape the censure of the world; as wary generals have sometimes dressed two or three dozen of their friends in their own habit, that they might not draw upon themselves any particular attacks from the enemy. The strutting petticoat smooths all distinctions, levels the mother with the daughter, and sets maids and matrons, wives and widows, upon the same bottom. In the mean while, I cannot but be troubled to see so many well-shaped innocent virgins bloated up, and waddling up and down like big-bellied women.

“ Should this fashion get among the ordinary people, our public ways would be so crowded that we should want street-room. Several congregations of

\* Viz. in 1558.

the best fashion find themselves already very much straitened, and, if the mode increase, I wish it may not drive many ordinary women into meetings and conventicles. Should our sex at the same time take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches, as who knows what their indignation at this female treatment may drive them to? a man and his wife would fill a whole pew.

“ You know, Sir, it is recorded of Alexander the Great, that in his Indian expedition he buried several suits of armour, which, by his directions, were made much too big for any of his soldiers, in order to give posterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make them believe he had commanded an army of giants. I am persuaded, that, if one of the present petticoats happens to be hung up in any repository of curiosities, it would lead into the same error the generations that lie some removes from us; unless we can believe our posterity will think so disrespectfully of their great grandmothers, that they made themselves monstrous to appear amiable.

“ When I survey this new-fashioned rotunda in all its parts, I cannot but think of the old philosopher, who, after having entered into an Egyptian temple, and looked about for the idol of the place, at length discovered a little black monkey enshrined in the midst of it, upon which he could not forbear crying out, to the great scandal of the worshippers, ‘ What a magnificent palace is here for such a ridiculous inhabitant !’

“ Though you have taken a resolution, in one of your papers, to avoid descending to particularities of dress, I believe you will not think it below you, on so extraordinary an occasion, to unhoop the fair sex, and cure this fashionable tympany that is got among them. I am apt to think the petticoat will shrink of

its own accord at your first coming to town ; at least a touch of your pen will make it contract itself like the sensitive plant, and by that means oblige several who are either terrified or astonished at this portentous novelty, and, among the rest,

“ Your humble servant,” &c.

C

No. 128. THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1711.

— *Concordia discors.*

LUCAN. i. 98.

— Harmonious discord.

WOMEN in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men ; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile ; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which Nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette ; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said, we may conclude, men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good-humour of the wife. When these are rightly tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand ; and the family, like a ship that is truly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.

Natural historians observe, for, whilst I am in the country, I must fetch my allusions from thence, that only the male birds have voices ; that their songs begin a little before breeding-time, and end a little after ; that whilst the hen is covering her eggs, the male generally takes his stand upon a neighbouring bough within her hearing ; and by that means amuses and diverts her with his songs during the whole time of her sitting.

This contract among birds lasts no longer than till a brood of young ones arises from it ; so that in the feathered kind, the cares and fatigues of the married state, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the female. On the contrary, as in our species the man and the woman are joined together for life, and the main burden rests upon the former, Nature has given all the little arts of soothing and blandishment to the female, that she may cheer and animate her companion in a constant and assiduous application to the making a provision for his family, and the educating of their common children. This, however, is not to be taken so strictly, as if the same duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both parties ; but only to set forth what seems to have been the general intention of Nature, in the different inclinations and endowments which are bestowed on the different sexes.

But whatever was the reason that man and woman were made with this variety of temper, if we observe the conduct of the fair sex, we find that they choose

rather to associate themselves with a person who resembles them in that light and volatile humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counterbalance it. It has been an old complaint, that the coxcomb carries it with them before the man of sense. When we see a fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favourite. Noise and flutter are such accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the passion of an ordinary woman for a man is nothing else but self-love diverted upon another object. She would have the lover a woman in every thing but the sex. I do not know a finer piece of satire on this part of womankind, than those lines of Mr. Dryden,

Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form,  
And empty noise ; and loves itself in man.

This is a source of infinite calamities to the sex, as it frequently joins them to men who, in their own thoughts, are as fine creatures as themselves, or, if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only to dissipate their fortunes, inflame their follies, and aggravate their indiscretions.

The same female levity is no less fatal to them after marriage than before. It represents to their imaginations the faithful, prudent, husband, as an honest, tractable, and domestic, animal ; and turns their thoughts upon the fine gay gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As this irregular vivacity of temper leads astray the hearts of ordinary women in the choice of their lovers and the treatment of their husbands, it operates with the same pernicious influence towards their children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime perfections that appear captivating in the eye of their mother. She admires

in her son what she loved in her gallant; and by that means contributes all she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless progeny.

The younger Faustina was a lively instance of this sort of woman. Notwithstanding she was married to Marcus Aurelius, one of the greatest, wisest, and best, of the Roman emperors, she thought a common gladiator much the prettier gentleman; and had taken such care to accomplish her son Commodus according to her own notions of a fine man, that, when he ascended the throne of his father, he became the most foolish and abandoned tyrant that was ever placed at the head of the Roman empire, signaling himself in nothing but the fighting of prizes, and knocking out men's brains. As he had no taste of true glory, we see him in several medals and statues, which are still extant of him, equipped like a Hercules, with a club and a lion's skin.

I have been led into this speculation by the characters I have heard of a country gentleman and his lady, who do not live many miles from Sir Roger. The wife is an old coquette, that is always hankering after the diversions of the town; the husband a morose rustic, that frowns and frets at the name of it. The wife is over-run with affectation, the husband sunk into brutality. The lady cannot bear the noise of the larks and nightingales, hates your tedious summer-days, and is sick at the sight of shady woods and purling streams; the husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the fooleries of plays and operas, and rails from morning to night at essenced fops and tawdry courtiers. The children are educated in these different notions of their parents. The sons follow their father about his grounds; while the daughters read volumes of love letters and romances to their mother. By this means it comes to pass, that the girls look upon their father as a clown,

and the boys think their mother no better than she should be.

How different are the lives of Aristus and Aspasia! The innocent vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the cheerful gravity of the other. The wife grows wise by the discourses of the husband, and the husband good-humoured by the conversations of the wife. Aristus would not be so amiable were it not for his Aspasia, nor Aspasia so much to be esteemed were it not for her Aristus. Their virtues are blended in their children, and diffuse through the whole family a perpetual spirit of benevolence, complacency, and satisfaction.

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No. 129. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1711.

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*Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum,  
Cum rota posterior curras et in axe secundo.*

PERS. SAT. V. 71.

Thou, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,  
Still to be near, but ne'er to be the first.

DRYDEN.

GREAT masters in painting never care for drawing people in the fashion: as very well knowing that the head-dress, or periwig, that now prevails, and gives a grace to their portraitures at present, will make a very odd figure and perhaps look monstrous in the eyes of posterity. For this reason, they often represent an illustrious person in a Roman habit, or in some other dress that never varies. I could wish, for the sake of my country friends, that there was such a kind of everlasting drapery to be made use of

by all who live at a certain distance from the town, and that they would agree upon such fashions as should never be liable to changes and innovations. For want of this standing dress, a man who takes a journey into the country is as much surprised as one who walks in a gallery of old family pictures, and finds as great a variety of garbs and habits in the persons he converses with. Did they keep to one constant dress they would sometimes be in the fashion, which they never are as matters are managed at present. If, instead of running after the mode, they would continue fixed in one certain habit, the mode would some time or other overtake them, as a clock that stands still is sure to point right once in twelve hours. In this case therefore I would advise them, as a gentleman did his friend who was hunting about the whole town after a rambling fellow—If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant yourself at the corner of any one street, I will engage it will not be long before you see him.

I have already touched upon this subject in a speculation which shows how cruelly the country are led astray in following the town; and equipped in a ridiculous habit, when they fancy themselves in the height of the mode. Since that speculation, I have received a letter, which I there hinted at, from a gentleman who is now in the western circuit.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“BEING a lawyer of the Middle-Temple, a Cornishman by birth, I generally ride the western circuit\* for my health, and as I am not interrupted with clients, have leisure to make many observations that escape the notice of my fellow-travellers.

\* Counsellors generally go on the circuits through the counties in which they are born and bred.



“One of the most fashionable women I met with in all the circuit was my landlady at Staines, where I chanced to be on a holyday. Her commode was not half a foot high, and her petticoat within some yards of a modish circumference. In the same place, I observed a young fellow with a tolerable periwig, had it not been covered with a hat that was shaped in the Ramillie-cock. As I proceeded in my journey, I observed the petticoat grew scantier and scantier, and about threescore miles from London was so very unfashionable, that a woman might walk in it without any manner of inconvenience.

“Not far from Salisbury, I took notice of a justice of peace’s lady, who was at least ten years behind-hand in her dress, but at the same time as fine as hands could make her. She was flounced and fur-belowed from head to foot; every riband was wrinkled, and every part of her garments in curl, so that she looked like one of those animals which in the country we call a Friezeland hen.

“Not many miles beyond this place, I was informed that one of the last year’s little muffs had by some means or other straggled into those parts, and that all the women of fashion were cutting their old muffs in two, or retrenching them, according to the little model which was got among them. I cannot believe the report they have there, that it was sent down franked by a parliament-man in a little packet; but probably by next winter this fashion will be at the height in the country, when it is quite out at London.

“The greatest beau at our next county sessions was dressed in a most monstrous flaxen periwig, that was made in King William’s reign. The wearer of it goes, it seems, in his own hair when he is at home, and lets his wig lie in buckle for a whole half

year, that he may put it on upon occasions to meet the judges in it.

“ I must not here omit an adventure which happened to us in a country church upon the frontiers of Cornwall. As we were in the midst of the service, a lady, who is the chief woman of the place, and had passed the winter at London with her husband, entered the congregation in a little head-dress and a hooped petticoat. The people, who were wonderfully startled at such a sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at the prodigious bottom, and some at the little top of this strange dress. In the mean time, the lady of the manor filled the area of the church, and walked up to her pew with an unspeakable satisfaction, amidst the whispers, conjectures, and astonishments, of the whole congregation.

“ Upon our way from hence, we saw a young fellow riding towards us full gallop, with a bob wig and a black silken bag tied to it. He stopt short at the coach, to ask us how far the judges were behind us. His stay was so very short, that we had only time to observe his new silk waistcoat, which was unbuttoned in several places to let us see that he had a clean shirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

“ From this place, during our progress through the most western parts of the kingdom, we fancied ourselves in King Charles the Second's reign, the people having made very little variations in their dress since that time. The smartest of the country squires appear still in the Monmouth-cock, and when they go a wooing, whether they have any post in the militia or not, they generally put on a red coat. We were indeed very much surprised, at the place we lay at last night, to meet with a gentleman that had accoutred himself in a night-cap-wig, a coat with long pockets and slit sleeves, and a pair of shoes with high scallop

tops ; but we soon found by his conversation that he was a person who laughed at the ignorance and rusticity of the country people, and was resolved to live and die in the mode.

“ Sir, if you think this account of my travels may be of any advantage to the public, I will next year trouble you with such occurrences as I shall meet with in other parts of England. For I am informed there are greater curiosities in the northern circuit than in the western ; and that a fashion makes its progress much slower into Cumberland than into Cornwall. I have heard in particular, that the Steenkirk \* arrived but two months ago at Newcastle, and that there are several commodores in those parts which are worth taking a journey thither to see.”

No. 130. MONDAY, JULY 30, 1711.

— *Semperque recentes*

*Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.*

VIRG. ÆN. vii. 748.

A plund'ring race, still eager to invade,  
On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants ; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he

\* The Steenkirk was a kind of military cravat of black silk ; probably first worn at the battle of Steenkirk, fought August 2, 1692.

let the thought drop : but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. ' If a stray piece of linen hangs upon a hedge,' says Sir Roger, ' they are sure to have it ; if a hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey : our geese cannot live in peace for them ; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year ; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them ; and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them : the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.'

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me, that, if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger

alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sun-burnt than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life. Upon which the knight cried, 'Go, go, you are an idle baggage;' and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him after a further inquiry into his hand, that his true-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried 'pish,' and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated, 'She was an idle baggage,' and bid her go on. 'Ah, master,' says the gipsy, 'that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing.'—The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me, that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good-humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road, who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves.

But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. 'As the *trekschuyt*, or hackney-boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in: which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare\*. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned, upon further examination, that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gipsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant, whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate: the father on the other hand was not a little delighted to see a son return to him,

\* Hardly more than three-pence.

whom he had given up for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages.' Here the printed story leaves off; but, if I may give credit to reports, our linguist, having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign Courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister in which he formerly wandered as a gipsy.

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No. 131. TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1711.

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— *Ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ.*

VIRG. ECL. 2. 63.

Once more, ye woods, adieu.

It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbour. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion, when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply, besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pur-

suit. For these reasons, the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner, I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring any thing to my mind, whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in town to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and some of them, hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood, is what they here call a White Witch.



A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbour a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow; and, as they have heard he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says nothing, because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot, and hollow, and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them,—‘That it is my way,’ and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity and what they call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer, that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I

please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the mean while, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

“DEAR SPEC,

“I SUPPOSE this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have however orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr’ythee don’t send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude thou art in love with one of Sir Roger’s dairy-maids. Service to knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly, will make every mother’s son of us commonwealth’s-men.

“Dear Spec,

“thine eternally,

“WILL HONEYCOMB.”

C

## No. 132. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1711.

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*Qui, aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.*

TULL.

That man may be called impertinent, who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening ; and, attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain in my hearing what company he had for the coach ? The fellow answered, ‘ Mrs. Betty Arable the great fortune, and the widow her mother ; a recruiting officer, who took a place because they were to go, young ‘Squire Quickset, her cousin, that her mother wished her to be married to ; Ephraim the quaker, her guardian ; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley’s.’ I observed, by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence ; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me. The next morning at day-break we were

all called ; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time, the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud, 'that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled ;' upon which his cloak-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach : and the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behaviour of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity : and we had not moved about two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting ? The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her, 'that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her, or her fair daughter. In a word,' continued he, 'I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character : you see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent ; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha !'—This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed.—'Come,' said he, 'resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town : we will wake this pleasant companion who is fallen asleep, to be the brideman ;

and,' giving the quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, 'This sly saint, who I'll warrant understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father.' The quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, 'Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly: thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fullness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace.—Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou flee at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing; but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee: to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road.'

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with a happy and uncommon impudence, which can be convicted and support itself at the same time, cries, 'Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I

will be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon.'

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation, fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place, as going to London, of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good-fortune, that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What therefore Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim delivered himself as follows: 'There is no ordinary part of human life, which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend,' continued he, turning to the officer, 'thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never

meet again ; but be advised by a plain man ; modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine.

When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it.

T

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No. 133. THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1711.

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*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
Tam chari capitis ? —*

HOR. OD. I. 24. 1.

Such was his worth, our loss is such,  
We cannot love too well or grieve too much.

OLDISWORTH.

**THERE** is a sort of delight, which is alternately mixed with terror and sorrow in the contemplation of death. The soul has its curiosity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its thoughts upon the conduct of such who have behaved themselves with an equal, a resigned, a cheerful, a generous, or heroic, temper in that extremity. We are affected with these respective manners of behaviour, as we secretly believe the part of the dying person imitable by ourselves, or such as we imagine ourselves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted minds march before us like princes, and are to the ordinary race of mankind rather subjects for their ad-

miration than example. However, there are no ideas strike more forcibly upon our imaginations, than those which are raised from reflections upon the exits of great and excellent men. Innocent men who have suffered as criminals, though they were benefactors to human society, seem to be persons of the highest distinction among the vastly greater number of human race, the dead. When the iniquity of the times brought Socrates to his execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unsupported by any thing but the testimony of his own conscience and conjectures of hereafter, receive the poison with an air of mirth and good-humour, and, as if going on an agreeable journey, bespeak some deity to make it fortunate !

When Phocion's good actions had met with the like reward from his country, and he was led to death with many others of his friends, they bewailing their fate, he walking composedly towards the place of execution, how gracefully does he support his illustrious character to the very last instant ! One of the rabble spitting at him as he passed, with his usual authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this fellow how to behave himself. When a poor-spirited creature that died at the same time for his crimes, bemoaned himself unmanfully, he rebuked him with this question, ' Is it no consolation to such a man as thou art to die with Phocion ? ' At the instant when he was to die, they asked what commands he had for his son : he answered, ' To forget this injury of the Athenians. ' Niocles, his friend, under the same sentence, desired he might drink the potion before him : Phocion said, ' Because he never had denied him any thing, he would not even this, the most difficult request he had ever made. '

These instances were very noble and great ; and the reflections of those sublime spirits had made death



to them what it is really intended to be by the Author of nature, a relief from a various being, ever subject to sorrows and difficulties.

Epaminondas, the Theban general, having received in fight a mortal stab with a sword, which was left in his body, lay in that posture till he had intelligence that his troops had obtained the victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out, at which instant he expressed himself in this manner: 'This is not the end of my life, my fellow-soldiers; it is now your Epaminondas is born, who dies in so much glory.'

It were an endless labour to collect the accounts, with which all ages have filled the world, of noble and heroic minds that have resigned this being as if the termination of life were but an ordinary occurrence of it.

This common-place way of thinking I fell into from an awkward endeavour to throw off a real and fresh affliction, by turning over books in a melancholy mood; but it is not easy to remove griefs which touch the heart, by applying remedies which only entertain the imagination. As therefore this paper is to consist of any thing which concerns human life, I cannot help letting the present subject regard what has been the last object of my eyes, though an entertainment of sorrow.

I went this evening to visit a friend, with a design to rally him upon a story I had heard of his intending to steal a marriage without the privity of us his intimate friends and acquaintance. I came into his apartment with that intimacy which I have done for very many years, and walked directly into his bed-chamber, where I found my friend in the agonies of death.—What could I do? The innocent mirth in my thoughts struck upon me like the most

flagitious wickedness : I in vain called upon him ; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least knowledge of my sorrow, or any pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my soliloquy, as I stood by his mother, dumb with the weight of grief for a son who was her honour and her comfort, and never till that hour since his birth had been an occasion of a moment's sorrow to her.

‘ How surprising is this change ! From the possession of vigorous life and strength, to be reduced in a few hours to this fatal extremity ! Those lips, which look so pale and lived, within these few days gave delight to all who heard their utterance : it was the business, the purpose of his being, next to obeying Him to whom he is gone, to please and instruct, and that for no other end but to please and instruct. Kindness was the motive of his actions ; and, with all the capacity requisite for making a figure in a contentious world, moderation, good-nature, affability, temperance, and chastity, were the arts of his excellent life.—There as he lies in helpless agony, no wise man who knew him so well as I, but would resign all the world can bestow to be so near the end of such a life. Why does my heart so little obey my reason as to lament thee, thou excellent man ?—Heaven receive him or restore him !—Thy beloved mother, thy obliged friends, thy helpless servants, stand around thee without distinction. How much wouldst thou, hadst thou thy senses, say to each of us !

‘ But now that good heart bursts, and he is at rest.—With that breath expired a soul who never indulged a passion unfit for the place he is gone to. Where are now thy plans of justice, of truth, of honour ? Of what use the volumes thou hast collated, the arguments thou hast invented, the examples thou hast

followed? Poor were the expectations of the studious, the modest, and the good, if the reward of their labours were only to be expected from man. No, my friend, thy intended pleadings, thy intended good offices to thy friends, thy intended services to thy country, are already performed, as to thy concern in them, in His sight, before whom the past, present, and future appear at one view. While others with thy talents were tormented with ambition, with vain-glory, with envy, with emulation, how well didst thou turn thy mind to its own improvement in things out of the power of fortune; in probity, in integrity, in the practice and study of justice! How silent thy passage, how private thy journey, how glorious thy end! 'Many have I known more famous, some more knowing, not one so innocent.'

R

## No. 134. FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1711.

— *Opifèrque per orbem*  
*Dicor.*—

OVID. MET. i. 521.

And am the great physician call'd below.

DRYDEN.

DURING my absence in the country, several packets have been left for me which were not forwarded to me because I was expected every day in town. The author of the following letter dated from Tower-hill, having sometimes been entertained with some learned gentlemen in plush doublets\*, who have vended their wares from a stage in that place, has pleasantly enough addressed to me, as no less a sage in morality than those are in physic. To comply with his kind inclination to make my cures famous, I shall give you his testimonial of my great abilities at large in his own words.

“ SIR,

“ YOUR saying t’other day there is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them, makes me in pain that I am not a man of power. If I were, you should soon see how much I approve your speculations. In the mean time, I beg leave to supply that inability with the empty tribute of an honest mind, by telling you

\* Viz, Quack-doctors.

plainly I love and thank you for your daily refreshments. I constantly peruse your paper as I smoke my morning's pipe, though I can't forbear reading the motto before I fill and light, and really it gives a grateful relish to every whiff; each paragraph is fraught either with useful or delightful notions, and I never fail of being highly diverted or improved. The variety of your subjects surprises me as much as a box of pictures did formerly, in which there was only one face, that by pulling some pieces of isinglass over it, was changed into a grave senator or a merry-andrew, a patched lady or a nun, a beau or a black-a-moor, a prude or a coquette, a country squire or a conjurer, with many other different representations very entertaining, as you are, though still the same at the bottom. This was a childish amusement, when I was carried away with outward appearance: but you make a deeper impression, and affect the secret springs of the mind; you charm the fancy, sooth the passions, and insensibly lead the reader to that sweetness of temper that you so well describe; you rouse generosity with that spirit, and inculcate humanity with that ease, that he must be miserably stupid that is not affected by you. I can't say, indeed, that you have put impertinence to silence, or vanity out of countenance; but, methinks, you have bid as fair for it as any man that ever appeared upon a public stage; and offer an infallible cure of vice and folly for the price of one penny. And since it is usual for those who receive benefit by such famous operators, to publish an advertisement, that others may reap the same advantage, I think myself obliged to declare to all the world, that having for a long time been splenetic, ill-natured, forward, suspicious, and unsociable, by the application of your medicines, taken only with half an ounce of right

Virginia tobacco for six successive mornings, I am become open, obliging, officious, frank, and hospitable.

" I am,

" Your humble servant

" and great admirer,

" GEORGE TRUSTY."

" Tower-hill, July 5, 1711."

The careful father and humble petitioner hereafter mentioned, who are under difficulties about the just management of fans, will soon receive proper advertisements relating to the professors in that behalf, with their places of abode and methods of teaching.

" SIR,

" IN your Spectator of June the 27th, you transcribe a letter sent to you from a new sort of muster-master, who teaches ladies the whole exercise of the fan; I have a daughter just come to town, who though she has always held a fan in her hand at proper times, yet she knows no more how to use it according to true discipline, than an awkward school-boy does to make use of his new sword. I have sent for her on purpose to learn the exercise, she being already very well accomplished in all other arts which are necessary for a young lady to understand; my request is, that you will speak to your correspondent on my behalf, and in your next paper let me know what he expects, either by the month or the quarter, for teaching; and where he keeps his place of rendezvous. I have a son too, whom I would fain have taught to gallant fans; and should be glad to know what the gentleman will have for teaching them both, I finding fans for practice at my own

expense. This information will in the highest manner oblige,

“SIR,

“Your most humble servant,

“WILLIAM WISEACRE.

“July 5, 1711.

“As soon as my son is perfect in this art, which I hope will be in a year’s time, for the boy is pretty apt, I design he shall learn to ride the great horse, although he is not yet above twenty years old, if his mother, whose darling he is, will venture him.”

“TO THE SPECTATOR.

“THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BENJAMIN EASY,  
GENT.

“SHOWETH,

“THAT it was your petitioner’s misfortune to walk to Hackney church last Sunday, where to his great amazement he met with a soldier of your own training; she furls a fan, recovers a fan, and goes through the whole exercise of it, to admiration. This well-managed officer of yours has, to my knowledge, been the ruin of above five young gentlemen besides myself, and still goes on laying waste where-soever she comes, whereby the whole village is in great danger. Our humble request is, therefore, that this bold Amazon be ordered immediately to lay down her arms, or that you would issue forth an order, that we who have been thus injured may meet at the place of general rendezvous, and there be taught to manage our snuff-boxes in such manner as we may be an equal match for her;

“And your petitioner shall ever pray,” &c.

R

## No. 135. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1711.

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*Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia.—*

HOR. SAT. l. 10. 9.

Let brevity despatch the rapid thought.

I HAVE somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to Heaven that he was born a Frenchman: for my own part I look upon it as a peculiar blessing that I was born an Englishman. Among many other reasons, I think myself very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as it is observed, that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower compass than is usual in the works of foreign authors; for, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conceptions as possible.



This humour shows itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language. As, first of all, by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables, which make the words of other languages more tuneable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch ; those of other languages are like the notes of wind instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that, where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation ; as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables, that gives them a grave and solemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for despatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as ‘ liberty, conspiracy, theatre, orator,’ &c.

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language, by closing in one syllable the termination of our præterperfect tense, as in the words ‘ drown’d, walk’d, arriv’d,’ for ‘ drowned, walked, arrived,’ which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who

nevertheless are the men that have made these retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in *ed*, I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced\*. I think we may add to the foregoing observation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in 'eth,' by substituting an *s* in the room of the last syllable, as in 'drowns, walks, arrives,' and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were 'drowneth, walketh, arriveth.' This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the English tongue, and added to that hissing in our language which is taken so much notice of by foreigners, but at the same time humours our taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the 'his' and 'her' of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some measure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As, in the instances I have given, we have epitomised many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, so, on other occasions, we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our language, and clogged it with

\* This was probably Dean Swift, who has made the same observation in his proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining, the English tongue, &c. See Swift's Works.

consonants, as 'mayn't, can't, shan't, won't, and the like, for 'may not, can not, shall not, will not,' &c.

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in 'mob. rep. pos. incog.' and the like; and as all ridiculous words make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Hudibras's doggrel expressions in their serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our substantives which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L'Estrange in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe, that our proper names, when familiarised in English, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable.—Nick, in Italian, is Nicolini; Jack, in French, Janot; and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality in words, and that is, the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives 'whom, which, or they,' at their mercy, whether they may have

admission or not ; and will never be decided till we have something like an academy, that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our language as it shows the genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtful, and sincere, and which, perhaps, may recommend the people, though it has spoiled the tongue. We might, perhaps, carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain, the light talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shown by many instances ; as the genius of the Italians, which is so much addicted to music and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phrases to those particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards shows itself to perfection in the solemnity of their language ; and the blunt honest humour of the Germans sounds better in the roughness of the High-Dutch, than it would in a politer tongue.

C

## No. 136. MONDAY, AUGUST 6, 1711.

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— *Parthis mendacior.*—

HOR. EPIST. II. I. 112.

A greater liar Parthia never bred.

ACCORDING to the request of this strange fellow, I shall print the following Letter.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I SHALL without any manner of preface or apology acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my youth upward, one of the greatest liars this island has produced. I have read all the moralists upon the subject, but could never find any effect their discourses had upon me, but to add to my misfortune by new thoughts and ideas, and making me more ready in my language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming truths with my improbabilities. With this strong passion towards falsehood in this kind, there does not live an honester man or a sincerer friend ; but my imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started, I have such a scene of adventures appears in an instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, though, to my immediate confusion, I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the first man I meet.

“ Upon occasion of the mention of the battle of Pultowa\*, I could not forbear giving an account of a kinsman of mine, a young merchant who was

\* Fought July 8, 1709, between Charles XII. of Sweden and Peter I. Emperor of Russia : wherein Charles was entirely defeated.

bred at Moscow, that had too much mettle to attend books of entries and accounts, when there was so active a scene in the country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a volunteer. This warm youth, born at the instant the thing was spoke of, was the man who unhorsed the Swedish general ; he was the occasion that the Muscovites kept their fire in so soldier-like a manner, and brought up those troops which were covered from the enemy at the beginning of the day ; besides this, he had at last the good fortune to be the man who took Count Piper\*. With all this fire, I knew my cousin to be the civillest creature in the world. He never made any impertinent show of his valour, and then he had an excellent genius for the world in every other kind. I had letters from him, here I felt in my pockets, that exactly spoke the Czar's character, which I knew perfectly well : and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his imperial majesty twice or thrice a-week all the while he lodged at Deptford†. What is worse than all this, it is impossible to speak to me, but you give me some occasion of coming out with one lie or other, that has neither wit, humour, prospect of interest, or any other motive that I can think of in nature. The other day, when one was commending an eminent and learned divine, what occasion in the world had I to say, 'Methinks he would look more venerable if he were not so fair a man?' I remember the company smiled. I have seen the gentleman since, and he is coal-black. I have intimations every day in my life that nobody believes me, yet I am never the better. I was saying something the other day to an old friend at Will's coffee-house, and he made me no manner

\* Prime Minister of Charles XII.

† In the Spring of the year 1698.



of answer, but told me that an acquaintance of Tully the orator having two or three times together said to him, without receiving any answer, 'That upon his honour he was but that very month forty years of age,' Tully answered, 'Surely you think me the most incredulous man in the world, if I don't believe what you have told me every day these ten years.' The mischief of it is, I find myself wonderfully inclined to have been present at every occurrence that is spoken of before me; this has led me into many inconveniences, but indeed they have been the fewer, because I am no ill-natured man, and never speak things to any man's disadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the consequence, for I have often made a man say such and such a lively expression, who was born a mere elder brother. When one has said in my hearing, 'Such a one is no wiser than he should be;' I immediately have replied, 'Now 'faith, I can't see that, he said a very good thing to my lord such-a-one, upon such an occasion, and the like.' Such an honest dolt as this has been watched in every expression he uttered, upon my recommendation of him, and consequently been subject to the more ridicule. I once endeavoured to cure myself of this impertinent quality, and resolved to hold my tongue for seven days together; I did so, but then I had so many winks and unnecessary distortions of my face upon what any body else said, that I found I only forbore the expression, and that I still lied in my heart to every man I met with. You are to know one thing, which I believe you will say is a pity, considering the use I should have made of it, I never travelled in my life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of any foreign country with more familiarity than I do at present, in company who are strangers to me. I have cursed the

inns in Germany ; commended the brothels at Venice ; the freedom of conversation in France ; and, though I never was out of this dear town, and fifty miles about it, have been three nights together dogged by bravoës, for an intrigue with a cardinal's mistress at Rome.

"It were endless to give you particulars of this kind ; but I can assure you, Mr. Spectator, there are about twenty or thirty of us in this town ; I mean by this town, the cities of London and Westminster ; I say there are in town a sufficient number of us to make a society among ourselves ; and, since we cannot be believed any longer, I beg of you to print this my letter, that we may meet together, and be under such regulation as there may be no occasion for belief or confidence among us. If you think fit, we might be called 'the Historians,' for liar is become a very harsh word. And that a member of the society may not hereafter be ill received by the rest of the world, I desire you would explain a little this sort of men, and not let us historians be ranked, as we are in the imaginations of ordinary people, among common liars, make-bates, impostors, and incendiaries. For your instruction herein, you are to know, that an historian in conversation is only a person of so pregnant a fancy that he cannot be contented with ordinary occurrences. I know a man of quality of our order, who is of the wrong side of forty-three, and has been of that age, according to Tully's jest, for some years since, whose vein is upon the romantic. Give him the least occasion, and he will tell you something so very particular that happened in such a year, and in such company, where by the by was present such a one, who was afterwards made such a thing—Out of all these circumstances, in the best language in the world, he will join together, with such probable incidents,



an account that shows a person of the deepest penetration, the honestest mind, and withal something so humble when he speaks of himself, that you would admire. Dear Sir, why should this be lying! there is nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great! Another of these historians is a young man whom we would take in, though he extremely wants parts; as people send children, before they can learn any thing, to school, to keep them out of harm's way.—He tells things which have nothing at all in them, and can neither please nor displease, but merely take up your time to no manner of purpose, no manner of delight; but he is good-natured, and does it because he loves to be saying something to you, and entertain you.

“I could name you a soldier that has done very great things without slaughter; he is prodigiously dull and slow of head, but what he can say is for ever false, so that we must have him.

“Give me leave to tell you of one more, who is a lover; he is the most afflicted creature in the world, lest what happened between him and a great beauty should ever be known. Yet again he comforts himself, ‘Hang the jade her woman. If money can keep the slut trusty, I will do it, though I mortgage every acre; Antony and Cleopatra for that; all for love and the world well lost.’

“Then, Sir, there is my little merchant, honest Indigo of the ‘Change; there is my man for loss and gain; there is tare and tret; there is lying all round the globe; he has such a prodigious intelligence, he knows all the French are doing, or what we intend or ought to intend, and has it from such hands.—But, alas! whither am I running! while I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a lie; and there is not one such person of quality, lover,

soldier, or merchant, as I have now described, in the whole world that I know of. But I will catch myself once in my life, and in spite of nature speak one truth, to wit, that I am,

“Your humble servant,” &c.

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NO. 137. TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1711.

*At hæc etiam servis semper libera fuerunt, timerent, gauderent, dolerent, suo potius quàm alterius arbitrio.*

TULL. EPIST.

Even slaves were always at liberty to fear, rejoice, and grieve, at their own rather than another's pleasure.

IT is no small concern to me, that I find so many complaints from that part of mankind whose portion it is to live in servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy correspondents inform me, masters who are offended at a cheerful countenance, and think a servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost awe in their presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his master asks him, ‘what makes him so pert this morning;’ if a little sour, ‘Hark ye, sirrah, are not you paid your wages?’ The poor creatures live in the most extreme misery together; the master knows not how to preserve respect, nor the servant how to give it. It seems this person is of so sullen a nature, that he knows but little satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful fortune, and secretly frets to see any appearance of content in one that lives upon the hundredth

part of his income, who is unhappy in the possession of the whole. Uneasy persons, who cannot possess their own minds, vent their spleen upon all who depend upon them ; which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following letters :

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE read your Spectator of the third of the last month, and wish I had the happiness of being preferred to serve so good a master as Sir Roger. The character of my master is the very reverse of that good and gentle knight's. All his directions are given, and his mind revealed, by way of contraries ; as when any thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar cast of face he cries, ‘ Be sure to forget now.’ If I am to make haste back, ‘ Do not come these two hours ; be sure to call by the way upon some of your companions.’ Then another excellent way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do, which he knows must necessarily take up half a day, he calls ten times in a quarter of an hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his manner ; and the same perverseness runs through all his actions, according as the circumstances vary. Besides all this, he is so suspicious, that he submits himself to the drudgery of a spy. He is as unhappy himself as he makes his servants: he is constantly watching us, and we differ no more in pleasure and liberty than as a gaoler and a prisoner. He lays traps for faults, and no sooner makes a discovery, but falls into such language, as I am more ashamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short sketch of a master I have served upwards of nine years ; and though I have never wronged him, I confess my despair of pleasing him has very much abated my endeavour to do it. If you will give me leave to steal a sentence out of my master's Claren-

don, I shall tell you my case in a word, 'being used worse than I deserved, I cared less to deserve well than I had done.'

" I am, SIR,

" Your humble servant,

" August 2, 1711."

" RALPH VALET."

" DEAR MR. SPECTER,

" I AM the next thing to a lady's woman, and am under both my lady and her woman. I am so used by them both, that I should be very glad to see them in the Specter. My lady herself is of no mind in the world, and for that reason her woman is of twenty minds in a moment. My lady is one that never knows what to do with herself; she pulls on and puts off every thing she wears twenty times, before she resolves upon it for that day. I stand at one end of the room, and reach things to her woman. When my lady asks for a thing, I hear, and have half brought it, when the woman meets me in the middle of the room to receive it, and at that instant she says, ' No, she will not have it.' Then I go back, and her woman comes up to her, and by this time she will have that, and two or three things more in an instant. The woman and I run to each other; I am loaded and delivering the things to her, when my lady says she wants none of all these things, and we are the dullest creatures in the world, and she the unhappiest woman living, for she shan't be drest in any time. Thus we stand not knowing what to do, when our good lady, with all the patience in the world, tells us, as plain as she can speak, that she will have temper because we have no manner of understanding; and begins again to dress, and see if we can find out of ourselves what we are to do. When she is dressed, she goes to dinner, and, after she has disliked every thing there, she calls

for the coach, then commands it in again, and then she will not go out at all, and then will go too, and orders the chariot. Now, good Mr. Specter, I desire you would, in the behalf of all who serve froward ladies, give out in your paper, that nothing can be done without allowing time for it, and that one cannot be back again with what one was sent for, if one is called back before one can go a step for that they want. And if you please, let them know that all mistresses are as like as all servants.

“ I am your loving friend,

“ PATIENCE GIDDY.”

These are great calamities ; but I met the other day, in the Five-fields, towards Chelsea, a pleasanter tyrant than either of the above represented. A fat fellow was puffing on in his open waistcoat ; a boy of fourteen in a livery, carrying after him his cloak, upper coat, hat, wig, and sword. The poor lad was ready to sink with the weight, and could not keep up with his master, who turned back every half furlong, and wondered what made the lazy young dog lag behind.

There is something very unaccountable, that people cannot put themselves in the condition of the persons below them, when they consider the commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to see a fellow, who, if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any man living, lament that he is troubled with the most worthless dogs in nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common life to urge, that he who is not master of himself and his own passions cannot be a proper master of another. Equanimity in a man's own words and actions, will easily diffuse itself through his whole

family. Pamphilio has the happiest household of any man I know, and that proceeds from the humane regard he has to them in their private persons, as well as in respect that they are his servants. If there be any occasion wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be unfit to attend their master's concerns by reason of an attention to their own, he is so good as to place himself in their condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at dinner the other day, he made an apology for want of more attendants. He said, 'one of my footmen is gone to the wedding of his sister, and the other I don't expect to wait, because his father died but two days ago.'

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No. 138. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1711.

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*Utitur in re non dubiâ testibus non necessariis.*

TULL.

He uses unnecessary proofs in an indisputable point.

ONE meets now and then with persons who are extremely learned and knotty in expounding clear cases. Tully tells us of an author that spent some pages to prove that generals could not perform the great enterprises which have made them so illustrious, if they had not had men. He asserted also, it seems, that a minister at home, no more than a commander abroad, could do any thing without other men were his instruments and assistants. On this occasion, he produces the example of Themistocles, Pericles, Cyrus,

and Alexander himself, whom he denies to have been capable of effecting what they did, except they had been followed by others. It is pleasant enough to see such persons contend without opponents, and triumph without victory.

The author above-mentioned by the orator is placed for ever in a very ridiculous light, and we meet every day in conversation such as deserve the same kind of renown, for troubling those with whom they converse with the like certainties. The persons that I have always thought to deserve the highest admiration in this kind are your ordinary story-tellers, who are most religiously careful of keeping to the truth in every particular circumstance of the narration, whether it concern the main end or not. A gentleman whom I had the honour to be in company with the other day, upon some occasion that he was pleased to take, said, he remembered a very pretty repartee made by a very witty man in King Charles's time upon the like occasion. 'I remember,' said he, 'upon entering into the tale, much about the time of Oates's plot, that a cousin-german of mine and I were at the Bear in Holborn. No, I am out, it was at the Cross-keys; but Jack Thomson was there, for he was very great with the gentleman who made the answer. But I am sure it was spoken somewhere thereabouts, for we drank a bottle in that neighbourhood every evening: but no matter for all that, the thing is the same; but——'

He was going on to settle the geography of the jest when I left the room, wondering at this odd turn of head which can play away its words, with uttering nothing to the purpose, still observing its own impertinences, and yet proceeding in them. I do not question but he informed the rest of his audience, who had more patience than I, of the birth and parentage, as well as the collateral alli-

ances of his family who made the repartee, and of him who provoked him to it.

It is no small misfortune to any who have a just value for their time, when this quality of being so very circumstantial, and careful to be exact, happens to show itself in a man whose quality obliges them to attend his proofs, that it is now day, and the like. But this is augmented when the same genius gets into authority, as it often does. Nay, I have known it more than once ascend the very pulpit. One of this sort, taking it in his head to be a great admirer of Dr. Tillotson and Dr. Beveridge, never failed of proving, out of these great authors, things which no man living would have denied him upon his own single authority. One day, resolving to come to the point in hand; he said, 'according to that excellent divine,' I will enter upon the matter, or in his words, in his fifteenth sermon of the folio edition, page 160,—

"I shall briefly explain the words, and then consider the matter contained in them."

This honest gentleman needed not, one would think, strain his modesty so far as to alter his design of 'entering into the matter,' to that of 'briefly explaining.' But so it was, that he would not even be contented with that authority, but added also the other divine to strengthen his method, and told us, 'with the pious and learned Dr. Beveridge, page 4th of his ninth volume,' "I shall endeavour to make it as plain as I can from the words which I have now read, wherein for that purpose we shall consider——" This wiseacre was reckoned by the parish, who did not understand him, a most excellent preacher; but that he read too much, and was so humble that he did not trust enough to his own parts.

Next to these ingenious gentlemen, who argue



for what nobody can deny them, are to be ranked a sort of people who do not indeed attempt to prove insignificant things, but are ever labouring to raise arguments with you about matters you will give up to them without the least controversy. One of these people told a gentleman, who said he saw Mr. Such-a-one go this morning at nine o'clock towards the Gravel-pits ; ' Sir, I must beg your pardon for that, for though I am very loth to have any dispute with you, yet I must take the liberty to tell you it was nine when I saw him at St. James's.' When men of this genius are pretty far gone in learning, they will put you to prove that snow is white, and when you are upon that topic, can say that there is really no such thing as colour in nature ; in a word, they can turn what little knowledge they have into a ready capacity of raising doubts ; into a capacity of being always frivolous and always unanswerable. It was of two disputants of this impertinent and laborious kind that the cynic said, ' one of these fellows is milking a ram, and the other holds the pail.'

## ADVERTISEMENT.

' The Exercises of the snuff-box, according to the most fashionable airs and motions, in opposition to the exercise of the fan, will be taught with the best plain or perfumed snuff, at Charles Lillie's, perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings in the Strand ; and attendance given for the benefit of the young merchants about the Exchange, for two hours every day at noon, except Saturdays, at a toy-shop near Garraway's coffee-house. There will be likewise taught the ceremony of the snuff-box, or rules for offering snuff to a stranger, a friend, or a mistress, according to the degrees of familiarity or distance ; with an explanation of the careless, the scornful, the

politic, and the surly, pinch, and the gestures proper to each of them.

‘ N. B. The undertaker does not question but in a short time to have formed a body of regular snuff-boxes ready to meet and make head against all the regiment of fans which have been lately disciplined, and are now in motion.’

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No. 139. THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1711.

*Vera gloria radices agit, atque etiam propagatur : ficta omnia celeriter, tanquam flosculi, decidunt, nec simulatum potest quidquam esse diuturnum.*

TULL.

True glory takes root, and even spreads : all false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground ; nor can any counterfeit last long.

OF all the affections which attend human life, the love of glory is the most ardent. According as this is cultivated in princes, it produces the greatest good or the greatest evil. Where sovereigns have it by impressions received from education only, it creates an ambitious rather than a noble mind : where it is the natural bent of the prince's inclination, it prompts him to the pursuit of things truly glorious. The two greatest men now in Europe, according to the common acceptation of the word great, are Lewis, King of France, and Peter, Emperor of Russia. As it is certain that all fame does not arise from the practice of virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleasing amusement to examine the glory of these potentates, and distinguish that which is empty, perishing,

and frivolous, for what is solid, lasting, and important.

Lewis of France had his infancy attended by crafty and worldly men, who made extent of territory the most glorious instances of power, and mistook the spreading of fame for the acquisition of honour. The young monarch's heart was by such conversation easily deluded into a fondness for vain-glory, and upon these unjust principles to form or fall in with suitable projects of invasion, rapine, murder, and all the guilts that attend war when it is unjust. At the same time this tyranny was laid, sciences and arts were encouraged in the most generous manner, as if men of higher faculties were to be bribed to permit the massacre of the rest of the world. Every superstructure which the Court of France built upon their first designs, which were in themselves vicious, was suitable to its false foundation. The ostentation of riches, the vanity of equipage, shame of poverty, and ignorance of modesty, were the common arts of life: the generous love of one woman was changed into gallantry for all the sex, and friendships among men turned into commerces of interest, or mere professions. 'While these were the rules of life, perjuries in the prince, and a general corruption of manners in the subject, were the snares in which France has entangled all her neighbours.' With such false colours have the eyes of Lewis been enchanted, from the debauchery of his early youth to the superstition of his present old age. Hence it is, that he has the patience to have statues erected to his prowess, his valour, his fortitude, and, in the softnesses and luxury of a Court, to be applauded for magnanimity and enterprise in military achievements.

Peter Alexovitz of Russia, when he came to years of manhood, though he found himself emperor of a

vast and numerous people, master of an endless territory, absolute commander of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, in the midst of this unbounded power and greatness, turned his thoughts upon himself and people with sorrow. Sordid ignorance, and a brute manner of life, this generous prince beheld and contemned, from the light of his own genius. His judgement suggested this to him, and his courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this, he did not send to the nation from whence the rest of the world has borrowed its politeness, but himself left his diadem to learn the true way to glory and honour, and application to useful arts, wherein to employ the laborious, the simple, the honest part of his people. Mechanic employments and operations were very justly the first objects of his favour and observation. With this glorious intention, he travelled into foreign nations in an obscure manner, above receiving little honours where he sojourned, but prying into what was of more consequence, their arts of peace and of war. By this means, has this great prince laid the foundation of a great and lasting fame, by personal labour, personal knowledge, personal valour. It would be injury to any of antiquity to name them with him. Who, but himself, ever left a throne to learn to sit in it with more grace? Who ever thought himself mean in absolute power, till he had learned to use it?

If we consider this wonderful person, it is perplexity to know where to begin his encomium. Others may in a metaphorical or philosophical sense be said to command themselves, but this emperor is also literally under his own command. How generous and how good was his entering his own name as a private man in the army he raised, that none in it might expect to outrun the steps with which he himself advanced! By such measures, this godlike

prince learned to conquer, learned to use his conquests. How terrible has he appeared in battle, how gentle in victory! Shall, then, the base arts of the Frenchman be held polite, and the honest labours of the Russian barbarous? No: barbarity is the ignorance of true honour, or placing any thing instead of it. The unjust prince is ignoble and barbarous, the good prince only renowned and glorious.

Though men may impose upon themselves what they please by their corrupt imaginations, truth will ever keep its station; and, as glory is nothing else but the shadow of virtue, it will certainly disappear at the departure of virtue. But how carefully ought the true notions of it to be preserved, and how industrious should we be to encourage any impulses towards it! The Westminster school-boy that said the other day he could not sleep or play for the colours in the hall\*, ought to be free from receiving a blow for ever.

But let us consider what is truly glorious according to the author I have to-day quoted in the front of my paper.

The perfection of glory, says Tully, consists in these three particulars: 'That the people love us; that they have confidence in us; that, being affected with a certain admiration towards us, they think we deserve honour.' This was spoken of greatness in the commonwealth. But if one were to form a notion of consummate glory under our constitution, one must add to the above-mentioned felicities, a certain necessary inexistence, and disrelish of all

\* The colours taken at Blenheim, in 1704, were fixed up in Westminster-hall, after having been carried in procession through the city.

the rest, without the prince's favour\*. He should, methinks, have riches, power, honour, command, glory; but riches, power, honour, command, and glory should have no charms but as accompanied with the affection of his prince. He should, methinks, be popular because a favourite, and a favourite because popular. Were it not to make the character too imaginary, I would give him sovereignty over some foreign territory, and make him esteem that an empty addition without the kind regards of his own prince. One may merely have an idea of a man thus composed and circumstantiated, and if he were so made for power without an incapacity† of giving jealousy, he would be also glorious without possibility of receiving disgrace. This humility and this importance must make his glory immortal.

These thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the usual length of this paper; but if I could suppose such rhapsodies could outlive the common fate of ordinary things, I would say these sketches and faint images of glory were drawn in August, 1711, when John Duke of Marlborough made that memorable march wherein he took the French Lines without bloodshed.

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\* He means, that all the other felicities should not be relished or even perceived to exist, without the prince's favour.

† The sense seems to require 'without a capacity,' but all the copies read as here.

## No. 140. FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1711.

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—*Animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc.*

VIRG. ÆN. IV. 285.

This way and that the anxious mind is torn.

WHEN I acquaint my reader, that I have many other letters not yet acknowledged, I believe he will own, what I have a mind he should believe, that I have no small charge upon me, but am a person of some consequence in this world. I shall therefore employ the present hour only in reading petitions in the order as follows.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I HAVE lost so much time already, that I desire, upon the receipt hereof, you would sit down immediately, and give me your answer. I would know of you whether a pretender of mine really loves me. As well as I can, I will describe his manners. When he sees me, he is always talking of constancy, but vouchsafes to visit me but once a fortnight, and then is always in haste to be gone. When I am sick, I hear he says he is mightily concerned, but neither comes nor sends, because as he tells his acquaintance with a sigh, he does not care to let me know all the power I have over him, and how impossible it is for him to live without me. When he leaves the town, he writes once in six weeks, desires to hear from me, complains of the torment of absence, speaks of flames, tortures, languishings, and ecstasies. He has the cant of an impatient lover, but keeps the pace of a lukewarm one. You know I must not go faster than he does, and to move at

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this rate is as tedious as counting a great clock. But you are to know he is rich, and my mother says, as he is slow he is sure; he will love me long if he love me little: but I appeal to you whether he loves at all.

“Your neglected humble servant,

“LYDIA NOVELL.

“All these fellows who have money are extremely saucy and cold; pray, Sir, tell them of it.”

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“I HAVE been delighted with nothing more through the whole course of your writings than the substantial account you lately gave of wit; and I could wish you would take some other opportunity to express further the corrupt taste the age is run into; which I am chiefly apt to attribute to the prevalency of a few popular authors, whose merit in some respects has given a sanction to their faults in others. Thus the imitators of Milton seem to place all the excellency of that sort of writing either in the uncouth or antique words, or something else which was highly vicious, though pardonable, in that great man\*. The admirers of what we call point, or turn, look upon it as the particular happiness to which Cowley, Ovid, and others, owe their reputation, and therefore endeavour to imitate them only in such instances. What is just, proper, and natural, does not seem to be the question with them, but by what means a quaint antithesis may be brought about, how one word may be made to look two ways, and what will be the consequence of a forced allusion. Now though such authors appear to me to resemble those who make themselves fine, in-

\* So Philips in his *Cyder* is careful to mis-spell the words *orchard*, *souvan*, after Milton, &c.



stead of being well-dressed, or graceful ; yet the mischief is, that these beauties in them, which I call blemishes, are thought to proceed from luxuriance of fancy and overflowing of good sense. In one word, they have the character of being too witty : but if you would acquaint the world they are not witty at all, you would, among many others, oblige,

“ SIR,

“ Your most benevolent reader,

“ R. D.”

“ SIR,

“ I AM a young woman, and reckoned pretty ; therefore you will pardon me that I trouble you to decide a wager between me and a cousin of mine, who is always contradicting one because he understands Latin: pray, sir, is Dimple spelt with a single or a double P ?

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ BETTY SAUNTER.

“ Pray, Sir, direct thus, ‘ To the kind Querist,’ and leave it at Mr. Lillie’s, for I don’t care to be known in the thing at all. I am, Sir, again, your humble servant.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I MUST needs tell you there are several of your papers I do not much like. You are often so nice there is no enduring you, and so learned there is no understanding you. What have you to do with our petticoats ?

“ Your humble servant,

“ PARTHENOPE.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ LAST night as I was walking in the Park, I met a couple of friends. ‘ Pr’ythee, Jack,’ says one of them, ‘ let us go drink a glass of wine, for I am fit for nothing else.’ This put me upon reflecting on the many miscarriages which happen in conversations over wine, when men go to the bottle to remove such humours as it only stirs up and awakens. This I could not attribute more to any thing than to the humour of putting company upon others which men do not like themselves. Pray, Sir, declare in your papers, that he who is a troublesome companion to himself will not be an agreeable one to others. Let people reason themselves into good humour, before they impose themselves upon their friends. Pray, Sir, be as eloquent as you can upon this subject, and do human life so much good as to argue powerfully, that it is not every one that can swallow who is fit to drink a glass of wine.

“ Your most humble servant.”

“ SIR,

“ I THIS morning cast my eye upon your paper concerning the expense of time. You are very obliging to the women, especially those who are not young and past gallantry, by touching so gently upon gaming: therefore I hope you do not think it wrong to employ a little leisure time in that diversion; but I should be glad to hear you say something upon the behaviour of some of the female gamesters.

“ I have observed ladies, who in all other respects are gentle, good-humoured, and the very pinks of good-breeding, who, as soon as the ombre-table is

called for, and set down to their business, are immediately transmigrated into the veriest wasps in nature.

“ You must know I keep my temper, and win their money ; but am out of countenance to take it, it makes them so very uneasy. Be pleased, dear Sir, to instruct them to lose with a better grace, and you will oblige

“ Yours,

“ RACHEL BASTO.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ YOUR kindness to Leonora, in one of your papers, has given me encouragement to do myself the honour of writing to you. The great regard you have so often expressed for the instruction and improvement of our sex will, I hope, in your own opinion, sufficiently excuse me from making any apology for the impertinence of this letter. The great desire I have to embellish my mind with some of those graces which you say are so becoming, and which you assert reading helps us to, has made me uneasy till I am put in a capacity of attaining them. This, Sir, I shall never think myself in, till you shall be pleased to recommend some author or authors to my perusal.

“ I thought, indeed, when I first cast my eye on Leonora's letter, that I should have had no occasion for requesting it of you ; but, to my very great concern, I found, on the perusal of that Spectator, I was entirely disappointed, and am as much at a loss how to make use of my time for that end as ever. Pray, Sir, oblige me at least with one scene, as you were pleased to entertain Leonora with your prologue. I write to you not only my own sentiments, but also those of several others of my acquaintance, who are as little pleased with the ordinary manner of spend-

ing one's time as myself. And if a fervent desire after knowledge, and a great sense of our present ignorance, may be thought a good presage and earnest of improvement, you may look upon your time you shall bestow in answering this request not thrown away to no purpose. And I cannot but add, that unless you have a particular and more than ordinary regard for Leonora, I have a better title to your favour than she ; since I do not content myself with a tea-table reading of your papers, but it is my entertainment very often when alone in my closet. To show you I am capable of improvement, and hate flattery, I acknowledge I do not like some of your papers ; but even there I am readier to call in question my own shallow understanding than Mr. Spectator's profound judgement.

“ I am, SIR, your already, and in hopes of being  
more your, obliged servant,

“ PARTHENIA.”

This last letter is written with so urgent and serious an air, that I cannot but think it incumbent upon me to comply with her commands, which I shall do very suddenly.

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No. 141. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1711.

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— *Migravit ab aure voluptas*  
*Omnis.*—

HOR. EPIST. ii. 1. 187.

Taste, that eternal wanderer, that flies  
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.

POPE.

IN the present emptiness of the town, I have several applications from the lower part of the players, to admit suffering to pass for acting. They in very obliging terms desire me to let a fall on the ground, a stumble, or a good slap on the back, be reckoned a jest. These gambols I shall tolerate for a season, because I hope the evil cannot continue longer than till the people of condition and taste return to town. The method, some time ago, was to entertain that part of the audience, who have no faculty above eyesight, with rope-dancers and tumblers; which was a way discreet enough, because it prevented confusion, and distinguished such as could show all the postures which the body is capable of, from those who were to represent all the passions to which the mind is subject. But though this was prudently settled, corporeal and intellectual actors ought to be kept at a still wider distance than to appear on the same stage at all; for which reason, I must propose some methods for the improvement of the bear-garden, by dismissing all bodily actors to that quarter.

In cases of greater moment, where men appear in public, the consequence and importance of the thing can bear them out. And though a pleader or

## SPECTATOR

her is hoarse or awkward, the weight of their commands respect and attention; but in trivial speaking, if the performer is not exactly perfect and graceful, he is utterly ridiculous. In cases where there is little else expected, but the measure of the ears and eyes, the least diminution of that pleasure is the highest offence. In acting, merely to perform the part is not commendable, but to be the least out is contemptible. To avoid these difficulties and delicacies, I am informed, that while I was out of town, the actors have flown in the air, and played such pranks, and run such hazards, that none but the servants of the fire-office, tilers, and masons, could have been able to perform the like\*. The author of the following letter, it seems, has been of the audience at one of these entertainments, and has accordingly complained to me upon it; but I think he has been to the utmost degree severe against what is exceptionable in the play he mentions, without dwelling so much as he might have done on the author's most excellent talent of humour. The pleasant pictures he has drawn of life should have been more kindly mentioned at the same time that he banishes his witches who are too civil devils to be attacked with so much warmth.

## \* MR. SPECTATOR.

"UPON a report that Moll White had followed you to town, and was to act a part in the Lancashire Witches. I went last week to see that play. It was my fortune to sit next to a country jester of the peace, a neighbour, as he said, of

\* Alluding to Shallow's comedy of the Lancashire Witches, which had been acted several times, and was acted on the very night in which this Spectator is issued.

Roger's, who pretended to show her to us in one of the dances. There was witchcraft enough in the entertainment almost to incline me to believe him ; Ben Johnson \* was almost lamed ; young Bullock \* narrowly saved his neck ; the audience was astonished, and an old acquaintance of mine, a person of worth, whom I would have bowed to in the pit, at two yards distance did not know me.

“ If you were what the country people reported you, a white witch, I could have wished you had been there to have exorcised that rabble of broomsticks, with which we were haunted for above three hours. I could have allowed them to set Clod in the tree, to have scared the sportsmen, plagued the justice, and employed honest Teague with his holy water †. This was the proper use of them in comedy, if the author had stopped here ; but I cannot conceive what relation the sacrifice of the black lamb, and the ceremonies of their worship to the devil †, have to the business of mirth and humour.

“ The gentleman who writ this play, and has drawn some characters in it very justly, appears to have been misled in his witchcraft by an unwary following the inimitable Shakspeare. The incantations in *Macbeth* have a solemnity admirably adapted to the occasion of that tragedy, and fill the mind with a suitable horror ; besides, that the witches are a part of the story itself, as we find it very particularly related in *Hector Boëthius*, from whom he seems to have taken it. This, therefore, is a proper machine, where the business is dark, horrid, and bloody ; but is extremely foreign from the affair of comedy. Subjects of this kind, which are in themselves disagreeable, can at no time become enter-

\* The names of two actors then upon the stage.

† Different incidents in the play of the *Lancashire Witches*.

taining but by passing through an imagination like Shakspeare's to form them ; for which reason, Mr. Dryden would not allow even Beaumont and Fletcher capable of imitating him.

But Shakspeare's magic cou'd not copied be :  
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

“ I should not, however, have troubled you with these remarks, if there were not something else in this comedy which wants to be exorcised more than the witches : I mean, the freedom of some passages, which I should have overlooked, if I had not observed that those jests can raise the loudest mirth, though they are painful to right sense, and an outrage upon modesty.

“ We must attribute such liberties to the taste of that age : but indeed by such representations a poet sacrifices the best part of his audience to the worst ; and, as one would think, neglects the boxes to write to the orange-wench.

“ I must not conclude till I have taken notice of the moral with which this comedy ends. The two young ladies having given a notable example of out-witting those who had a right in the disposal of them, and marrying without consent of parents, one of the injured parties, who is easily reconciled, winds up all with this remark,

— Design whate'er we will,  
There is a fate which over-rules us still \*.

“ We are to suppose that the gallants are men of merit ; but if they had been rakes, the excuse might have served as well. Hans Carvel's wife was of the same principle, but has expressed it with a delicacy

\* The concluding distich of Shadwell's play.



which shows she is not serious in her excuse, but in a sort of humorous philosophy turns off the thought of her guilt, and says,

That if weak women go astray,  
Their stars are more in fault than they.

“ This no doubt is a full reparation, and dismisses the audience with very edifying impressions.

“ These things fall under a province you have partly pursued already, and therefore demand your animadversion, for the regulating so noble an entertainment as that of the stage It were to be wished, that all who write for it hereafter would raise their genius, by the ambition of pleasing people of the best understanding; and leave others who show nothing of the human species but risibility, to seek their diversion at the bear-garden, or some other privileged place, where reason and good manners have no right to disturb them.

“ August 8, 1711.”

“ I am,” &c.

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No. 142. MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1711.

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—*Irrupta tenet copula.*—

HOR. CAR. i. 13. 18.

Whom love's unbroken bond unites.

THE following letters being genuine, and the images of a worthy passion, I am willing to give the old lady's admonition to myself, and the representation of her own happiness, a place in my writings.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I AM now in the sixty-seventh year of my age, and read you with approbation ; but methinks you do not strike at the root of the greatest evil in life, which is, the false notion of gallantry in love. It is, and has long been, upon a very ill foot, but I who have been a wife forty years and was bred in a way that has made me ever since very happy, see through the folly of it. In a word, Sir, when I was a young woman, all who avoided the vices of the age were very carefully educated, and all fantastical objects were turned out of our sight. The tapestry-hangings, with the great and venerable simplicity of the scripture stories, had better effects than now the loves of Venus and Adonis, or Bacchus and Ariadne, in your fine present prints. The gentleman I am married to made love to me in rapture ; but it was the rapture of a Christian and a man of honour, not a romantic hero or a whining coxcomb. This put our life upon a right basis. To give you an idea of our regard one to another, I inclose to you several of his letters, writ forty years ago, when my lover ; and one writ t’other day, after so many years cohabitation.

“ Your servant,

“ August 9, 1711.”

“ ANDROMACHE.”

‘ MADAM,

‘ IF my vigilance, and ten thousand wishes for your welfare and repose, could have any force, you last night slept in security, and had every good angel in your attendance. To have my thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant fear of every acci-

dent to which human life is liable, and to send up my hourly prayers to avert them from you ; I say, Madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for her who is in pain at my approach, and calls all my tender sorrow impertinence. You are now before my eyes, my eyes that are ready to flow with tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all its achings. How art thou, oh ! my soul, stolen from thyself ! how is all thy attention broken ! My books are blank paper, and my friends intruders. I have no hope of quiet but from your pity. To grant it would make more for your triumph. To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty. If you would consider aright, you would find an agreeable change in dismissing the attendance of a slave, to receive the complaisance of a companion. I bear the former, in hopes of the latter condition. As I live in chains without murmuring at the power which inflicts them, so I could enjoy freedom without forgetting the mercy that gave it.

‘ MADAM, I am,

‘ Your most devoted,

‘ August 7, 1671.’

‘ most obedient servant.’

“ Though I made him no declarations in his favour, you see he had hopes of me when he writ this in the month following.

‘ MADAM,

‘ BEFORE the light this morning dawn’d upon the earth I awak’d, and lay in expectation of its return, not that it could give any new sense of joy to me, but as I hop’d it would bless you with its cheerful face, after a quiet which I wish’d you last night. If my prayers are heard, the day appeared

with all the influence of a merciful Creator upon your person and actions. Let others, my lovely charmer, talk of a blind being that disposes their hearts, I condemn their low images of love. I have not a thought which relates to you, that I cannot with confidence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless me in. May He direct you in all your steps, and reward your innocence, your sanctity of manners, your prudent youth, and becoming piety, with the continuance of His grace and protection. This is an unusual language to ladies; but you have a mind elevated above the giddy motions of a sex ensnared by flattery, and misled by a false and short adoration into a solid and long contempt. Beauty, my fairest creature, palls in the possession; but I love also your mind: your soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the advantages of a liberal education, some knowledge and as much contempt of the world, joined with the endeavours towards a life of strict virtue and religion, can qualify me to raise new ideas in a breast so well disposed as yours is, our days will pass away with joy: and old age, instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life. I have but few minutes from the duty of my employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first hints of my mind, which I have expressed in so little order.

‘ I am, dearest creature,  
 ‘ Your most obedient  
 ‘ most devoted servant \*.’

‘ September 3, 1671.’

“ The two next were written after the day for our marriage was fixed.

\* Richard Steele.

‘MADAM,

‘IT is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me this morning; ‘What news from Holland,’ and I answered, ‘She is exquisitely handsome.’ Another desired to know when I had been last at Windsor; I replied. ‘She designs to go with me.’ Pr’ythee, allow me at least to kiss your hand before the appointed day, that my mind may be in some composure. Methinks I could write a volume to you, but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

‘I am ever yours\*.’

‘September 25, 1671.’

‘DEAR CREATURE,

‘NEXT to the influence of Heaven, I am to thank you that I see the returning day with pleasure. To pass my evenings in so sweet a conversation, and have the esteem of a woman of your merit, has in it a particularity of happiness no more to be expressed than returned. But I am, my lovely creature, contented to be on the obliged side, and to employ all my days in new endeavours to convince you and all the world of the sense I have of your condescension in choosing,

‘MADAM, your most faithful,

‘most obedient humble servant †.’

‘September 30, 1671,  
seven in the morning.’

“He was, when he writ the following letter, as agreeable and pleasant a man as any in England.

\* Richard Steele.

† Ditto.

‘MADAM,

‘I **BEG** pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a coffee-house where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me talking of money, while all my ambition, all my wealth, is love: love, which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. ’Tis to my lovely charmer I owe that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions: ’tis the natural effect of that generous passion to create in the admirers some similitude of the object admired; thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair one, to that Heaven which made thee such; and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the Author of love to bless the rites he has ordained, and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to his will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please him and each other.

‘I am, for ever, your faithful servant\*.’

‘October 20, 1671.

“I will not trouble you with more letters at this time; but if you saw the poor withered hand which sends you these minutes, I am sure you will smile to think that there is one who is so gallant as to speak of it still as so welcome a present, after forty years possession of the woman whom he writes to.

‘MADAM,

‘I **HEARTILY** beg your pardon for my omission to write yesterday. It was no failure of my tender

\* Richard Steele.

regard for you ; but having been very much perplexed in my thoughts on the subject of my last, made me determine to suspend speaking of it till I came myself. But, my lovely creature, know it is not in the power of age, or misfortune, or any other accident which hangs over human life, to take from me the pleasing esteem I have for you, or the memory of the bright figure you appeared in, when you gave your hand and heart to,

‘ Madam, your most grateful husband,  
‘ and obedient servant\*.’ †

‘ June 20, 1711.’

T

No. 143. TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1711.

*Non est vivere, sed valere, vita.*

MART. EPIG. vi. 70. ult.


For life is only life, when blest with health.

It is an unreasonable thing some men expect of their acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of order, or displeased, or they know not how, and are so far from letting that be a reason for retiring to their own homes, that they make it their argument for coming into company. What has any body to do with accounts of a man's being indisposed but his physician? If a man laments in company, where the rest are in humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a

\* Richard Steele.

† The letters in this No. 142, are all genuine, written originally by Steele, and actually sent with but little variation, to Mrs. Scurlock, afterwards Lady Steele. See Steele's Letters, vol. i. p. 11, & seq. cr. 8vo. 1787, 2 vols.

servant is ordered to present him with a porringer of caudle or posset-drink, by way of admonition that he go home to bed. That part of life which we ordinarily understand by the word conversation, is an indulgence to the sociable part of our make; and should incline us to bring our proportion of good-will or good-humour among the friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned affliction. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasinesses, and dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our friends. If we would consider how little of this vicissitude of motion and rest, which we call life, is spent with satisfaction, we should be more tender of our friends, than to bring them little sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves till the meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should be always sitting with chaplets of flowers round our heads, or be crowned with roses in order to make our entertainment agreeable to us; but if, as it is usually observed, they who resolve to be merry, seldom are so; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well-pleased, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do, we should keep up the cheerfulness of our spirits, and never let them sink below an inclination at least to be well-pleased. The way to this, is to keep our bodies in exercise, our minds at ease. That insipid state wherein neither are in vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our portion of being. When we are in the satisfaction of some innocent pleasure, or pursuit of some laudable design, we are in the possession of life, of human life. Fortune will give





us disappointments enough, and nature is attended with infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy side of our account by our spleen or ill-humour. Poor Cottilus, among so many real evils, a chronical distemper and a narrow fortune, is never heard to complain. That equal spirit of his, which any man may have, that, like him, will conquer pride, vanity, and affectation, and follow nature, is not to be broken, because it has no points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what nature demands as necessary, if it is not the way to an estate, is the way to what men aim at by getting an estate. This temper will preserve health in the body, as well as tranquillity in the mind. Cottilus sees the world in a hurry, with the same scorn that a sober person sees a man drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a disappointment? If another had valued his mistress for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her power. If her virtue had had a part of his passion, her levity had been his cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant health, let us endeavour at such a temper as may be our best support in the decay of it. Uranius has arrived at that composure of soul, and wrought himself up to such a neglect of every thing with which the generality of mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute pains can give him disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate friends he has a secret which gives him present ease. Uranius is so thoroughly persuaded of another life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an interest in it, that he looks upon pain but as a quickening of his pace to a home, where he shall be better provided for than in his

present apartment. Instead of the melancholy views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the time of his birth he entered into an eternal being; and the short article of death he will not allow an interruption of life, since that moment is not of half the duration as his ordinary sleep. Thus is his being one uniform and consistent series of cheerful diversions and moderate cares, without fear or hope of futurity. Health to him is more than pleasure to another man, and sickness less affecting to him than indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regard life after this manner, none but idiots can pass it away with any tolerable patience. Take a fine lady who is of a delicate frame, and you may observe, from the hour she rises, a certain weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful people that they meet; one is so awkward, and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a penance to breathe the same air with them. You see this is so very true, that a great part of ceremony and good-breeding among the ladies turns upon their uneasiness; and I'll undertake, if the how-d'-ye-servants of our women were to make a weekly-bill of sickness, as the parish-clerks do of mortality, you would not find, in an account of seven days, one in thirty that was not downright sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain that to enjoy life and health as a constant feast, we should not think pleasure necessary, but, if possible, to arrive at an equality of mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon occasions of good fortune, as to be dejected in circumstances of dis-

tress. Laughter in one condition is as unmanly as weeping in the other. We should not form our minds to expect transport on every occasion, but know how to make it enjoyment to be out of pain. Ambition, envy, vagrant desire, or impertinent mirth, will take up our minds, without we can possess ourselves in that sobriety of heart which is above all pleasures, and can be felt much better than described. But the ready way, I believe, to the right enjoyment of life, is, by a prospect towards another, to have but a very mean opinion of it. A great author of our time\* has set this in an excellent light, when, with a philosophic pity of human life, he spoke of it in his *Theory of the Earth* in the following manner :

“ For what is this life but a circulation of little mean actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the circle returns. We spend the day in trifles, and when the night comes we throw ourselves into the bed of folly amongst dreams, and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations. Our reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the time as arrant brutes as those that sleep in the stalls, or in the field. Are not the capacities of man higher than these? And ought not his ambition and expectations to be greater? Let us be adventurers for another world. 'Tis at least a fair and noble chance ; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our passions. If we should be disappointed we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow-mortals ; and if we succeed in our expectations, we are eternally happy.”

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\* Dr. Thomas Burnet, Master of the Charter-house. *Theoria Telluris*, 4to. Amst. 1699, p. 241.

No. 144. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1711.

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—*Nôris quàm elegans formarum Spectator siem.*

TER. EUN. ACT. iii. sc. 5. 18.

You shall see how nice a judge of beauty I am.

BEAUTY has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. The philosophers have felt its influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some saying or other, which intimated that he too well knew the power of it. One\* has told us, that a graceful person is a more powerful recommendation than the best letter that can be writ in your favour. Another† desires the possessor of it to consider it as a mere gift of Nature, and not any perfection of his own. A third‡ calls it a ‘short-lived tyranny;’ a fourth§ a ‘silent fraud,’ because it imposes upon us without the help of language; but I think Carneades spoke as much like a philosopher as any of them, though more like a lover, when he calls it ‘royalty without force||.’ It is not indeed to be denied that there is something irresistible in a beauteous form; the most severe will not pretend that they do not feel an immediate prepossession in favour of the handsome. No one denies them the privilege of being first heard, and being regarded before others in matters of ordinary consideration. At the same time, the handsome should consider that it is a possession, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it himself, or pre-

\* Aristotle. † Plato. ‡ Socrates. § Theophrastus.

|| Rather, ‘A sovereignty that needs no military force:’ this is the proper meaning of the original.

serve it when they have it. Yet so it is, that people can bear any quality in the world better than beauty. It is the consolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the force of it, that a little attention, if a man can attend with judgement, will cure them. Handsome people usually are so fantastically pleased with themselves, that if they do not kill at first sight, as the phrase is, a second interview disarms them of all their power. But I shall make this paper rather a warning-piece to give notice where the danger is, than to propose instructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the way of it. Handsome men shall be the subjects of another chapter; the women shall take up the present discourse.

Amaryllis, who has been in town but one winter, is extremely improved with the arts of good-breeding, without leaving nature. She has not lost the native simplicity of her aspect, to substitute that patience of being stared at, which is the usual triumph and distinction of a town lady. In public assemblies you meet her careless eye diverting itself with the objects around her, insensible that she herself is one of the brightest in the place.

Dulcissa is of quite another make; she is almost a beauty by nature, but more than one by art. If it were possible for her to let her fan or any limb about her rest, she would do some part of the execution she meditates; but though she designs herself a prey, she will not stay to be taken. No painter can give you words for the different aspects of Dulcissa in half a moment wherever she appears: so little does she accomplish what she takes so much pains for, to be gay and careless.

Merab is attended with all the charms of woman and accomplishments of man. It is not to be doubted but she has a great deal of wit, if she were not such

a beauty; and she would have more beauty had she not so much wit. Affectation prevents her excellences from walking together. If she has a mind to speak such a thing, it must be done with such an air of her body; and if she has an inclination to look very careless, there is such a smart thing to be said at the same time, that the design of being admired destroys itself. Thus the unhappy Merab, though a wit and beauty, is allowed to be neither, because she will always be both.

Albacinda has the skill as well as power of pleasing. Her form is majestic, but her aspect humble. All good men should beware of the destroyer. She will speak to you like a sister, till she has you sure; but is the most vexatious of tyrants when you are so. Her familiarity of behaviour, her indifferent questions, and general conversation, make the silly part of her votaries full of hopes, while the wise fly from her power. She well knows she is too beautiful and too witty to be indifferent to any who converse with her, and therefore knows she does not lessen herself by familiarity, but gains occasions of admiration by seeming ignorance of her perfections.

Eudosia adds to the height of her stature a nobility of spirit which still distinguishes her above the rest of her sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in Eudosia it is commanding. Love towards Eudosia is a sentiment like the love of glory. The lovers of other women are softened into fondness, the admirers of Eudosia exalted into ambition.

Eucratia presents herself to the imagination with a more kindly pleasure, and as she is woman, her praise is wholly feminine. If we were to form an image of dignity in a man, we should give him wisdom and valour, as being essential to the character

of manhood. In like manner, if you describe a right woman in a laudable sense, she should have gentle softness, tender fear, and all those parts of life which distinguish her from the other sex ; with some subordination to it, but such an inferiority that makes her still more lovely. Eucratia is that creature, she is all over woman, kindness is all her art, and beauty all her arms. Her look, her voice, her gesture, and whole behaviour, is truly feminine. A goodness mixed with fear gives a tincture to all her behaviour. It would be savage to offend her, and cruelty to use art to gain her. Others are beautiful, but, Eucratia, thou art beauty !

Omniamante is made for deceit ; she has an aspect as innocent as the famed Lucrece, but a mind as wild as the more famed Cleopatra. Her face speaks a vestal, but her heart a Messalina. Who that beheld Omniamante's negligent unobserving air, would believe that she hid under that regardless manner the witty prostitute, the rapacious wench, the prodigal courtesan ? She can, when she pleases, adorn those eyes with tears like an infant that is chid ; she can cast down that pretty face in confusion, while you rage with jealousy, and storm at her perfidiousness : she can wipe her eyes, tremble and look frightened, till you think yourself a brute for your rage, own yourself an offender, beg pardon, and make her new presents.

But I go too far in reporting only the dangers in beholding the beauteous, which I design for the instruction of the fair as well as their beholders ; and shall end this rhapsody with mentioning what I thought was well enough said of an ancient sage\* to a beautiful youth, whom he saw admiring his own figure in brass. ‘ What,’ said the philosopher, ‘ could

\* Antisthenes, the founder of the sect of Cynic philosophers.

that image of yours say for itself if it could speak ?' 'It might say,' answered the youth, 'that it is very beautiful.' 'And are you not ashamed,' replied the cynic, 'to value yourself upon that only of which a piece of brass is capable ?'

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No. 145. THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1711.

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*Stultitiam patiuntur opes.—*

HOR. EPIST. I. 18. 29.

Their folly pleads the privilege of wealth.

If the following enormities are not amended upon the first mentioning, I desire further notice from my correspondents.

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" I AM obliged to you for your discourse the other day upon frivolous disputants, who, with great warmth and enumeration of many circumstances and authorities, undertake to prove matters which nobody living denies. You cannot employ yourself more usefully than in adjusting the laws of disputation in coffee-houses and accidental companies, as well as in more formal debates. Among many other things which your own experience must suggest to you, it will be very obliging if you please to take notice of wagers. I will not here repeat what Hudibras says of such disputants, which is so true, that it is almost proverbial ; but shall only acquaint you with a set of young fellows of the inns of court, whose fathers have provided for them so plentifully,



that they need not be very anxious to get law into their heads for the service of their country at the bar ; but are of those who are sent, as the phrase of parents is, to the Temple to know how ' to keep their own.' One of these gentlemen is very loud and capacious at a coffee-house which I frequent, and, being in his nature troubled with a humour of contradiction, though withal excessively ignorant, he has found a way to indulge his temper, go on in idleness and ignorance, and yet still give himself the air of a very learned and knowing man, by the strength of his pocket. The misfortune of the thing is, I have, as it happens sometimes, a greater stock of learning than of money. The gentleman I am speaking of takes advantage of the narrowness of my circumstances in such a manner, that he has read all that I can pretend to, and runs me down with such a positive air, and with such powerful arguments, that from a very learned person I am thought a mere pretender. Not long ago I was relating that I had read such a passage in Tacitus ; up starts my young gentleman in a full company and pulling out his purse offered to lay me ten guineas to be staked immediately in that gentleman's hands, pointing to one smoking at another table, that I was utterly mistaken. I was dumb for want of ten guineas ; he went on unmercifully to triumph over my ignorance how to take him up, and told the whole room he had read Tacitus twenty times over, and such a remarkable incident as that could not escape him. He has at this time three considerable wagers depending between him and some of his companions, who are rich enough to hold an argument with him. He has five guineas upon questions in geography, two that the isle of Wight is a peninsula, and three guineas to one that the world is round. We have a gentleman comes to our coffee-house, who deals mightily in antique scandal ; my

disputant has laid him twenty pieces upon a point of history, to wit that Cæsar never lay with Cato's sister, as is scandalously reported by some people.

"There are several of this sort of fellows in town, who wager themselves into statesmen, historians, geographers, mathematicians, and every other art, when the persons with whom they talk have not wealth equal to their learning. I beg of you to prevent in these youngsters this compendious way to wisdom, which costs other people so much time and pains ; and you will oblige.

"Your humble servant."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"HERE's a young gentleman that sings operatunes or whistles in a full house. Pray let him know that he has no right to act here as if he were in an empty room. Be pleased to divide the spaces of a public room, and certify whistlers, singers, and common orators, that are heard further than their portion of the room comes to, that the law is open, and that there is an equity which will relieve us from such as interrupt us in our lawful discourse, as much as against such as stop us on the road. I take these persons, Mr. Spectator, to be such trespassers as the officer in your stage coach, and am of the same sentiment with counsellor Ephraim. It is true the young man is rich, and, as the vulgar say, needs not care for any body ; but sure that is no authority for him to go whistle where he pleases.

"I am, SIR, your most humble servant.

"Coffee-house near the Temple,  
Aug. 12, 1711.

"P. S. I have chambers in the Temple, and here are students that learn upon the hautboy ; pray de-

sire the benchers, that all lawyers who are proficient in wind-music may lodge to the Thames."

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" WE are a company of young women who pass our time very much together, and obliged, by the mercenary humour of the men, to be as mercenarily inclined as they are. There visits among us an old bachelor whom each of us has a mind to. The fellow is rich, and knows he may have any of us, therefore is particular to none, but excessively ill-bred. His pleasantry consists in romping; he snatches kisses by surprise, puts his hands in our necks, tears our fans, robs us of ribands, forces letters out of our hands, looks into any of our papers, and a thousand other rudenesses. Now what I'll desire of you is, to acquaint him, by printing this, that if he does not marry one of us very suddenly, we have all agreed, the next time he pretends to be merry, to affront him, and use him like a clown as he is. In the name of the sisterhood I take my leave of you, and am, as they all are,

" Your constant reader and well-wisher."

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" I AND several others of your female readers have conformed ourselves to your rules, even to our very dress. There is not one of us but has reduced our outward petticoat to its ancient sizeable circumference, though indeed we retain still a quilted one underneath; which makes us not altogether unconformable to the fashion; but it is on condition Mr. Spectator extends not his censure so far. But we find you men secretly approve our practice, by imitating our pyramidical form. The skirt of your fashionable coats forms as large a circumference as

our petticoats ; as these are set out with whalebone, so are those with wire, to increase and sustain the bunch of fold that hangs down on each side ; and the hat, I perceive, is decreased, in just proportion to our head-dresses. We make a regular figure, but I defy your mathematics to give name to the form you appear in. Your architecture is mere gothic, and betrays a worse genius than ours ; therefore if you are partial to your own sex, I shall be less than I am now

T

“ Your humble servant.”

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NO. 146. FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1711.

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*Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.*

FULL.

No man was ever great without some degree of inspiration.

WE know the highest pleasure our minds are capable of enjoying with composure, when we read sublime thoughts communicated to us by men of great genius and eloquence. Such is the entertainment we meet with in the philosophic parts of Cicero's writings. Truth and good sense have there so charming a dress, that they could hardly be more agreeably represented with the addition of poetical fiction, and the power of numbers. This ancient author, and a modern one, have fallen into my hands within these few days ; and the impressions they have left upon me have at the present quite spoiled me for a merry fellow. The modern is that admirable writer the author of *The Theory of the Earth*. The subjects

with which I have lately been entertained in them both bear a near affinity ; they are upon inquiries into hereafter, and the thoughts of the latter seem to me to be raised above those of the former, in proportion to his advantages of scripture and revelation. If I had a mind to it, I could not at present talk of any thing else ; therefore I shall translate a passage in the one, and transcribe a paragraph out of the other, for the speculation of this day. Cicero tells us \*, that Plato reports Socrates, upon receiving his sentence, to have spoken to his judges in the following manner :—

“ I have great hopes, O my judges, that it is infinitely to my advantage that I am sent to death: for it must of necessity be, that one of these two things must be the consequence. Death must take away all these senses, or convey me to another life. If all sense is to be taken away, and death is no more than that profound sleep without dreams, in which we are sometimes buried, oh, heavens! how desirable is it to die! How many days do we know in life preferable to such a state? But if it be true that death is but a passage to places which they who lived before us do now inhabit, how much still happier is it to go from those who call themselves judges, to appear before those that really are such ; before Minos, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, and Triptolemus, and to meet men who have lived with justice and truth? Is this, do you think, no happy journey? Do you think it nothing to speak with Orpheus, Musesæus, Homer, and Hesiod? I would, indeed, suffer many deaths to enjoy these things. With what particular delight should I talk to Palamedes, Ajax, and others, who like me have suffered by the iniquity of their judges. I should examine the wisdom of that

\* Tusculan. Question. lib. i.

## SPECTATOR.

our petticoats; as these are set out with whalebone, so are those with wire, to increase and sustain the bunch of fold that hangs down on each side; and the hat, I perceive, is decreased, in just proportion to our head-dresses. We make a regular figure, but I defy your mathematics to give name to the form you appear in. Your architecture is more gothic, and betrays a worse genius than ours; therefore if you are partial to your own sex, I shall be less than I am now

“Your humble servant.”

T

No. 146. FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1711.

*Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.* TULL.

No man was ever great without some degree of inspiration

We know the highest pleasure our minds are capable of enjoying with composure, when we read fine thoughts communicated to us by men of genius and eloquence. Such is the entertainment we meet with in the philosophic parts of writings. Truth and good sense have there, in a dress, that they could hardly be more represented with the addition of poetical and the power of numbers. This ancient and modern one, have fallen into my hands a few days; and the impressions they have made on me have at the present quite spoiled my fellow. The modern is that admirably

of The ~~Theme~~ of the Earth.

relates to the habitable world, and run through the whole fate of it, how could a guardian angel, that had attended it through all its courses or changes, speak more emphatically at the end of his charge, than does our author when he makes, as it were, a funeral oration over this globe, looking to the point where it once stood?

“Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect upon this occasion on the vanity and transient glory of this habitable world. How by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the vanities of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor’s name. What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction, do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous. ‘She glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow:’ But her hour is come; she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in everlasting oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men’s hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth are melted as wax before the sun, and ‘their place is no where found.’ Here stood the Alps, the load of the earth, that covered

many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea ; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds : there was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia ; and yonder, towards the north, stood the Riphæan hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropt away as the snow upon their heads. ‘Great and marvellous are thy works, just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints ! Hallelujah’ \*.”

T

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No. 147. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1711.

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*Pronunciatio est vocis, et vultûs, et gestûs moderatio cum re-nus-tate.*

TULL.

Good delivery is a graceful management of the voice, countenance, and gesture.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ THE well reading of the Common-Prayer is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject. And what more worthy your observation than this ? A thing so public, and of so high consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the

\* Burnet’s Theory of the Earth, 1684, fol. Book III. Chap. xii. p. 110, 111.



performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of their reading while boys, and at school, where, when they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due observations made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading: by this means they have acquired such ill habits as will not easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some person of great ability that way as a pattern for them; example being most effectual to convince the learned, as well as instruct the ignorant.

“ You must know, Sir, I have been a constant frequenter of the service of the Church of England for above these four years last past, and till Sunday was seven-night never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the Common-Prayer. When, being at St. James’s Garlick-Hill\* church, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be unattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers. I then considered I addressed myself to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful face. And when I reflected on my former performances of that duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of form, in comparison to the manner in which I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The Confession was read with such a resigned humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable

\* Or Garlick-hithe. The rector of that parish at this time was Mr. Philip Stubbs, afterwards archdeacon of St. Albans, whose excellent manner of performing the service was long remembered by the parishioners.

authority, the Thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent reader, upon the next and every annual assembly of the clergy of Sion-college, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their mouths, and spoiling their soft voices, will learn to read with clearness, loudness, and strength : others that affect a rakish negligent air, by folding their arms and lolling on their book, will be taught a decent behaviour and comely erection of body : those that read so fast, as if impatient of their work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort of persons whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to no set measure ; these pronounce five or six words with great deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great celerity : the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter part with a submissive one : sometimes again, with one sort of tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery, and all who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an indifferency as if they did not understand the language, may then be informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently, how to place the emphasis and give the proper accent to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a very great difference between the reading a prayer and a gazette, which I beg of you to inform a set of readers, who affect, foorsooth, a certain gentleman-like familiarity of tone, and mend the language as they go on, crying, instead of ‘ pardoneth and absolveth,’ ‘ pardons and absolves.’ These are often pretty

classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read Virgil or Martial with so little taste as they do divine service.

“This indifferency seems to me to arise from the endeavour of avoiding the imputation of cant, and the false notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the original and signification of this word. ‘Cant’ is, by some people, derived from one Andrew Cant, who, they say, was a presbyterian minister in some illiterate part of Scotland, who by exercise and use had obtained the faculty, alias gift, of talking in the pulpit in such a dialect, that it is said he was understood by none but his own congregation and not by all of them. Since master Cant’s time, it has been understood in a larger sense, and signifies all sudden exclamations, whinings, unusual tones, and, in fine, all praying and preaching like the unlearned of the Presbyterians. But I hope a proper elevation of voice, a due emphasis and accent are not to come within this description. So that our readers may still be as unlike the Presbyterians as they please. The dissenters, I mean such as I have heard, do indeed elevate their voices, but it is with sudden jumps from the lower to the higher part of them; and that with so little sense or skill, that their elevation and cadence is bawling and muttering. They make use of an emphasis, but so improperly, that it is often placed on some very insignificant particle, as upon ‘if’ or ‘and.’ Now if these improprieties have so great an effect on the people, as we see they have, how great an influence would the service of our church, containing the best prayers that ever were composed, and that in terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our wants and dependance on the object of our worship, disposed in most proper order, and void of all confusion: what influence, I say, would these prayers

have, were they delivered with a due emphasis, and apposite rising and variation of voice, the sentence concluded with a gentle cadence, and, in a word, with such an accent and turn of speech as is peculiar to prayer.

"As the matter of worship is now managed in dissenting congregations, you find insignificant words and phrases raised by a lively vehemence; in our own churches, the most exalted sense depreciated by a dispassionate indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. S——e\* say in his pulpit, of the Common-Prayer, that, at least, it was as perfect as any thing of human institution. If the gentlemen who err in this kind would please to recollect the many pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good things with an ill grace, they would go on to think that what in that case is only ridiculous, in themselves is impious. But leaving this to their own reflections, I shall conclude this trouble with what Cæsar said upon the irregularity of tone in one who read before him, 'Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill†.'

"Your most humble servant."

T

\* Probably Dr. Smalridge.

† *Si legis, cantus : si cantas, malè cantas.*

END OF VOL. VI.

















